

Australian

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY 1984

**WHY WE DON'T
NEED TO SAVE
THE BARRIER REEF**

**CUBICLE BLUES:
GRAFFITI FROM
WOMEN ON
PEDESTALS**

**HOLMES
A COURT:
THE MOUSE
THAT ROARED**

**WIN A
SOUND
SYSTEM!**

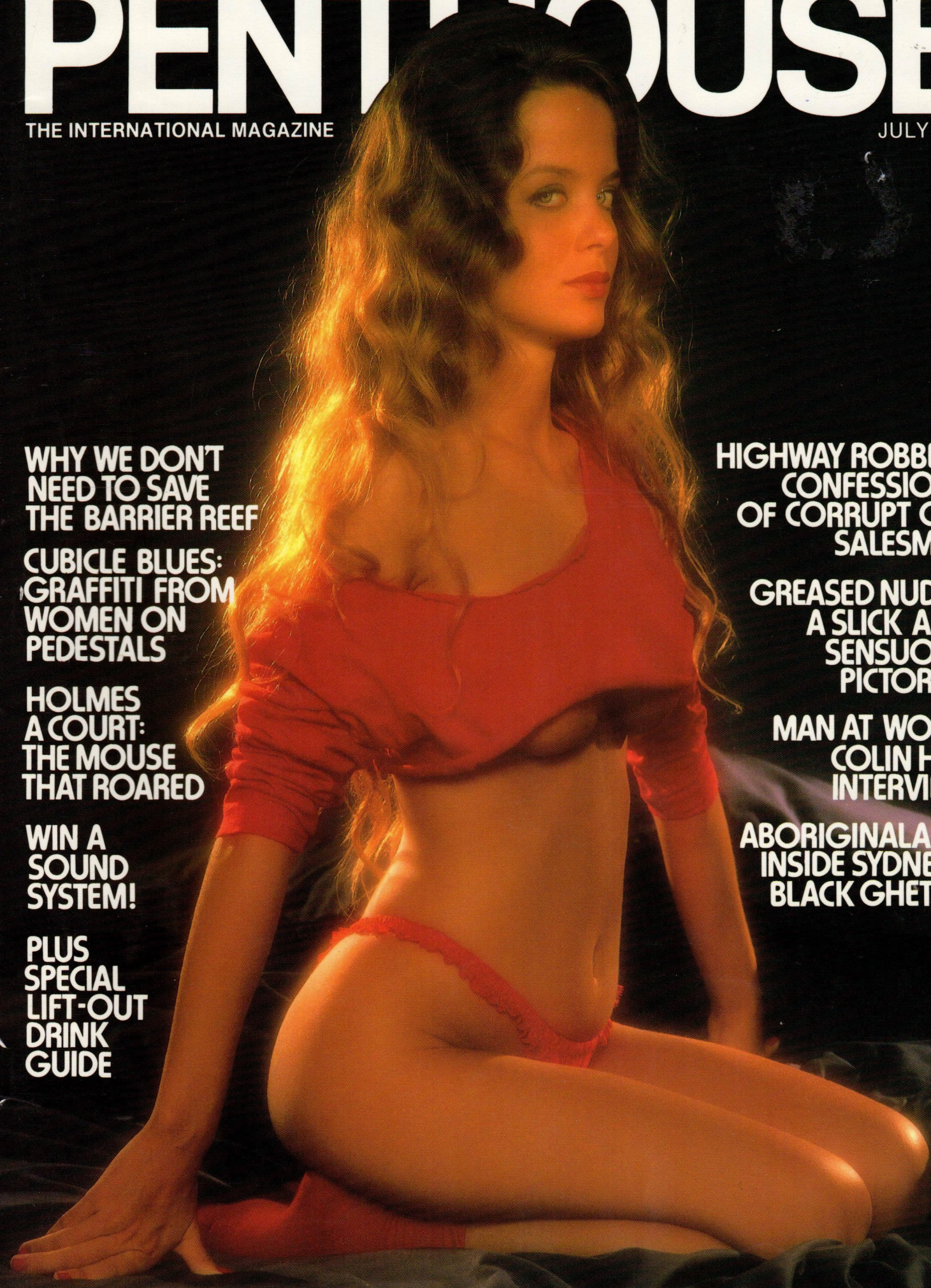
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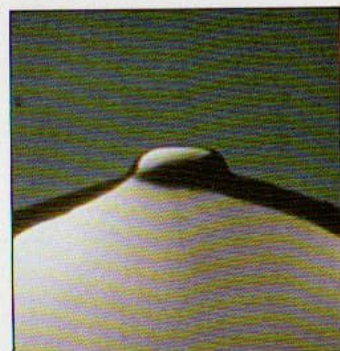
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 5 No 7/July 1984



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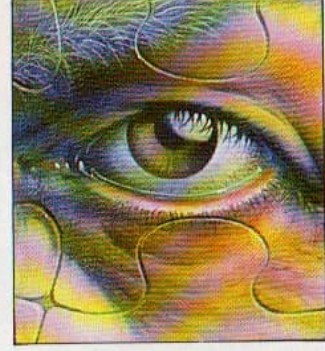
Dennis Manarchy Portfolio



The Long Run



Aboriginaland



Send In The Clowns

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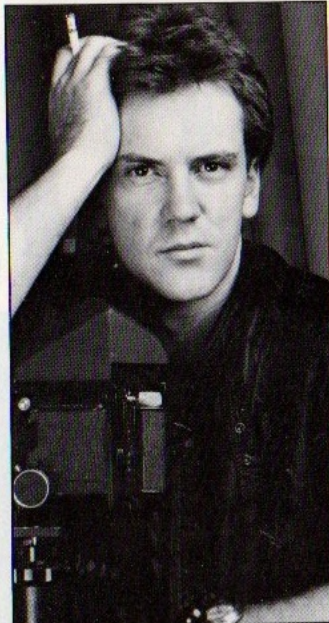
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TX5 

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KATHY LETTE



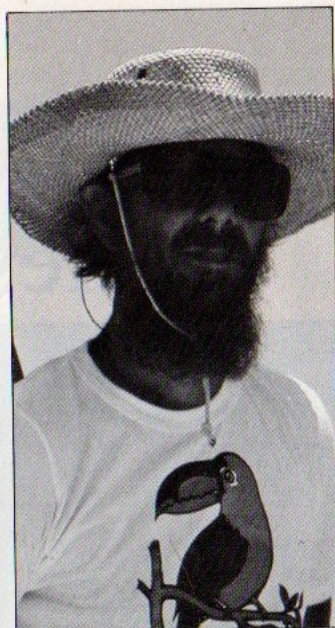
NICK GLEITZMAN



ANTHONY O'GRADY



NIGEL BUCHANAN



WALTER A. STARCK

HOUSECALL

Have you ever been jacked up, highballed, bugged, baited and switched, or taken for a wood duck? If you've ever bought a new or used car, chances are you've been a victim of these and numerous other scams recently developed by Australian motor dealers to counter the consumer revolution of the past decade. In the Eighties, buying a car means becoming embroiled in advanced American-style high-pressure psychological warfare, and the combat zone is littered with financial corpses. Staff writer **Greg Hunter** used the confessions of several former salesmen to construct a frightening scenario for prospective car buyers. *Car Wars*, illustrated by **Ray Condon**, starts on page 34.

If the world of high finance is equally littered with the corpses of would-be entrepreneurs, West Australian business dynamo **Robert Holmes a Court** can't be counted among them. To the stuffed shirts who preside over Australia's biggest corporations, Holmes a Court is an irritating upstart who refuses to take his finger out of their pie; to the shareholders of the numerous companies which have been rescued from imminent bankruptcy by Holmes a Court's flair and discipline, the man is an undisputed genius. In *Crusader Robert*, **Robert M. Myers** reveals what makes the takeover terrorist tick. **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration opens the story on page 52.

There are plenty of ways to photograph the female form, and some are definitely more riveting than others. The portfolio of acclaimed American photographer **Dennis Manarchy** represents the state of the art of erotic lensmanship. Manarchy contends that if his pictures are to become "complete", the viewer must unlock the door to his own secret fantasies. If you're ready to take that step, turn to page 56.

"If they can send one man to the moon, why can't they send them all?" Unbeknownst to we innocent males, seditious slogans such as the above are appearing with alarming frequency on the once-virginal walls of Ladies' public conveniences. *Penthouse* assigned to the eminently qualified **Kathy Lette** the task of bringing to light the grass roots rumblings of the new generation of squatting scribblers. *Cubicle Blues*, accompanied by **Nick Gleitzman's** photo, starts on page 64.

This month *Penthouse* sets the cat among the pigeons with **Walter A. Starck's** startling assertion that there is no need to save one of the world's unique natural wonders — the Great Barrier Reef. Starck, who has spent six years exploring the Reef from end to end with a background of a lifetime of coral reef research and exploration around the world, takes on the combined weight of

academia, environmentalists and the media with a detailed argument concluding that the supposed threats to the Reef exist only in the imaginations of a mob of misinformed paranoids. *Why We Don't Need To Save The Barrier Reef* begins on page 82.

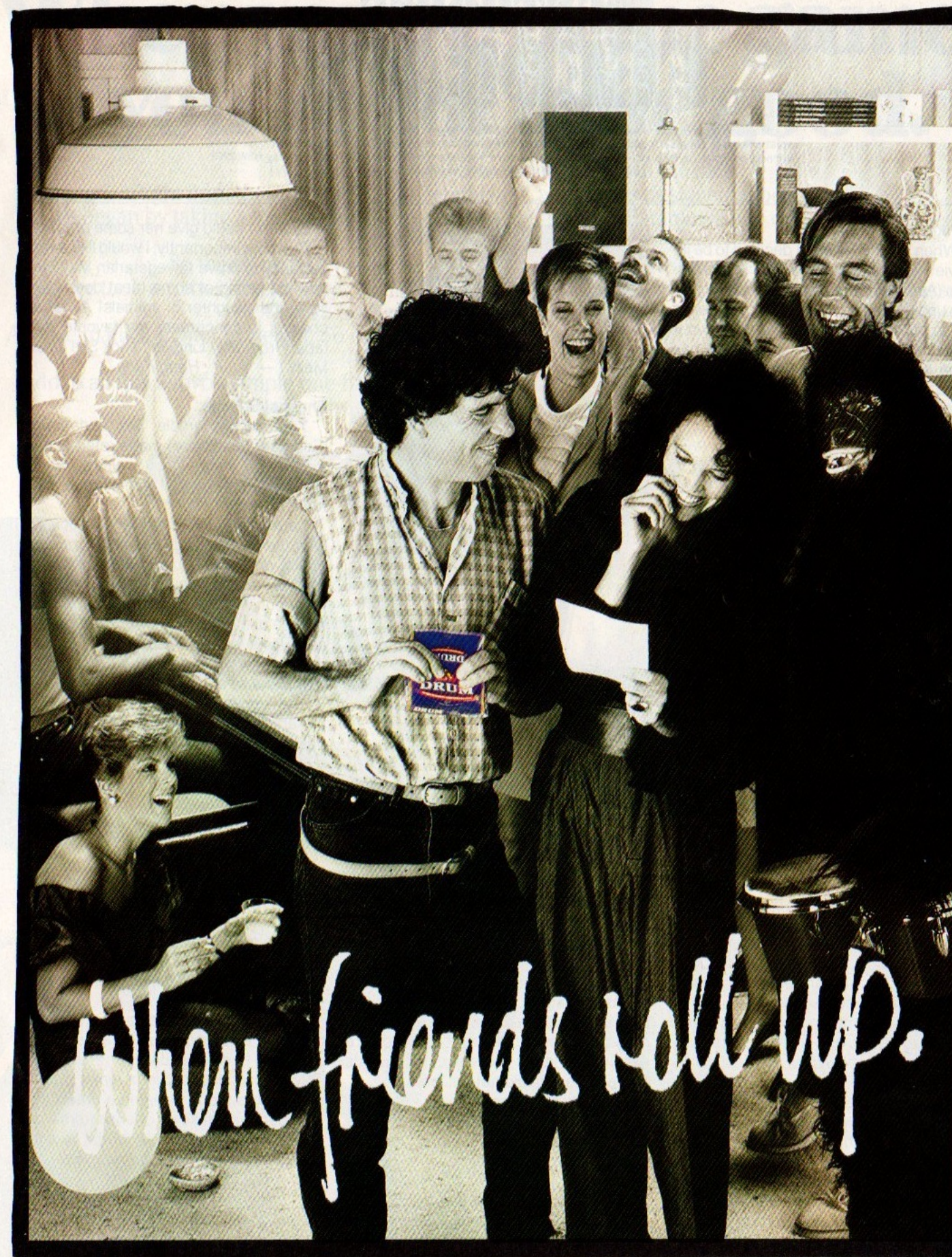
If life is tough for a tribal Aborigine leading a fringe-dwelling existence of poverty and squalor, it's even tougher for the invisible black populations of Australia's urban ghettos. Rejected by whites and full-blooded blacks alike, the urban "koories" live in a cultural no man's land. **Tony Maguire** ventured into the ghetto area of the inner Sydney suburb of Redfern to document the effects of chronic unemployment, crime, alcoholism and despair — but unexpectedly found evidence of "a re-emerging black consciousness, a racial pride which overrides all the hardship." Maguire's sensitive story, *Aboriginaland*, is complemented by the photography of **Miki Komatsu**. Turn to page 88.

When American multi-millionaire **Howard Hughes** died in 1976 without executing a valid will, he opened a Pandora's box of would-be heirs to an enormous unsettled fortune. Among the motley array of claimants to the Hughes estate was a black man who identified himself as "Howard Hughes III." This is one of numerous bizarre claims which surfaced during the seven-year battle waged by distant relatives, supposed former wives and deluded nobodies for a slice of the richest cake going around. **Suzanne Finstad** traces the ludicrous developments in America's most infamous estate settlement in *Send In The Clowns* (page 96). The haunting jigsaw portrait was created by **Kunio Hagio**.

Writing a novel is a bit like running a marathon — it's a major test of mental and physical endurance. **Phil Jarratt's** done both and he's used his marathon running experience to create a gripping contemporary tale of an Australian marathon champion aiming for gold at the Los Angeles Olympics. *Penthouse* presents an exclusive extract from Jarratt's novel *In The Long Run*, starting on page 102 and illustrated by **Handjobs**.

Australian Penthouse is back on the track. In this month's motoring feature **Peter McKay** announces *Penthouse's* new partnership with Mitsubishi and ace racing driver **Kevin Bartlett**. Turn to page 120. No-one was more surprised by the immense success *Men At Work* have enjoyed in the USA than the band's frontman **Colin Hay**. In this month's interview with **Anthony O'Grady**, Hay covers the range of reactions from hilarity to horror as he describes his part in the rise and rise of *Men At Work* on page 128.

July's line-up of *Pets* includes **Christianna Henderson**, photographed by **Hank Londoner**, **Tammi McAndrus**, who comes courtesy of photographer **Allan J. Wash**, and cover girl and *Pet Of The Month* **Lara Kempe**, who was shot by **Bob Watson**. Lara says she was once a busker on Sydney streets, but you'll agree she doesn't need to play an instrument to win applause. 



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Punked off

When my friends and I decided to be interviewed and to pose for The Punk Portfolio (April *Penthouse*), it was under a certain understanding: that we as punks were not to be ridiculed and degraded by your magazine as the rest of the media has done so cheaply. But someone couldn't resist the temptation! What a disappointment the captions accompanying Jim Sheldon's photos turned out to be.

I have known the people in the "Portfolio" for some time and was enraged to see them degraded so mindlessly. They are intelligent human beings with bright and individual outlooks on life. The use of words and phrases such as "kicking", "revolting", "breeding", "you have to eat if you want to vomit", "vacant lot", "ripped minds" to describe our personalities and way of life simply reflects cheap journalism and lack of research. We are not a bunch of violent, spewing, drunken morons (try your local pub for that — the "yobbo" scene which we deplore). In reality we are non-violent, intelligent, concerned people who would like the world to be a more pleasant place to live in.

When Jim Sheldon first approached us we were hesitant. The press had deceived us before, subjecting us to ridicule. Jim proved to be a man of high ideals, so we trusted him. We opened our doors to Jim, showed him our hang-outs and our bands. The fact that a *Penthouse* writer turned around and degraded us as well as Jim's professionalism speaks volumes for the writer's shallow outlook on his work as well as his respect for people in general. But then, what does one expect from a magazine promoting exploitation? Do your readers a favor — print the truth. — Alex Daly, Coogee, NSW

As the writer of the Punk Portfolio captions, I must answer Mr Daly's slurs. In an attempt to present a complimentary commentary for Jim Sheldon's pictures, I spoke with a number of punks, including Alex Daly, and also asked Sheldon to contribute his written impressions of the punk movement. Neither source was fruitful. Mr Daly proved to be both arrogant and inarticulate, and was unable to provide a legitimate punk ethos, or any sort of rationale which would justify the treatment of this group as a serious social movement. I never set out to "degrade" the individuals in Sheldon's portraits. While Mr



May Ling Lee . . . admired from afar

Daly claims that he and his fellows are "concerned" and "intelligent", he proves beyond doubt that they lack a sense of humor. — Phil Abraham

Chastity rules

On behalf of Sweet Chastity fans I feel compelled to reply to Denis Mead's recent letter to Feedback (March *Penthouse*), in which he criticised the cartoon.

For God's sake, if he doesn't like it, why does he read it? There is other reading matter in *Penthouse*. Also, "a few more pages of snatch", as Mr Mead so quaintly puts it, would ruin an otherwise excellent magazine. I think the current spreads are excellent, and the present ratio of words and pictures should not be altered.

Congratulations on an excellent magazine for both men and women. — Daphne Hill, Bundaberg, Qld

China girl

As an Australian living in Hong Kong for the past three years, I have seen many Asian beauties but none as stunning as your May Pet of the Month, May Ling Lee.

The photography by Chris Dickson is brilliant as usual, but I feel that May Ling would look terrific even if the photographs were taken on a box brownie. It's a pity that May Ling has let her Cantonese slip over the years. Perhaps the next time I'm

in Sydney I could give her some practice.

But more importantly, I would like an opportunity to prove to vegetarian May Ling that the eating of some meat doesn't involve the slaughter of animals! As far as cooking is concerned, my favorite dish (apart from May Ling) is "Yook See Chow Mein". — V.L.P., Hong Kong

The inside dope

Your recent article Sex and Drugs (February *Penthouse*) made reference to Australia's youth drug culture. As a member of this group I would like to comment on the article.

I am aware of the dangers associated with the use of drugs like LSD, cocaine, opium derivatives, barbiturates and amphetamines. I believe the long-term effects outweigh the short-term benefits of the use of these drugs in conjunction with sex. However, I must certainly agree with the story's observations on the use of marijuana as an aphrodisiac.

The smoker who was interviewed for the article's observations were pertinent, but I found Dr Richardson's comments quite implausible. So what if I only think I'm having a great screw when I'm stoned? If I only want to screw someone, then the only person I'm interested in pleasing is me. Is that a crime? — B.G., Qld

Double standards

A simple explanation is always the hardest to elicit but that's exactly what I'd like. Could you please explain the amazing double standard evidenced by the black circle censoring of the Baron's cartoon genitals in *Sweet Chastity*.

In a magazine whose sales are dependent on the quality of photographs of well-displayed female genitalia, what unbelievably hypocritical governmental moron could see a moral threat in a drawn cartoon penis and take no offence from a detailed photographic study of the vagina? — Richard McCarthy, Sydney, NSW

In order to comply with censorship regulations in different Australian states, certain sections of Australian *Penthouse* are printed with varying degrees of explicitness. *Sweet Chastity* appears in a section which cannot be switched, so *Penthouse* is forced to conform with the strictest regulations (those which apply in Queensland and Tasmania) and cover the Baron's balls. — Ed

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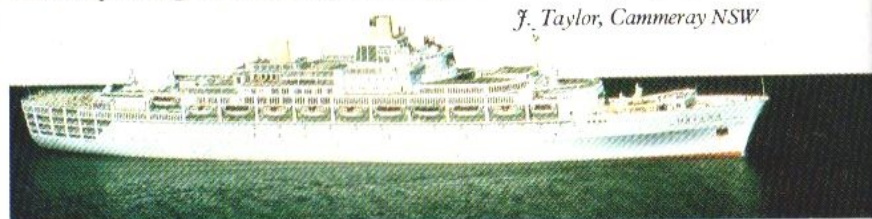
N. Azzopardi, Waverton NSW

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T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD

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J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sing to me, Barbra!

Last Saturday morning I had the most fulfilling experience of my life. I slept in late, as I usually do on weekends, and awoke with an outrageous hard-on. It was just a piss hard-on, so I went to the bathroom to relieve myself.

As I stood over the toilet waiting for the stiffness to subside, my favorite fantasy came to mind. All of a sudden, my cock got even harder and turned beetroot red. I had drunk a lot of beer the night before and was dying to take a piss! But I couldn't — this hard-on was huge. Realising it was a lost cause, I took a seat and began to masturbate to my wonderful fantasy — which is Barbra Streisand singing to my cock.

She not only serenades me, she also sucks me down her throat and sings "The Way We Were." I just love that lady. I think she's the classiest woman ever to grace this earth. Anyway, in between verses, she takes a breath and gives me a slow suck. Incredible!

As I pictured this solo, I stroked my donger and finally shot my wad down her throat (actually, all over my stomach and thighs). Not long after, I started pissing — what a relief! It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. — Name and address withheld

Chasing rainbows

My girlfriend, Yvonne, is a bower-bird; she loves to collect anything that glitters or gleams. When we're at a crafts fair she hangs around the booths that sell glassware, be it in the form of jewellery, paperweights, or miniature animals. She even has two goblets of Waterford crystal. Recently she acquired another little bauble for her bright hoard — a small, clear prism with a multifaceted surface. She spun it in the sunlight and it emitted some pale pink and blue beams. Frankly, I wasn't impressed.

It wasn't until I entered her room the next afternoon, by invitation, that I realised the prism's potential. Yvonne was waiting for me. She'd drawn the heavy shades and the room was quite dim. She'd placed the prism carefully on the windowsill, where it refracted the small amount of light that crept under the shade. The room was full of rainbows. There was hundreds of them climbing the walls and glittering across her flatmate's neatly made bed. I knew her friend was out of town, so I was ready for something special, but I was wholly unprepared for what I saw. Yvonne lay naked

across her own bed, holding her huge breasts cupped in her hands so that a flaming bit of light shone on each tense, erect nipple.

I could hardly believe what I saw. The rainbows were brilliant, a fiery red at one end and cold violet at the other. They reminded me of the kaleidoscopes I'd seen as a kid. When I put my lips on Yvonne's left breast, her flesh was fever hot.

It soon turned out that Yvonne had a game in mind for us. (Not the first time, for Yvonne is a very imaginative woman.) She tilted her body so that the rainbows slithered across her skin. I caught on quickly and followed the light with my flickering tongue. One patch of color climbed her thigh slowly as she lifted her pelvis, then it slid over the naturally dark fur around Yvonne's pussy and gleamed there brightly. I half-expected the rainbow to slip inside her pussy, but it could only travel the surface of Yvonne's wonderful body. My mouth went where the rainbow couldn't as I plunged my tongue into the dark, wet depths of Yvonne's pussy. Then she spread the lips of her vagina and shifted herself so that her clitoris was bathed in violet light, and I sucked her colorful clit until she climaxed. As she wildly thrashed, the rainbows glittered and leaped all over her sexy body.

Then it was her turn to chase the rainbows that striped the length of my cock and glistened on its head. She swallowed them up and let them reappear. I arched my body and let the rainbows illuminate my balls. Then I made the rainbows play upon my penis, which attracted Yvonne's mouth. They glittered across her face as she sucked and teased my thick, straining cock. Finally, I exploded all the gold from the rainbow's end into her welcoming throat. She swallowed every gleaming drop. — Name and address withheld

Phantom fellator

Last July my wife, Anne, decided to throw a shower-tea at our house for one of the girls in her office who was soon getting married. Not at all thrilled with having to sit around with a gaggle of gossiping women, I decided to retreat to the safety of my friendly neighborhood pub to have a few with the boys.

Since Anne's friends weren't due to arrive until seven o'clock, we decided to chance a quickie at about five o'clock, which would leave just enough time for her

PENTHOUSE THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Andrew Cowell

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JULY

FORUM

to do the final setting up for the party and for me to shower and beat a hasty retreat. Our short twist on the sheets ended with her coming twice and me once. Wasting no time afterward, Anne started the preparation for the party, and I headed for the bathroom to take a shower. Since we're practically newly-weds ourselves, we do all sorts of crazy things for each other. For example, a few weeks ago, Anne made a small slit in the shower curtain at my crotch level and said that if I ever wanted some head while showering, I should just give a whistle, and *voila* — instant satisfaction. The only thing I had to do was poke my ol' pecker through and she'd be there.

Anyway, it was about six o'clock, so I figured I had plenty of time. As I was vigorously soaping myself up, I started to think about the above-mentioned roll in the sack and then my cock began to rise. I soaped my cock and balls and was slowly stroking myself when I heard the bathroom door open and saw Anne come in. The curtain is an opaque blue, and I could make out her form in front of the full-length mirror where she was combing her hair. Still a bit horny, I slipped my semi-erect cock through the slit and whistled lightly. A few seconds ticked by when, all of the sudden, I felt her long, slender fingers wrap lightly around my throbbing shaft, stroking back and forth, pulling my foreskin back to expose my sensitive tip. My cock quickly grew to its full length and began to pulsate in her palm. The sensation of the steaming-hot water flowing down my belly to my balls, accompanied by her cool hand on my cock, only made me more rigid. She continued stroking back and forth until I moaned softly and began to shiver, despite the heat of the fiery shower. She took my reaction as a signal to continue and dropped to her knees. Her face was close enough for me to feel her warm breath on me, but I could not see anything but her shadow. She used her long fingernails to lightly scrape the underside of my shaft while her other hand pumped up and down its veiny length. After a couple dozen strokes or so, she squeezed once lightly and pulled on it as if she were milking it. A drop must have appeared, for I heard a faint moan from her side of the curtain, and all of a sudden, I felt her slightly rough tongue flick at the slit. I damn near jumped out of the shower recess! I felt like jumping her right then and there, but time did not allow. I was content with her fabulous mouth.

The tip of her tongue did tiny pirouettes on the tip of my cock while her fingers continued their steady stroking. I then heard another quiet moan from her warm, wet mouth. My hips snapped forward involuntarily and all of my cock disappeared deep inside her throat. She began to pump me

into her face while her hands worked on what would not fit into her mouth. She moved forward until my hard shaft was down near her tonsils, then back, as her teeth lightly scraped their way back to the tip. She sucked me this way for what seemed to be an eternity, until she sensed I was close to shooting off. She then popped my cock out into the cool air and I almost screamed with frustration at having lost the wonderful sensation. My hips began to buck, trying to find that warm hole again, but she laid my throbbing tool against her cheek and allowed me to thrust against her neck and throat. My movements slowed and she again took command by lifting my rod up so that the underside was against her lips, with the top pointing straight up towards her face. She used her lips on the spot where the shaft meets the V of the sensitive bottom side, while her nose rubbed against the slit as if she were trying to sniff me into coming. I was ready to tear my way through the curtain to get the bitch, but my legs were like iron posts, unable to move.

When I had calmed down somewhat, she started to lick the head in circular motion while lightly stroking the shaft with her fist. She pulled my cock straight down until it was pointing directly at her face and blew on it softly. She sensed my time was near and pressed her tongue flat against the underside of my rod and began to speed up her hand motion.

The first spasm hit me and a slight moan came from her as the jet of hot come fired deep into the back of her throat. Her grip on my cock tightened and her fist stroked faster and faster as stream after stream of hot jism sprayed her lips and tongue. I heard slurping sounds mixed with moans as she fought to swallow and breathe at the same time.

The last thing I remember was my finger slipping free from my ring and my back hitting the shower wall as I fell back. I heard the door click shut as she left, and I somehow managed to finish my shower and leave.

When I returned home a few hours later, I mentioned to Anne how incredibly satisfied I felt and hoped we could do it again. To my surprise, she gave me a funny look and said that she had been out in the backyard setting up the barbecue and had not been the culprit. It seems that a couple of her friends had shown up early to help her set up. To this day we don't know who she was. — *Name and address withheld*

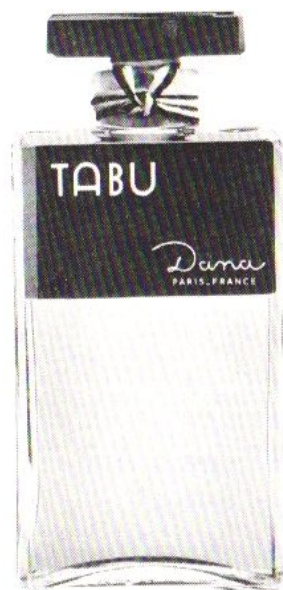
Tongue teaser

I would like to share with your readers (especially female) my method of going down on a man.

First off, my lover lies flat on his back. I kiss him and thoroughly explore the inside of his mouth with my tongue. Then I plant hot kisses across his face to his ear, which I explore with my tongue, gently biting and



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sucking the lobe. I work my way back to his mouth and repeat the French-kissing procedure. Then his other ear gets the same treatment as the first one did. Then I go around his neck, gently biting, sucking, and kissing alternately. (Lovebites are optional. I always check to see if my man minds these.)

Next, I work down his chest to his nipple, stopping to suckle like an infant. Using only my tongue, I lick my way across to the other nipple. I then lick up and down one side, across his stomach, and up and down the other side. (Some men are extremely ticklish and may wish me to skip this, but it can be highly erotic if his mind is in the right place.) I lick across his lower stomach, being careful not to disregard the navel, for it is an erogenous zone. I work down his belly to his legs. I go completely down the inside of one leg to his knees or toes, according to our desire. I then work back up this same leg. When I get to the thigh, I switch to his other leg and do the same with it. (I would like to note here that I don't just lick these places. I also kiss, suck, gently nip, and even blow air on them.)

All this time, I have completely ignored his prick and balls. When I get back to the top of his leg, I gently suck on his balls. I get them into my mouth as I would an egg.

Gentleness is the key work here, for the scrotum is very sensitive. I work over the area between his scrotum and anus (very sensitive also).

Now for the main course. I slowly lick the underside of my lover's prick. I stop to rain kisses on the head of his beautiful love-stick and to blow cool air into its little hole. Then, ever so slowly, I suck his prick into the warm moist cavern of my mouth. If my lover is not super big (I'm no deep-throat), I can go all the way to the base. Sometimes I seem to lose the gagging sensation and can take all of even a big prick. If I can't take it all, though, I use my hands on the exposed part. I slowly work my mouth up and down his prick, alternately licking and sucking until he is ready to come. Sometimes, I let him come right in my mouth. Sometimes we stop and he rests a minute, so he can come in my cunt.

Writing this letter has gotten me so hot that I'm going to use my super special technique on my lover right now. Let's see, should I let him come in my mouth or Hmm . . . — *Name and address withheld*

Catherine the great

One of the most erotic dreams of my life came true last winter — the theft of my virginity by a sensual European. Our family hosted an 18-year-old French girl during the month of August. Her name was Catherine, and while mere words do a dis-

service to her beauty, let me say that she was tall and slim, packed in the right places, with long, brown hair, alluring dark eyes, and a gorgeous set of tits. She spoke fluent English with an innocent and sexy accent. As she was to spend most of her time with my 16-year-old sister (I'm 20), our encounters were distant and discreet for the first week or two, but every night I'd dream about her. My excitement and anticipation grew when I noticed her birth-control pills in the bathroom.

One evening the rest of the family went to see relatives, and Catherine and I were finally alone for an extended period. I was showing her my paintings and drawings in the basement, and we were both sipping beer. When I jokingly suggested that she pose for a few figure studies, she gave me a sly smile and we began to eye each other from that point on. After a few games of ping-pong and several more beers, we were both getting high and engaging in a constant stream of double entendres. Using an old line, I asked her if she wanted to see some more of my painting in my attic bedroom. She said, "Of course."

When we got up to my room, she immediately sat down and leaned back on my bed. She got up and came over next to me for a closer look at some of the paintings. I couldn't resist staring at her intensely; her hair and face were set off in the blue light of dusk and the focused beams of the bedside lamp. Her French cigarette and her perfume enhanced the atmosphere, and my cock was straining the seams of my pants. Since we were looking at paintings, neither of us said anything, but after I leaned over and blew in her ear, we were soon embracing and eagerly French-kissing each other.

Although we were both bilingual, there was no translation needed for the "tongues" we were about to speak. The stereo began belting out some tunes as I unbuttoned her plaid shirt and drew it back over her bare and soft shoulders. Then I undid her bra, revealing her large, glistening breasts. When her fingertips wandered down to my waist and slowly began to lift off my T-shirt, the feel of our topless embrace sent my hard cock into turgid pulsations.

Then we fell back on to the bed, she kicked her clogs off, and I pulled her down on me. My hands went under her jeans and panties, squeezing her broad arse, our nipples rubbing against each other and the heat of the room driving me crazy. I got up to take off my pants, and she did the same. She had a really big bush, and when she caught sight of my cock flapping to attention, she got on her knees on the bed and began to give me a blowjob. First, she spread my legs so that my balls hung down and then squeezed my arse with her fingers and ran her hot tongue up and down the shaft. She took my whole length into her mouth like a Paddlepop. She played with my balls and ran her fingers



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into the crevice of my arse. Finally, she pushed back the foreskin of my uncircumcised cock with her lips, and with her fingers tickling the sensitive area at the base of my cock, my pulsating steel rod was ready to explode. My pelvis jerked forward, pressing my full length into the steaming cup of her lips, and I shot a rapid stream of come into her mouth. Before my cock could slow down, Catherine's tongue danced once more on the twitching glans and literally milked another burning drop of love lava, which she rubbed upon my stomach.

Then I told her it was my turn for dinner, and as she was still licking semen from her lips, I lifted her creamy soft thighs and laid her bottom back on a pillow. She leaned back and brought her legs to her chin, exposing her whole vaginal-anal pit to me. As I played with her tits, my head descended into her moist love nest. I parted her outer lips, which were swollen and pink, and she let out a sweet cry when I thrust my tongue into her as far as I could.

My tongue played all sorts of games with her stiffened clitoris. Soon her whole crotch was twitching, and she was coming, hyperventilating and gyrating her pelvis and kicking her legs with wild abandon. Finally, she started giggling, and her body slowly relaxed in bliss. But my cock

was hard again, and I lunged up on her chest, planting my stick between those beautiful orbs and immediately exploding love cream on her chin and chest. Then we collapsed into each other's arms, and amidst the music you could hear us nibbling each other's shoulders and cooing sweet nothings into each other's ears.

We lay exhausted on the sheets for what seemed like forever. I told Catherine that I was a virgin and that I'd like nothing more than to consummate everything tonight. She said that she'd had sex a few times before but never anything like this. I told her we should make love outside, under the stars, because my parents could come home at any time. So we started to get dressed. We quickly grabbed a bottle of wine and headed into the cool night air, both anticipating a good fuck. I couldn't believe what was happening, but we soon walked, barefoot, to a farm near my house, where we sat down in a field of grass and started drinking, kissing, and undressing.

Finally, we both were naked and on our knees. Catherine guided my erect member into her lubricated bush and pussy; she lifted one leg and slid down on my tool, sheathing it into her tight and burning-hot twat. I began pumping slowly, getting more vigorous as she lay back and wrapped her powerful legs tightly around my back, her toes digging into my rear. We were both coming and were breathing

harder and holding each other tighter. Then we began rolling over and over in the grass. Just after that, we came together, and I shot a full load into her.

I pulled out my limp cock and her juices were oozing from her soaked twat, down her leg, on to my cock, and over my balls. Then Catherine climbed on top of me and without saying a word, started to pour wine on my genitals. Watching and feeling that gurgling flow on to my penis, into my pubic hair, and into my anus was enough to occasion another erection, and I guided Catherine on to all fours. After pouring the rest of the wine into the crease of her arse, I lubricated her tight hole.

She then spread her legs as much as she could to accommodate me. I entered her slowly from the rear, pushing more and more on each thrust. Catherine screamed at one point but told me to go on, saying that it didn't hurt. But it was almost hurting me. I never felt anything like having my cock engulfed in a woman — her contractions drove me wild. Finally, I started a long series of uncontrollable jerks, as if my cock were dry-heaving. I'm sure Catherine had another orgasm as well. Once again we lay down in the grass, staring up at the stars, still caressing each other's body, each of us savoring the wilderness we'd just experienced.

Needless to say, the rest of her stay was highlighted by secret, late-night rendezvous and further sexual explorations. We still write to each other. I'll never forget how that French beauty opened up a whole new world to me. — *Name and address withheld*

Risky business

Sometimes the thrill of taking a risk can heighten a sexual encounter. Last month my girl, Jackie, and I spent an evening at her parents' house. Her mother and father were in the living room watching television, so Jackie suggested that we go into her room, which adjoined the living room. After entering her room, she closed the sliding door only about two-thirds of the way since she knew her parents would be suspicious if she closed it completely. With the door partially shut, no-one could view us directly.

Jackie is 20 years old. She has long, auburn hair, creamy white skin, and a beautifully shaped, enticing rear end. She turned on her television set, and we sat on the floor with our backs resting against her couch. After about five minutes of watching TV, I turned to Jackie, who was staring at me with a deep longing in her light-green eyes. I touched her hair and pulled her face to mine as our lips met for a long, soft kiss. I kissed her full, moist lips harder, and then we exchanged tongues in each other's mouths. I undid the buttons of her shirt and wrapped my hand around one of her bouncing breasts. I slipped my fingers up and down her swelling nipples and kissed her lips, earlobe, and, finally, the

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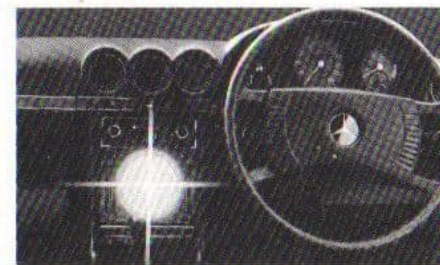


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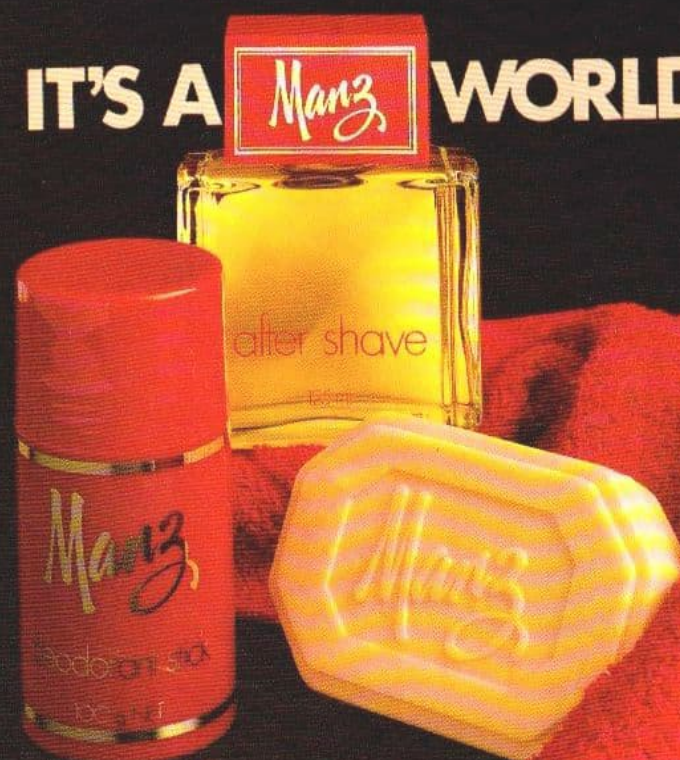
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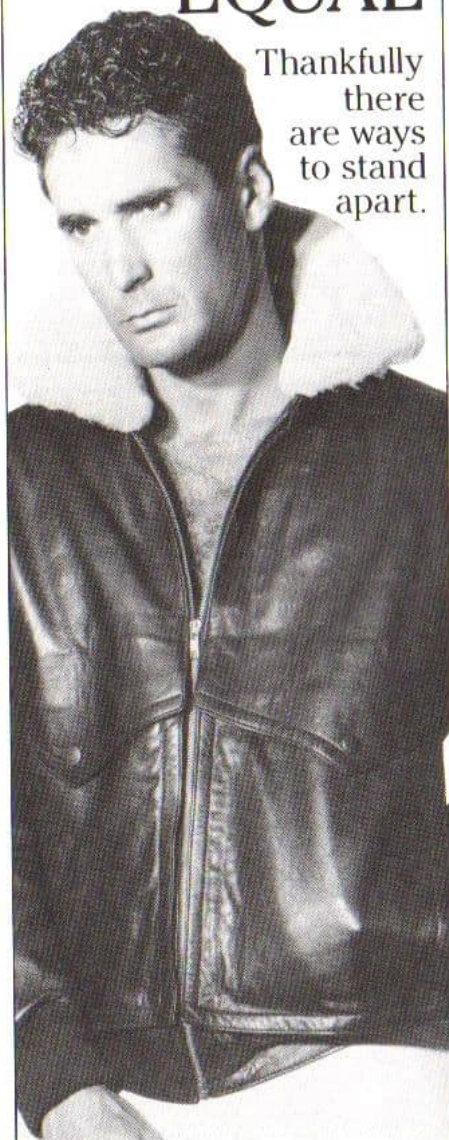
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side of her neck as I turned her back to face me. We were half-sitting, half-lying sideways on the floor with Jackie's fine bum protruding in front of me.

I pushed my throbbing penis against her white shorts and her breathing became labored and heavy. She responded by pushing back with her hips, forcing her cheeks to surround my bulging cock. She whimpered in her attempt to stifle her own cries of pleasure as I sat upright on the floor, keeping her bottom firmly underneath me. She then placed her hands on my thighs so she could grind harder and rotate her hips. I slid one hand under her panties and found her gushing pussy. My middle finger slid inside her, as my other hand remained in her shirt, massaging her tits. She was bucking fiercely against my cock, and I knew we were about to abandon all restraints. Jackie turned her head to put her tongue in my ear, then whispered, "Can you screw me quietly?" "Me?" I said. "You just control your moaning."

Even though her parents were nearby, I slid Jackie's shorts and panties down to her knees and she reached behind, to do the same to me. Having lubricated my cock with her pussy juice, I slowly lowered my waiting staff into her. When my cock head probed her, she tucked her knees toward her chest to open wider. I slowly pushed up and Jackie pushed down as she engulfed every inch I could offer. I grabbed her shoulders and forced her to sit even deeper on my tool. Her heavy breaths were becoming low moans, so I whispered, "Easy, baby, easy." Just as I continued to push into her box, my leg muscles turned into stone as I climaxed, pumping come deep into her body. My arms wrapped round her tightly as we recovered our wind. From the living room, we heard Jackie's mother ask, "What are you watching in there?" "Just a movie," said Jackie, as we hurriedly put our clothes back on. — *Name and address withheld*

Bathing booty

I normally sunbathe in the nude because I love the way the sun makes me feel hot all over. Having a high wall around my yard lets me do so uninhibitedly.

One day, as I was lying there on my stomach, my legs and bum glistening from the suntan lotion I'd applied, I heard a noise from behind. I turned and saw a man on my neighbor's roof next door. He appeared to be in his late thirties with a deep tan and muscular physique. He was clad only in stubbies. I turned my head and pretended not to notice, but the realisation that he was looking at me aroused mixed emotions. I got up, wrapped a towel around myself and went inside, turning to catch a last glimpse of that male hunk on

the roof. I was still sweaty, not only from the sun but also from the sudden horniness I felt. When I went to lie down on the couch, I heard a tap on the door. I looked out the window and saw that it was him! Still dizzy from the sun, I walked slowly to the door and pulled it open just a little.

He asked me for a cold drink and I wasted no time in opening the door all the way. As I got two beers and walked over to sit down, I found myself staring at him. My gaze travelled from his sweaty, hairy chest down to his crotch, where I saw the biggest bulge I'd ever laid eyes on.

"You know," he said, after looking me over, "you could be arrested for exposing yourself that way." My heart jumped at the sudden change in his voice and I asked him, "Is that why you're here?" I was hoping that he was as hot for me as I was for him. "I thought you just might be interested in this," he said, rising and standing in front of me with his hands on the snaps of his snug shorts. Wordlessly, he dropped his drawers to his feet. His massive cock literally fell flat against his thigh. As I looked at the throbbing crimson head, I reached over to milk the shaft, pulling down as it kept growing and expanding.

I threw my towel aside as I got down on my knees. I could smell his musk as my face drew toward his rod. I tentatively touched the head with my tongue, and it seemed to spring to life, entering my mouth and edging down my throat. I started bobbing up and down on the now rockhard pole, grabbing it with one hand and feeling the fat vein that ran along its length, pulsating with energy. He withdrew it from my mouth with a popping sound. As his cock dropped from my lips, he commanded me to lie down on the carpet. He then turned me over and lifted my greasy bum to meet his face. He dived in between my thighs, kissing the soft inside of my legs until he reached his destination and plunged his tongue deep inside me. I lifted my bum even higher and squirmed as he drove me wild, making me so hot that I thought I would nearly explode!

Suddenly I felt his hot mouth leave my body. His cock rose up between my thighs until it touched my pussy and his balls were brushing against me. He grabbed his member, lubricated it with lotion from my cheeks and shoved the head into my pussy. I screamed with mingled joy and pain. He stopped for a minute, then pulled out and slowly entered me once again. After he'd pumped in and out about five times, I had a tremendous climax. It seemed to shake me all over, and I sank down on the carpet, almost sobbing with satisfaction.

Since then, he's moved in with me and I think we may be married soon. We sunbathe nude together now, and it certainly is great being all greased up with somewhere to go! — *Name and address withheld*

Up on the rooftop

I am a typical armchair sportsman. Last Saturday I felt I deserved a clearer TV picture to watch the footy than what the old rabbit ears on my set could provide. Being a bit old-fashioned, I decided against a satellite dish. So, I found myself on my rooftop, assembling and installing a new antenna. For my earnestness, though, I was provided with a picture I never thought possible!

From my roof I got a clear view into the bedroom of my neighbor's 18-year-old daughter! This sweet teen is a surfer golden girl — tall, lean and long legged with blonde hair, radiant skin, and a shapely figure with tits and bum that stretch the very limits of the tight T-shirts and skimpy shorts she wears.

To my delight, she walked into her room wearing only a robe and a towel wrapped around her head — obviously fresh out of the shower. She didn't notice me at first and unwrapped the towel, allowing her hair to tumble over her shoulders. While combing her hair, however, she saw me atop my roof and ran over to her window. "Damn!" I thought disappointedly. "She'll close her curtains and that'll be the end of my fun."

Instead, she opened the window and called out to me, initiating a scene I'd only known in my fantasies. I decided to look up from my work and pretend that I couldn't determine where her voice was coming from. She called again and directed me to her window. I squinted and peered and said that I really couldn't make her out because the sunlight created a mirrorlike reflection off her window. She didn't believe me, but I continued my charade as we chatted. All the while I was checking out her satiny cleavage, still bearing little droplets from the shower and spilling out of that terry towelling in the best indecent fashion.

Soon I returned to my work and she resumed combing her hair, shooting occasional glances toward me to be certain that I could not see her. Once convinced, to my elation, she doffed her robe, revealing her perfectly sized, freely hanging tits. She turned baring her round, firm arse and my knees buckled when she stretched out on to her bed. It took all the strength I could muster to hold on to the antenna without toppling over!

She spread her pussy lips wide, revealing a bright flash of pink, and buried her fingers deep inside her pussy. In no time she was moving rhythmically while one hand jiggled in her snatch and her other hand caressed her tits.

I stood mesmerised while she writhed and quickly came to orgasm. She relaxed, stretched, dressed, and left her bedroom. I rolled my eyeballs back into their sockets, raised my jaw, which had dropped to my knees, and stopped jacking off the TV antenna. — *Name and address withheld*

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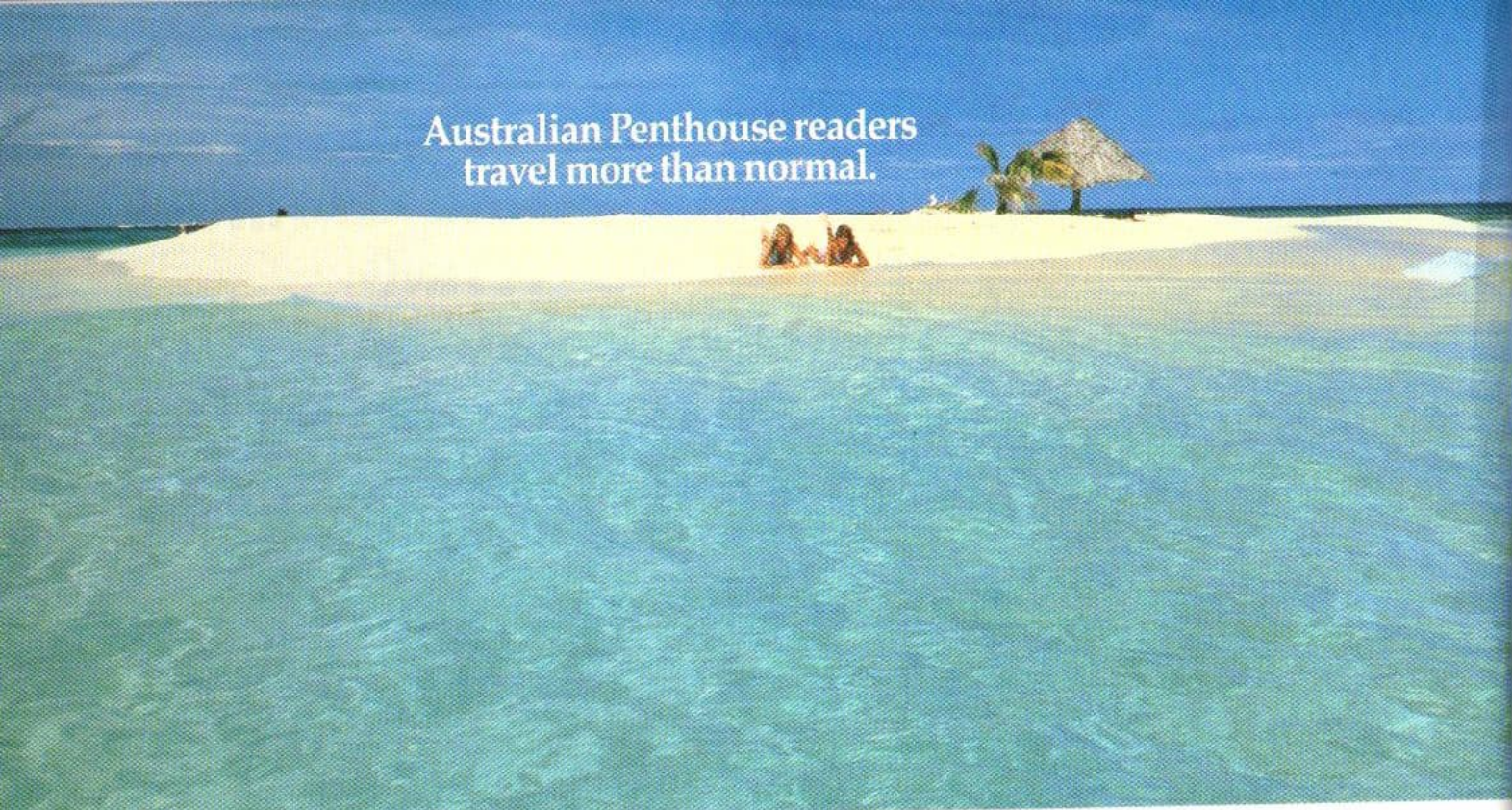
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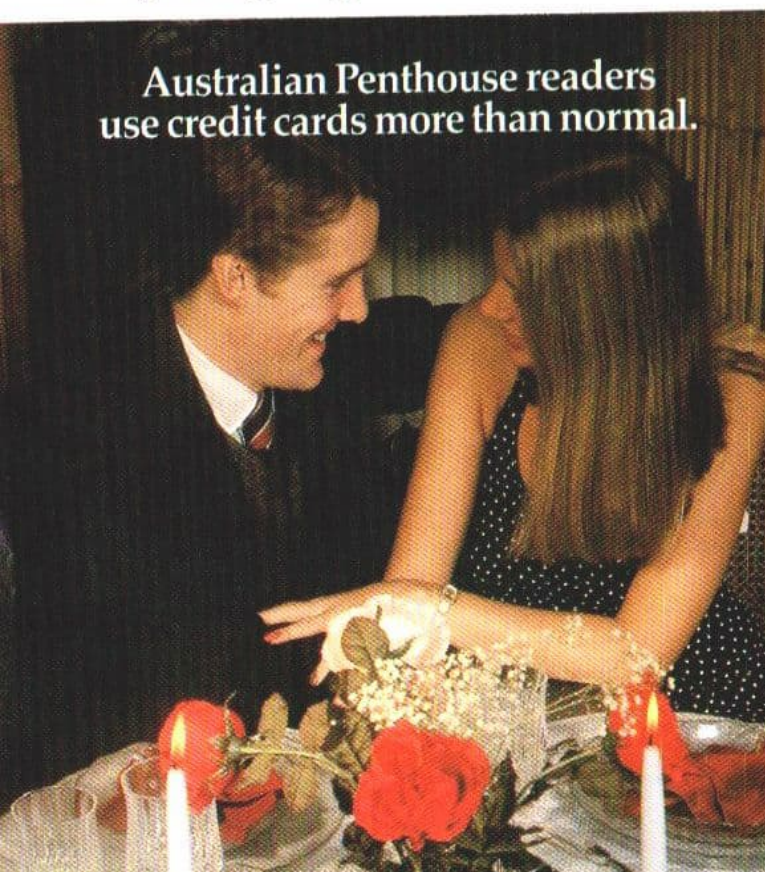
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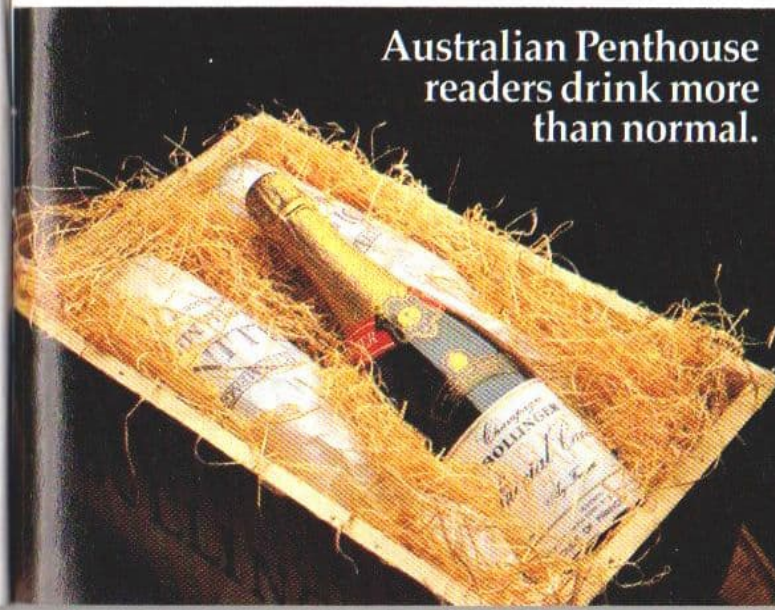
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XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a 25-year-old newlywed. Until I met my husband, Bob, sex was just okay. Now it's wonderful. He is an incredible lover and is open to all sorts of experimentation. Recently, we invited a friend to join us in a threesome. It was great! So I've been pretty satisfied sexually since my marriage six months ago. But about a week ago, something happened that has left me with pins and needles.

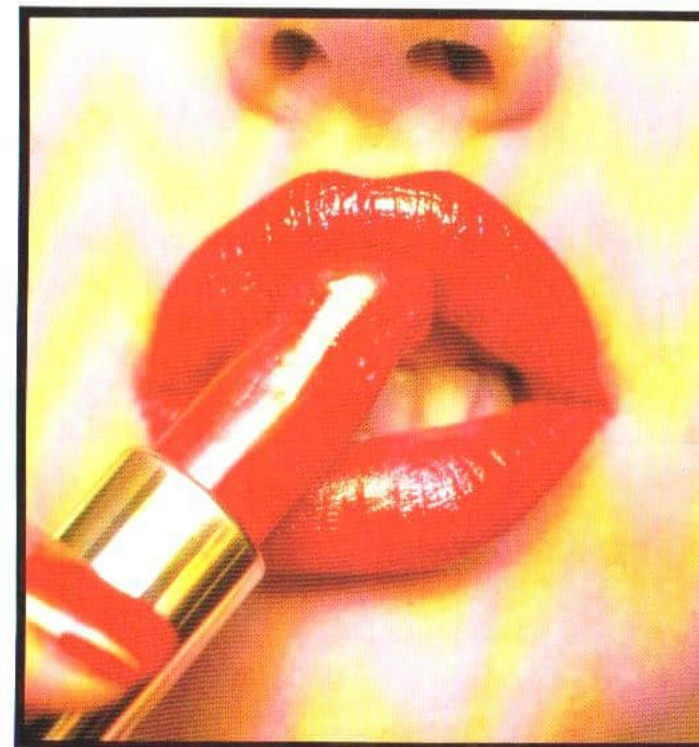
Every Thursday night for the past two years, I've got together with a very special friend I met at uni. We have always been only mates and we spend our time together playing music or chatting. He is married to a beautiful woman and they have three children.

Well, last Thursday night we went, as usual, to a guitar studio for a session. We were playing for about 15 minutes when my friend asked if I would mind putting down my guitar. Not really thinking about it, I did so. He stood up before me and said, "I want to eat you. Now. Until you come." Okay, I thought, this must be a joke. I gave him a big grin and said, "Go ahead." Without a word he sat down on my lap, wrapped his legs around me to hold me in place, and began to suck on my neck and ears. I couldn't believe it. I seemed to be instantly on fire. Frantically, our tongues met and we kissed. I still remember perfectly the wonderful taste and pressure of that tongue. I could see the outline of his cock pressed tightly against his jeans. Abruptly, I pulled back from him, tore off my sweater, and then undid my bra.

There I was, exposed to his eyes for the first time! He began to touch and lick and suck my nipples, all the while whispering to me softly of their beauty.

He then made me stand up and proceeded to remove my boots, slacks, and panties. Gently pushing down on the edge of the chair,

“You may be sore, but as long as that wonderful organ will rise to the occasion, lovemaking is a non-detrimental occupation”



he squatted before me. I wrapped my legs around his shoulders, so he could have better access to my steamy box, which he began to softly rub and kiss. With each tender lick, my desire to screw grew stronger. Finally I ground my pussy hard into his lustful lips, flooding his face with my juices. That drove me insane, and I jumped down to the floor before him and unzipped his fly. He moaned as I wrapped my mouth around his hot cock, running my tongue up and down the shaft until huge wads of come shot out of the swollen head. Then he stood up, picked me up from the floor, and made me kneel down on the chair. "I had a fantasy the other day," he said, and then he entered me from behind. It fit so tightly I could feel every thrust of his tool. He stroked faster and

faster every minute, grabbing my nipples and kissing my back and neck until we exploded together.

When he removed his cock, I licked all the juices from it. With broad smiles on our faces, we both got dressed, packed up our guitars, and went home.

Xaviera, I love my husband and don't want to hurt him, but I want to do this again. It doesn't even have to be with the same man. I know my husband will let us have a threesome or foursome — anything but a one-on-one where he's not included. Am I a bad person? A fuck monster? What should I do? — P.H.

What on earth is a fuck monster? Are you still so influenced by obsolete ethics and conventions that extramarital sex seems wicked or perverted? We live in a world in which matriarchies have died out but harems still exist! So far as most men are concerned, males can be polygamous, but women *must* be monogamous! The situation with your "special friend" may or may not

XAVIERA

be accommodating to your priorities in life, but I can't believe that you would think of yourself as some kind of neurotic for having a fling!

All that has happened is that your husband has awakened a sex drive in you that you weren't aware of. I quote from your letter: "Until I met my husband, Bob, sex was just okay. Now it's wonderful." Now that your real drive has been ignited, you can't get enough, and the idea that happens to turn you on most is a one-to-one extramarital relationship. Well, some people might call you a nymphomaniac, but most, I think, would say that you have a super-healthy libido.

ENDURANCE ASSURANCE

I'm a 25-year-old bachelor who works in a major accounting firm. About a month ago my boss held a party at his suburban home. It was the first party he'd ever invited me to, and when I came in he took me around and introduced me to all the guests. Then he took me into the kitchen to meet his wife, Marianne. Though not a ravishing beauty, she was very well built and had a lovely smile. Finding her witty, intelligent, and charming, I spent most of the evening chatting with her.

Around 1am, as the party was winding down, Marianne asked me if I would stay and help put her husband to bed since he was pretty drunk. I told her I'd be happy to. We had quite a problem getting my boss upstairs since he's a fairly hefty bloke and was so tipsy he couldn't walk. Afterward, Marianne led me downstairs to a cosy room where a fire was burning in the fire-

place. She poured two glasses of wine and we sat side by side. As soon as I had finished the last drop of wine, Marianne leaned over and gave me a penetrating kiss. Then, rather abruptly, she stood back and began taking off her clothes, telling me to do the same. When I slipped my underpants off and she saw my cock standing straight out, she seemed overjoyed. She pulled me down on to the lounge before the fire and began to guide my dick into her already lubricated pussy.

However, my erection didn't last very long, and I was feeling pretty bad about it — I hate to disappoint a woman — until Marianne assured me that the fun had just begun. She gently pushed me back on the lounge and then sat on the floor beside me and began sucking me off. I've never had anyone suck me off like that before, Xaviera! She had me ready to come so many times I lost count! When she finally got on top of me, I thought her pussy was going to suck my whole body right out through the tip of my cock. The fresh spurts of my come were exploding out of my cock into her as if they would never stop. We must have gone off to sleep with my cock still inside her because when we woke up, her legs were wrapped around me.

On the following Monday morning, Marianne phoned me at work and said that her friend Joanne was going to call and invite me to a party. Later that day, Joanne called and asked me to attend her party on Saturday night. The next morning my boss said he knew I was going to the party and asked if I would pick up he and his wife so we could all go together.

Come Saturday night, I picked them up, and we went to a really great party. After

we got in the door, I lost track of Marianne, and it wasn't until just before eleven o'clock that she found me in the crowd and said that her husband was completely blitzed and asked if I would please take them home.

Back at her house, after we had got my boss upstairs and in bed, Marianne and I spent the entire night making love. We indulged in a good deal of sixty-nining, and I'm not sure which of us swallowed the most love juice, but I know I've never had more in one night before!

Last night I got another call from Marianne. She said she knew there were more parties coming up in town that I was sure to be invited to. The problem is this: I hope to be around for a long time, Xaviera, and I've been wondering if too much sex is bad for me. I do want to be a good husband someday and am afraid I might be wearing myself out with Marianne. Is this a realistic fear? — C.P.

In my opinion, at 25 you should be most concerned with your newly launched accounting career, rather than worrying so much about your recent inauguration into the stud profession. I suspect that this is what is at the back of your mind when you ask if sex is bad for you. Which is, of course, a ridiculous contention. Marianne sounds like a very forceful, aggressive lady. If she were ever to turn sour on you, it could have disastrous effect on your business career!

Of course, it is physically impossible for a man to have too much sex. Your balls may ache, your cock may be sore, but as long as that wonderful organ will rise to the occasion, lovemaking is a non-detrimental occupation. ☪

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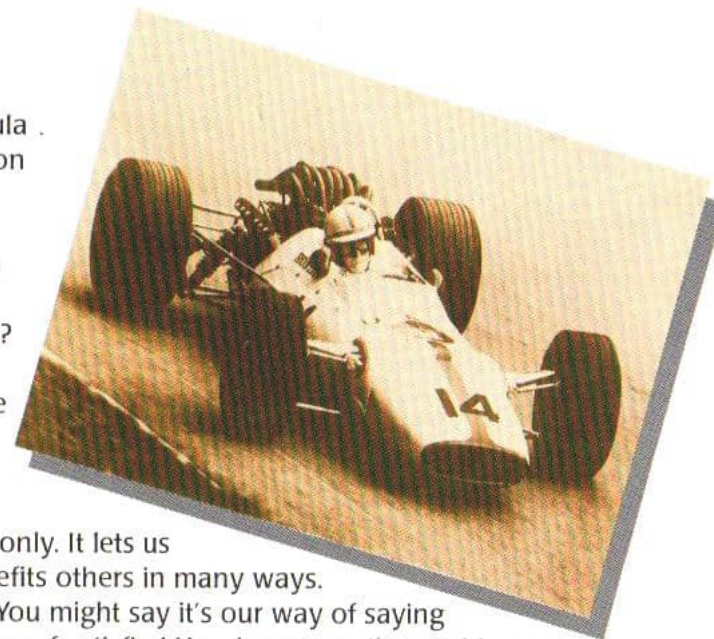
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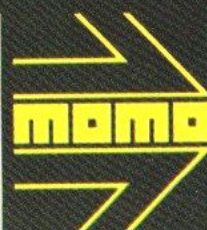
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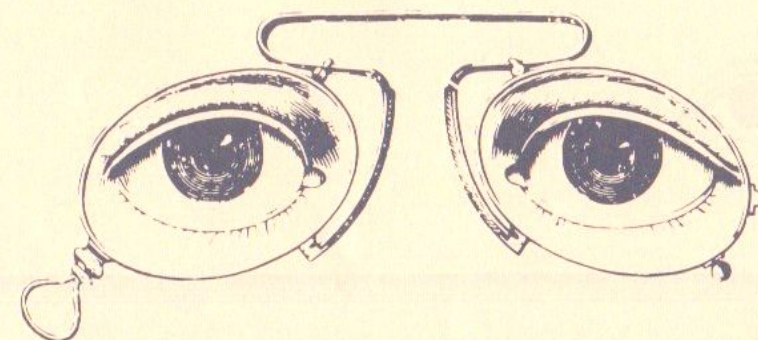
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

MASCULINITY

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently, feminist Susan Brownmiller published a book called *Femininity* which takes men to task for encouraging a stereotypicality — which, she claims, ultimately imprisons women and keeps them from achievement. In the interests of fairness, we have asked ardent masculinist and creator of the men's rights slogan "More Leisure, Fewer Heart Attacks", Mr Steven Browbeater, to guest-edit this month's column and present a different view in the following excerpt from his forthcoming work, *Masculinity* (Testosterone Press, \$14.95).

Masculinity: Prologue. There was a common saying around our house. "Keep your pecker up!" my father would say as he slapped me on the back and left for work. "Keep your pecker up!" my mother would say as she grabbed me by the ear and forced me to go out and play sports. "Keep your pecker up, Stevie, or you'll never be a good provider like your father." Pecker. Provider. Thus was I introduced to gender identification. Masculinity was defined by pronged instruments, such as bayonets, knives, cricket bats, and clubs — all things associated with possible violence to my person, or the threat of my violent death. Masculinity, I realised one day while sitting among the bombers, subs, and laser weapons that composed my toy heap, was a romantic sentiment that seemed to convey a mantle of superiority. In fact, it systematically dictated a series of self-sacrifices even unto death in support of a femininity clearly devoted only to softness, roundness, protection, and shopping, ie luxury and pleasure. The message was clear. To be masculine, it wasn't enough to have a pecker; I had to keep it up. Detachment, constant aggression and sexual tension, and emotional and physical rigidity were necessary to even approximate the masculine ideal. "Hey, Mum," I once asked. "What if I just want to be a person? What if I just want to be myself?" It is to my mother that I dedicate this book.

Body, Clothes, Voice, Skin, Movement, and Balls. It all comes down to having balls. And just as with a pecker, the mere fact of being born with balls does not mean that you, in fact, have them. In great part, it depends on what

you wear. Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones wears tight, black leather pants and a weird hairdo and has the rock balls to get a model like Patti Hansen. Young stockbrokers wear starched white shirts, crisp blue suits, short haircuts, and wing tips and get models like the ones in the *Vogue* ads. Critics might say this has something to do with money and power, and it does. But if all men dressed as they would really like to — wrinkled pants, two-day-old T-shirt, uncut hair — no matter how much money and power they possessed, they would still not have the full complement of balls that masculine role dressing conveys. Even in war, a man must look neat.

Of course, a man must have big shoulders, narrow hips, and be tall. He must be able to shoulder burdens. His co-ordination must be somewhere between that of a great ape and Jimmy Connors. He can knock over knickknacks in a living room, but he must also be able to hit balls. Balls — there they are again. A guy with a baritone has them; Truman Capote does not. History is obvious: once man covered his testicles with leaves, he had to find other ways to prove to women they were there. And women have been dictating the character of these ways to their own man-suppressing advantage. In all society's concepts of masculine dress and behavior, there is nothing that makes a guy feel any happier per se. It just makes it easier for him to get into a fancy restaurant and buy a girl dinner.

Detachment and Ambition.

I once knew a guy who cried at movies. He couldn't write poetry, so he shot himself. Who could blame him? He was a pushover. Masculinity requires that the only pain men feel is that of a pulled groin muscle. In fact, masculinity dictates men get emotionally involved in two things: the financial support and physical defence of women. Toward these two ends a man can scream, cry, pout, and whine as long as he comes back with his shield, or on it. Which means: if he doesn't bring back the spoils, he'd better come back dead or she'll kill him. Upon finishing this book, I called my mother and asked, "Mum, will there ever be a girl who will love me not for my paycheck, but for myself?" "Don't make me laugh," she answered, and hung up.

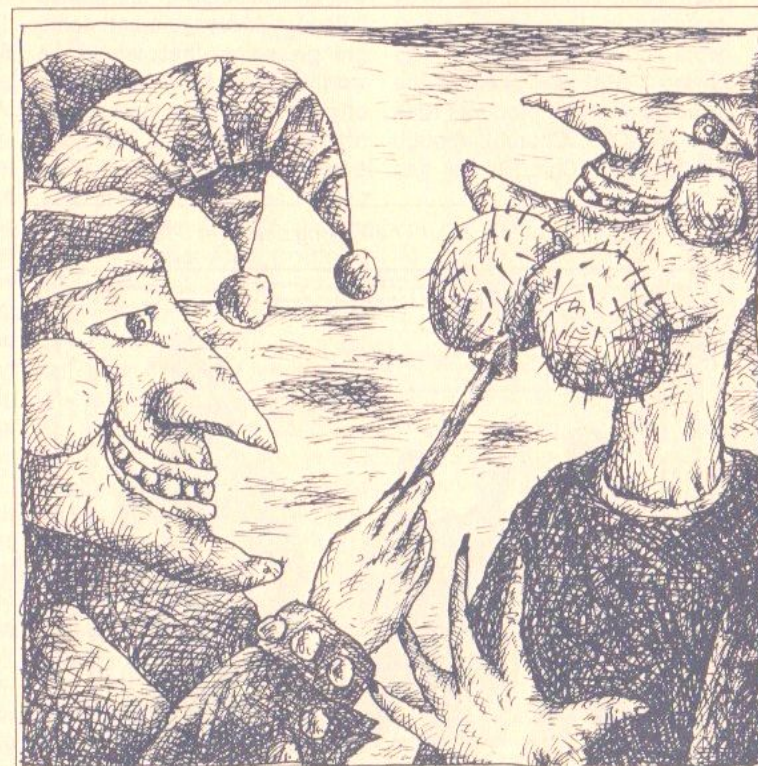
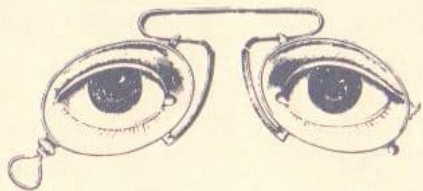


Illustration by Graham Rendell



SOUNDS



STRONG ON POP

Like the Second Coming, **The Dugites'** third, *Cut The Talking* (Polygram), is upon us to herald their return to live work after a year's absence. Suffering from mild road shock and the appropriately titled "No Money" tour, the band embraced a new record company and ran hand in hand with English producer Tom Carey to the newest Melbourne studio to attempt to convert their then current repertoire into something huge. Carey proves himself a masterful aural cosmetician as he has painstakingly pulled the songs apart until sometimes all that sounds like the Dugites of a year ago is the melody and Linda Nutter's voice. The album could be subtitled "Carey's Handbook Of Contemporary Snare Drum Sounds" and he has given them their best-sounding release to date. The rhythm section is a big beefy electronic beat and bassist Paul Noonan growls deftly in the spaces provided. But he has to be quick as the keyboards of multi-fingered Peter Crosbie act like pimple lotion on the face of youth, smoothing over everything in their wake to present a beaming, attractive facade, impersonating everything from marimba to paisley-shirted guitar in the process. Guest guitarists threaten to burst through occasionally

but instrumental highlights are usually given to the everpresent British brass overdubs. Added layers come also from backing choirs as in the highly fattening vocal sweeteners of "Everything Must Change." Early attempts at social satire ("Malcolm's Got A Problem") have been shelved for breezy pop songs of love and lush backings. Frustration ("Cut The Talking"), philosophical love ("Everything Must Change"), unexpected affection ("Taken By Surprise"), a nautical update of "Gay Guys" ("Michael And Rodney Go Boating"), and the problems of shared bathroom facilities ("Taking Your Time") are all covered. In the closing uptempo clapper, "It Ain't Like That" they ask "Come on honey, give me a break." It might be a case of one of last year's good ideas trying to be one of this year's big new things, but it is a strong pop album that deserves to set a lot of feet tapping.

With a vocabulary more rooted in rock 'n' roll, **INXS** have found time on their busy world-hopping schedule to record in New York, London and Sydney (pausing in Japan for a bit of work and some film clips). *The Swing* (WEA) sees them in the capable hands of producer Nick Launay (Oils, Church), though Nile Rogers (Chic, Bowie) had

his way with "Original Sin." Famous for his Grand Canyon approach to drum kits, Launay has given the rhythm section a harder edge than Mark Opitz used on *Shaboo Shoo*. The arrangements cling to the near military pulse like tested spaghetti to the kitchen wall. Keyboards and sax get in and out quick apart from the occasional solo and the African clatter of "Burn For You." The lads have decided to wheel in a string section for two songs. Their bows are raised in expectation for the intro to "Dancing On The Jetty" but are quickly crushed by the jackboot of beat one. They re-enter to do their Marlboro Country best on "Johnson's Aeroplane" — a kind of aerial real estate reconnaissance as the band possibly search for their first country estate with "shaped hedges, Japanese gardens; a place to work and grow." If it's true singer Michael Hutchence always wanted to be Mick Jagger, then guitarist Tim Fariss has been drawn into the dream and provides some guitar work reminiscent of the Stones ("Send A Message") and some grunge solos that would be worth a leather jacket and a case of gel on the open market. The riffing in "Melting In The Sun" even recalls the bite of Led Zep-

pelin. They deliver a bit more than love songs this time and update their past sentiments of "Stay Young" with "Watch the world argue, argue with itself, Who's gonna teach me peace and happiness?" While sorting that one out they don't have to worry about being shown how to make distinctive, punchy albums.

"Too many days have we punched the clock, Now we're taking off," sing **Mondo Rock** as they exit for a well-earned rest, leaving their version of *The Modern Bop* (WEA) to tide us over. Perhaps Modern Slog would be more appropriate as the record hides none of the four years of constant touring through the beer barns of this fair land. Probably at this stage a lot of people don't require anything particularly innovative from the band, and they deliver a set of uncomplicated pop-rock songs. Straight guitar sounds rule the day with keyboards only threatening to get interesting briefly on "Take Me Away", while the bass and drums are solid but lack excitement or flourish. Chief writers Ross Wilson and Eric McCusker maintain their different angles on life. McCusker can wax "To love is to live forever" while Wilson contents himself with "Making love mouth to mouth." The Mondos seem to have fallen back on safe arrangements but this album will be accepted by their massed, faithful audience probably as a gig memento. Still, here's hoping a break will really give them time to voice their ideas in more interesting settings.

Taking a few more chances in the vein of guitar-based rock and expending a lot more energy in the process is New York-based Surrey songboy **Billy Idol**, with his second solo album *Rebel Yell* (Chrysalis). The album contains some solid pumping feels to be expected of rock's candidate for Aryan near-perfection (even if it comes in a bottle), and



Coiffure aside, Dolby's mellow for *The Flat Earth*

also manages some elegant moments like "The Dead Next Door" when Idol's baritone lingers in its bottom end and the production goes for some simple, beautiful sounds. Elsewhere such melodic tendencies are balanced with full-on rock guitar postures and topics that include the perils of daytime TV and suburban atrophy. You could even play this one twice.

Warning! Don't come to **Thomas Dolby's** chapter of *The Flat Earth* (EMI) society expecting an album of beaty workouts along the lines of "She Blinded Me With Science" or "Hyperactive." The latter comes at the end of large, languid, rhapsodic tracts of acoustic piano and guitar, and synthesised string and vocal washes over a "rising, undulating ground" of rhythms. "Hyperactive" is true to its title (and superb clip) while "White City", where "Keith built a drug cathedral where he could hide from young Orwellians" is the token dance club favorite. For the rest he enters a plea for peaceful self-determination ("In time you'll come to understand this flat old earth is in your gentle hands"), talks to the trees ("Mulu The Rain Forest") and covers a ballad from Dan Hicks, the king of country-swing corn ("I Scare Myself"). Dolby has worked for acts as diverse as Foreigner and Lene Lovich but

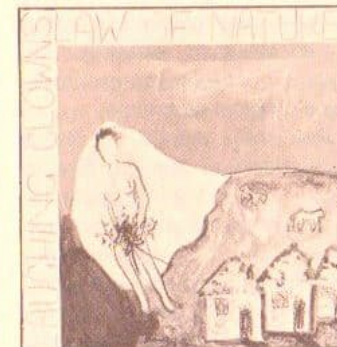
for this, the second time on his own ground, he opts for a mellow mood thankfully devoid of smug love songs or unnecessary aerobic backing tracks.

Formed in 1982 as a record distributor, Sydney's **Hot Records** became its own label a year ago with the Agents' single "Seven Samurai." Unlike companies such as Mushroom and Regular who have always used large distribution houses like Festival and WEA to get their product out to the masses, Hot have been able to maintain their independence by being distributors, though small, in their own right. The gradual infiltration of Hot products into the marketplace is witnessed by four of the five Hot releases that top the independent charts in Sydney, also appearing on some commercial AM charts — though with little danger of featuring on the stations' playlists. Probably the most prominent band currently in their stable is the **Laughing Clowns**. Founding Clown Edmund Kuepper originally thrashed guitar with the Saints — touted as Australia's first homegrown punk outfit (despite Radio Birdman's fascist posturings). The current Clowns on *Law Of Nature* (Hot) are a quartet, having slimmed down to one brass player in Louise Elliott. Drummer Jeffrey Wegener

draws heavily from the post-bop jazz school that didn't get funky (the way Keith Moon might have played for Cecil Taylor). The band doesn't use so much dance feels as successive waves of collective energy. With bass and guitar opting for a drone and Kuepper's strong lyrics but unspectacular vocals, Elliott's sax has little competition for melodic interest and is at her soaring best on the single "Eternally Yours."

Other Hot discs worth a listen of late are **Alter Ego's** four-track *War* (Hot) and Perth expatriates the **Triffids'** "Beautiful Waste" off *Treeless Plain* (Hot).

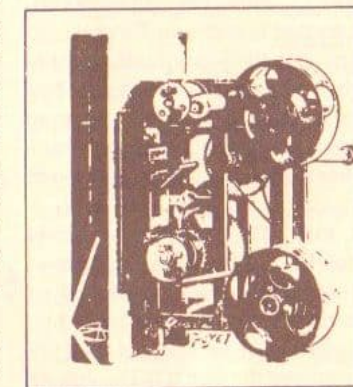
Recent tourists from the States, the **Violent Femmes**, are another band that may have bubbled along as a cult band instead of being able to travel and reach the heady heights of an interview with Donnie Sutherland if Chrissy Hynde hadn't seen them busking outside a Pretenders' concert and used them as a warm-up band. On *Violent Femmes* (Big Time) they perform manic songs of young lust in a



Laughing Clowns... energy

style anarchic to mainstream rock. The trio battle it out on acoustic guitar and bass, as well as on a two dollar xylophone and bits of a drum kit, often pursuing energetic but different directions ("Kiss Off"). They have "Gone Daddy Gone" from our shores and would have left us with some parting words but "All fail the magic prize, Nothing I can say when I'm in your thighs." — *Jeremy Cook*

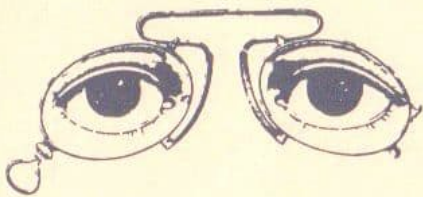
FILMS



RIPPING YARNS

Don't expect a latter-day Johnny Weissmuller swinging and yodelling through potted palms on some Hollywood backlot. And don't patiently await the thrill of laughing along with the cast as Cheeta's hairy hi-jinks wind up another jungle sitcom. Director Hugh Hudson's *Greystoke* is an attempt to restore the integrity and humanity that has been stripped from the Lord Of The Jungle in the innumerable loin-cloth flicks that have been made since 1918. And it is a successful attempt. Hudson has rendered this tale of true nobility with even more seriousness than Edgar Rice Burroughs injected in his string of 20 Tarzan books, all the while maintaining the adventure and sensitivity of Burroughs' legendary yarns.

French actor Christopher Lambert plays John Clayton, the seventh Earl Of Greystoke who was born in the jungle and was adopted by apes after his parents had been shipwrecked off the African coast. Lambert is not the heavily-muscled apeman we have come to know in Tarzan movies, but rather a sleek and agile creature of the wild. He doesn't bellow like a dinosaur in a tarpit as he swings from tree to tree. Lambert portrays a character who is a true "ape" man, one with a natural ability to mimic

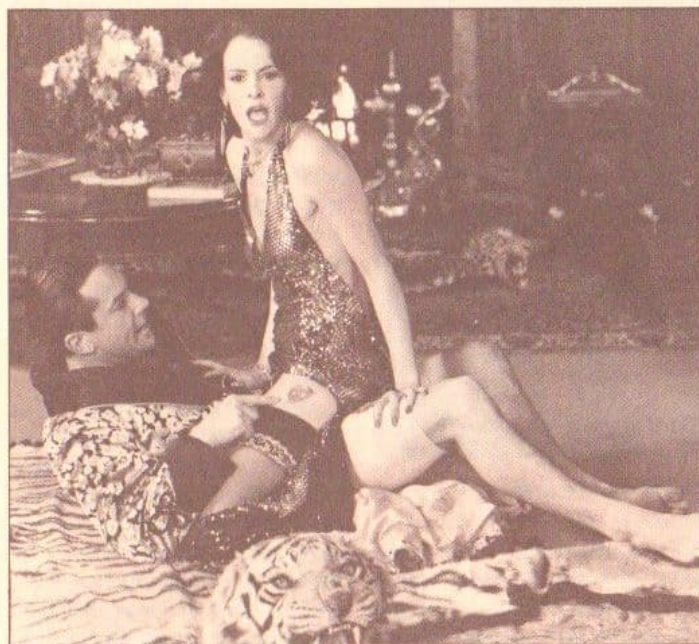


the sounds of the jungle and one who scuttles, hunched and filthy, with his ape family. Lambert is a strong Tarzan, with an appealing enigmatic quality that comes through even when he's squealing and gibbering with his knuckle-dragging buddies during the simian section of the film.

Into the apeman's world comes Capitaine Philippe D'Arnot, the sole survivor of an expedition group massacred by pygmies. It is D'Arnot that introduces the Lord Of The Jungle to his human self and, after piecing together his background from relics of his shipwrecked parents, takes him home to the ancestral manor in the damp Old Dart. Ian Holm plays the role with an admirable dollop of honor and gentility.

It's back at the manor that this Tarzan meets his Jane. He never grunts those immortal words: "Me Tarzan, you Jane," but the exquisite charms of actress-model Andie McDowell in the role of the sweet American visitor to the Greystoke household are enough to elicit animal grunts from audiences. She is undoubtedly the most bewitching Jane in screen history and

Lambert as Greystoke



Frances Tomelty has her way with our hero in *Bullshot*

although she is never shown in anything more provocative than a chaste Victorian nightie, she is also without doubt the sexiest. A bedroom encounter between the legendary couple is handled with the utmost care — nothing is shown but the scene's understated eroticism leaves the audience pondering some amusing biological questions.

And then there's Sir Ralph Richardson as the old Earl, a dotty and endearing character who welcomes his grandson back to the fold with a warmth that touches deeply. The Earl symbolises the best of humanity, and as Richardson's final role, it is a fitting tag on which to exit.

Greystoke has a slight tendency to drag in some sections, perhaps a mark of the reverence with which Hudson and scriptwriters P.H. Vazac and Michael Austin regard the Burroughs' legend. But its heights, its tender and often humorous evocation of the true nature of nobility whether in civilisation or in the wild, and its grand settings and perfect cast make it one to see. And for lovers of hairy-chested Tarzan flicks, Christo-

pher Lambert does have a fairly convincing wrestle with a panther in one scene. No large rubber reptiles, though, and in this case it's a joy to be able to say: "See you later, alligator."

Not too long after Tarzan swung on to the scene to astound the mores of Victorian society, another fictional character, old gung-ho Bulldog Drummond, was battling the Hun, gallantly ridding the Home Counties of scads of dastardly, scheming wogs and generally fighting for truth, justice and the British way. Now old Bulldog has been resurrected with a gusto in *Bullshot*, a very funny effort from Britain's Handmade Films.

Set in the Twenties against a background of Henley Regattas, London to Brighton car tootles and cucumber sandwiches, the film follows the adventures of Bullshot Crummond, a war ace, sporting hero, true gentleman and dapper dresser with a big dick to boot. It's a romp through edge-of-the-seat encounters with giant octopuses, evil Kraut spies after secret formulae, tarantulas, speeding trains,

dizzy debs and anything else you'd care to conjure up. It is directed by Dick Clement and produced by Ian La Frenais, the team responsible for scripting such TV gems as *Porridge*, *The Likely Lads* and *Thick As Thieves*. The cast includes some of the best of British comic talent — Billy Connolly makes the odd appearance and Mel Smith of *Not The Nine O'Clock News* makes his presence felt. It's a good giggle at the foppish fascism of Boys Own adventure heroes like Bulldog and Biggles and can perhaps only be faulted for its tendency to spill outrageously over the top. But in the days when the sun never set on the Empire and anything other than cricket was not cricket, that's what being British was all about. It's a spiffing film. — C.J. Mackay

Mermaids, forever favorites with story tellers in medieval times, have always been decidedly unfashionable with the yarn-spinners of this century, the movie-makers. In a scientific age, the creatures of classical mythology have about as much credibility as the theories of the Flat Earth Society.

It's against these formidable odds that *Splash* — a romantic comedy all about a mermaid — sets itself, and emerges handsomely. Director Ron Howard, the writers and the cast excel in turning a potentially wet idea into a winner.

The plot concerns the romance between a young New York produce wholesaler, Allen Bauer (played by Tom Hanks) and the mermaid Madison (Daryl Hannah), a heavenly beauty from the deep. Allen is a dynamic operator at the fruit and veg markets, but when it comes to relationships, he's a loser. Following another romantic bellyflop he flees the city for Cape Cod, home of happy childhood vacation memories. It's here that he crosses paths with the ethereal Madison. After a

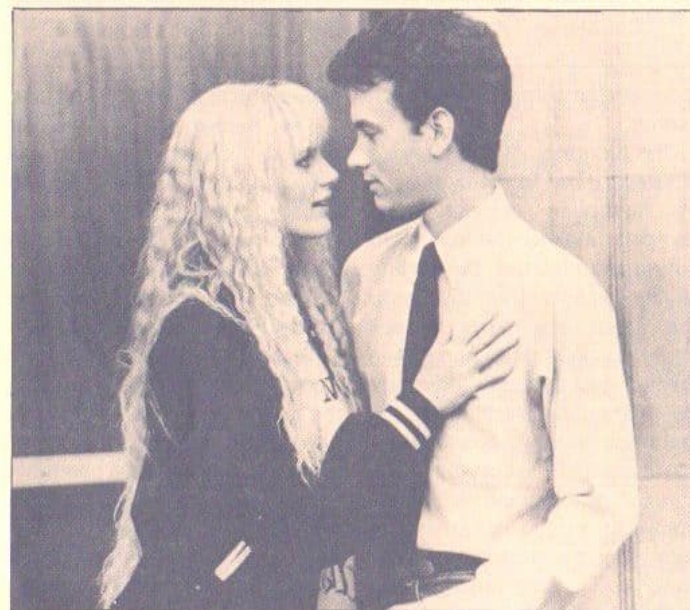
boating mishap, non-swimming Allen is bound straight for the bottom when the mermaid swoops to his rescue.

Allen revives to barely catch a glimpse of his shy savior, but it's evident that he's smitten, as is she, for she follows him back to New York, emerging to be greeted by a startled gallery of tourists at the Statue of Liberty. (Luckily for Madison, and Allen, this modern-day mermaid's scaly tail is transformed into a pair of shapely legs whenever she leaves the water.)

Allen and Madison are reunited to spend a blissful few days together, Madison — not keen to reveal her secret — having to nocturnally steal away for a therapeutic wallow in the bath tub. She undertakes a crash

comic performances, one from Levy and the other by John Candy as Allen's older brother. Levy (as Dr Walter Kornbluth) is as relentless in his pursuit of Madison as that roadrunner obsessed coyote. After numerous (hilarious) disasters he eventually succeeds in exposing her as a real-life mermaid. It's only when Madison's virtually on the vivisection table that he develops some compassion for her.

John Candy, with a long list of comedy credits including *The Blues Brothers* and *Stripes*, is great as Freddie Bauer, the guy who at 10 developed a penchant for looking up women's dresses, and who 20 years later hadn't really refined his technique. His crassness works as good foil to



Hanks and Hannah getting in deep in *Splash*

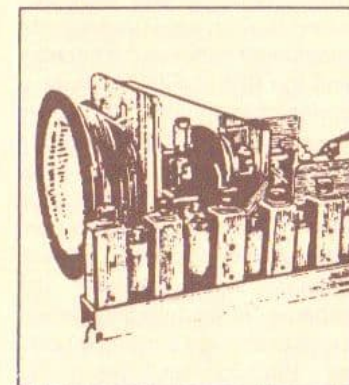
course in American cultural acclimatisation with the TV set as her teacher, learning "ad speak" rather than English ("Did you have a fun-filled day at the office, darling?") and even taking her name from the Avenue of American advertising.

Unfortunately for the lovers, their world is soon undone by a mad-cap scientist, superbly played by Eugene Levy. *Splash* is in fact enhanced by two fine

his brother's sensitivity.

Splash is certainly a movie worth catching. At times it borders on being overtly sentimental, but such embarrassing moments are luckily lost amid the slapstick and satire. As well as all the fun, the film makes great use of the inherent sensuality that the mermaids of legend possess. It's the sort of stuff that fantasies are made of. — John Elliot

VIDEO



BEST OF BRITISH

As with most revolutions, video has left a trail of blood in its wake. Blood, gore, sex, exploitation of human cravings and desires — you name it and it's likely to be available at your local video outlet. Alas, video is an insatiable beast, demanding a continuous flow of products for growth and survival, two words close to the heart (and pocket books) of video distributors. What once had the potential for becoming an alternative to mainstream cinema and television (ie quality or arthouse cinema) has fast turned into a machine of mind-numbing proportions, churning out product of questionable worth.

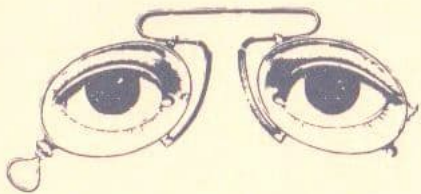
The discerning audience may be a small one, but that is no reason to totally ignore what quality cinema/video there is. British cinema, once the market

leader in quality features, has, in recent times, reclaimed that position after many years in the wilderness — chasing the elusive dream of knocking Hollywood from the pedestal. With *Chariots Of Fire*, *Gandhi* and *Local Hero* the once moribund British industry has managed to do with "the right stuff" what they could never accomplish with all the quasi-Hollywood pap — reap international audience acclaim and awards. *Gandhi*

(RCA/Columbia/Hoyts) is the culmination of Richard Attenborough's 20-year dream of bringing the Indian leader's story to the screen. Epic in proportions (it cost \$20 million to produce) the film nevertheless has a very personal air about it. Literally swarming with a cast of tens of thousands, they never get in the way as Attenborough (as director) and writer John Briley focus on the man and his accomplishments.

Commencing (as does *Phar Lap*) with the assassination and funeral rites of the man, *Gandhi*, in flashback, then proceeds to unravel the threads of the man's life that took him from being a lawyer in South Africa to leading his nation to independence. As the Mahatma (or "Great Soul" as it translates), Ben Kingsley was deserving of all the awards that were heaped upon him. His is one of the great performances in cinema history. While diehards of the British cinema like John Mills, John Gielgud, Trevor Howard and Edward Fox give as good as you are ever going to get from them (which is better than what most actors will deliver), Kingsley is perfection. Being dependent upon the Indian government's money and co-operation, without which the film probably would never have been made, the movie presents *Gandhi* as a saint-like figure. In fact, the man had as many mortal failings as anyone else. But, in this case, paying the price of bowing to propaganda is well worth it.

Having conquered the Academy Awards with *Chariots Of Fire* the year before *Gandhi* walked off with an armful, producer David Puttnam did the unusual for a man of unquestionable "bankability" in mogul circles — he set his sights on a small, quiet film as his next project. *Local Hero* (Thorn-EMI) harks back to the black and white films the British used to come up with regularly in the Fifties. Scottish director, Bill



Forsyth (*Georgie's Girl*), obviously influenced by two of those Fifties classics, *The Maggie* and *Whisky Galore*, has tailored a slight tale of Scotland today — but a Scotland steeped in tradition and myth, where oil might rule the economy, but the traditional way of life of the coastal villages (on which the oil fields depend) wields a greater stick. Filling the screen with a cast of truly eccentric characters, Forsyth spins a wispy yarn about a huge Texas oil monopoly, headed by the equally eccentric Felix Happer (Burt Lancaster in another sterling role) who — because of his belief in astronomy — decides to buy an entire Scottish village so that it can be converted into an oil-drilling centre. A company executive charged with making the purchase finds to his surprise that the villagers are more than willing to sell up and move out, forgoing their heritage. After all, how many people ever get the chance to become instant millionaires? *Local Hero* very successfully mixes whimsy with a healthy dollop of home truths about the human condition.

Anthony Higgins lays his plans in *The Draughtsman's Contract*



An interesting development in British production is the introduction of a new television network, Channel 4. Under an arrangement between the network and the British Film Institute, a series of low budget films have been financed to be televised in England and distributed theatrically on the international market. *The Draughtsman's Contract* (Palace Academy Video), one of the first under the scheme, is an intriguing period piece that could almost be termed "Hitchcockian." Set in the summer of 1694 in an England of time-honored hypocrisy, it concerns a contract drawn between the mistress of a country manor and a draughtsman to sketch 12 drawings of the house and gardens as a gift for her husband. As with the films of Alfred Hitchcock, all seems on the up-and-up on the surface, but reading the subtext is another matter. For his work the draughtsman Mr Neville (all the men are called Mr, the women Madam) is to receive eight pounds a sketch — plus the lady's sexual favors, wherever and however he wants to take



Christie and Ann-Margret in *The Return Of The Soldier*

them, on the completion of each sketch.

The daughter of the manor's mistress, Mrs Talmann (played by Australian actress Anne Lambert) makes the comment during the film that the further she moves away from the manor the more she feels herself shrinking in significance. And this is the clue to writer/director Peter Greenaway's film. For the members of the household — the favored of the classes — the grounds of the manor are an entire world, a nation as such with its own laws and traditions to be honored. That the mistress and then the daughter should willingly seek sexual pleasure from a mere draughtsman who, as one character observes, dresses like a barber, is crime enough. That these men, bewigged, powdered and cumbersome in their finery, should contemplate murder as a means of revenge brings out the Hitchcockian blend in Greenaway's work. *The Draughtsman's Contract* is a film that the viewer must stay with even if the going gets a slight tangled; the solution wrought by the honored, Protestant gentry

makes the stay well worthwhile.

The Return Of The Soldier (Palace Academy Video) also uses a distinct period in British history to unfold a story out of the ordinary. The tale of one man being loved by a number of women is not new, but when it is told by Rebecca West and set in 1916 about a man injured by a German shell to the extent that the previous 15 years of his life have been wiped clear of his memory, then expect a palatable twist. More so when director Alan Bridges casts British Fifties "new wave" veteran Alan Bates as the mind-wounded soldier and Julie Christie as his wife, Kitty — the woman now a total stranger to him. Jenny (Ann-Margret), the cousin who always shared a special closeness to him, is caught between Kitty and the third woman, Margaret (Glenda Jackson), a dowdy, middle-aged spinster who was once his lover. *Return Of The Soldier* is the type of film that revels in skill and sensitivity on all levels, being imbued with enough subtle suspense to turn the normal into the unusual. — Denis Whitburn

WORDS

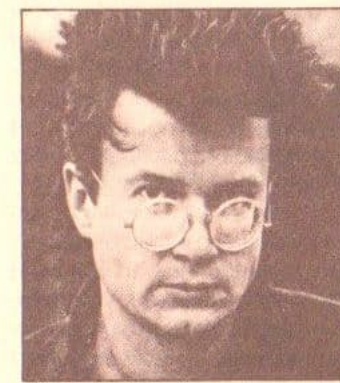


PEDERAST'S PROGRESS

The most endearing aspect of Edward Limonov's fictional memoir *It's Me, Eddie* (Picador \$7.95) is its honesty. In a series of reminiscences on his sojourn in New York, most of which concern his unfortunate efforts to get laid, the dissident Soviet writer evokes reactions which range from hilarity to horror as he documents his declining fortunes in the Big Apple.

Eddie certainly looks like a loser. A hard drinking, drug abusing, broke and bisexual communist poet, he escaped his homeland with his wife Elena with the erroneous belief that he was headed for the promised land. Elena deserts him after being seduced by the glamor of the city and Eddie finds himself existing on a meagre monthly welfare cheque, brooding in a

Edward Limonov



sleazy hotel room about his downfall.

In between his quirky and vitriolic observations of Western mores, Eddie offers his readers explicit descriptions of his desperate sexual encounters and *It's Me, Eddie* turns into a sort of pederast's progress as the narrator goes looking for love and money and finds neither is easy to come by in New York.

Embittered by the loss of his wife and his disillusionment with the West, dissatisfied with the menial jobs he's forced to apply for and disappointed by New York's bohemian element, Eddie goes about the business of debasing himself by hitting the streets, picking up whoever and whatever comes his way, and ends up coupling with a bizarre cast of partners in a series of unlikely locations. Eddie's inspired abuse, his absolute irreverence and his perverse sexual predilections are calculated to offend the most torpid sensibility.

N.J. Crisp's new thriller *The Brink* (Macdonald Futura \$22.95) opens with a classic spy novel cliché — a cold misty morning at the East/West frontier where a British agent is being exchanged for a Russian spy. But the book quickly escapes the bounds of the spy story genre as the author creates a scenario in which Europe is on the brink of nuclear war.

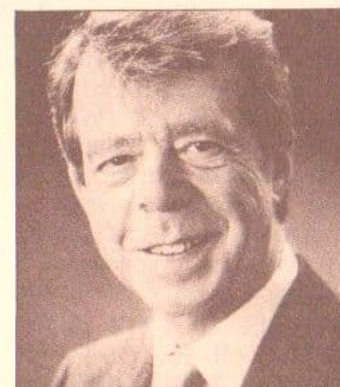
Crisp does an admirable job of creating and maintaining tension as his hero, Conroy, becomes embroiled in a messy series of intrigues. The British agent discovers that someone has found a method of tapping the massive computers upon which the defence of the West depends. These computers have been designed to defend themselves against subversion without human intervention. But soon after Conroy's return from Berlin the Russians reveal that they know the location of the

West's entire deployment of Cruise missiles... and worse.

Crisp's plot and characters lack some of the complexity and sophistication of his big league superiors in the spy thriller scene. Although it's a slightly derivative B grade effort, *The Brink* is still an engaging, if not a memorable read.

If World War II had not occurred, contemporary novelists would have had to invent it. Forty years after the event the creators of many current bestsellers — the Ludlums, the Thomases etc — are still dependent upon the

N.J. Crisp



drama and tragedy of the war years for the basis of their stories.

Michael Korda's *Worldly Goods* (Corgi \$4.95), a tale of romance and revenge in the boardroom, also has its roots in the war. The opening chapters introduce Paul Foster and Nicholas Greenwood, bitter rivals in the corporate world. It soon becomes obvious that there is more behind their rivalry than money, something that reaches back over the years and hints at a crime of passion and greed that still demands retribution.

Through a series of lengthy flashbacks Korda takes his reader from New York to Hungary before the war, where the two protagonists are introduced once again — as the children of one of the wealthiest families in Europe whose for-

tunes suffer terribly with the onset of hostilities.

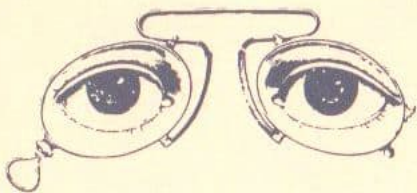
Korda then brings past and present together in a particularly powerful and satisfying climax. *Worldly Goods* is a highly proficient first novel. The cover blurb proclaims Korda as "a superior Jeffrey Archer", but in this case his publicists could be inadvertently damning him with faint praise.

As the old Mortein ad proclaimed: "When you're on a good thing, stick to it." That's what D.M. Thomas has done in the sequel to his phenomenally successful story *The White Hotel*. That book mixed sex and violence, gave it an exotic locale, a pretentious veneer and an ostentatious intent courtesy of some Freudian mumbo-jumbo. It also incorporated enough esoteric literary and philosophical references to convince even the most erudite reader that he wasn't really copping any cheap thrills.

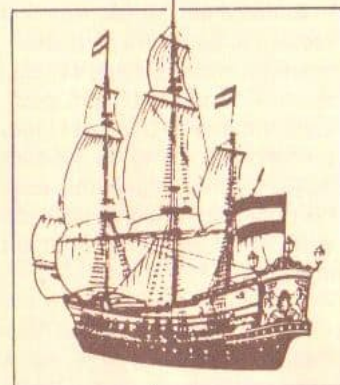
Ararat (Abacus \$5.95) is more of the same. The plot concerns a famous Russian poet who travels from Moscow to Gorky to meet a young blind woman who is fascinated by him. Their love-making is unsatisfactory so in order to make time pass the girl asks the poet to improvise a story. He improvises a tale about a poet who is obsessed with sex.

The story becomes a story within a story. And those stories include the usual quota of queer couplings. Genocide is another of the author's favorite topics. His descriptions of the persecution of the Armenian race are quite gratuitous.

One detects a hint of titillation, a note of morbid glee in Thomas' tone as he describes these atrocities in macabre and repetitive detail, with the pretence that he is producing serious literature. *Ararat* is rubbish, the product of a sleight of pen which convinces gullible readers that weak porn is fine prose. — Colin Hinton



TRAVEL



UPMARKET BALI

It need hardly be said that Kuta Beach ain't what it used to be. Indeed, people started saying it a long time before the first influx of hippie-surfer tourists in the early Seventies. But with each ugly development — from the relatively innocuous irritants like the Coca-Cola billboard at Uluwatu, to the arrival of plate glass shop-front windows heralding a sudden transition to fully-inflated Western prices, to the establishment of a virulent strain of ockerism complete with pub crawls and chundering contests, to the final blasphemy of the Colonel Sanders outlet — it has always been tacitly assumed that somehow, the magic of the Kuta-Legian strip would prevail.

It hasn't. There is a point in the history of every idyllic retreat when the combined weight of indignities heaped upon it tips the scales, and the casual tourist finds that instead of recalling only the good times, his only lasting impressions are of bad hassling, bad vibes, and bad hours on a seatless dunny enduring bad cases of diarrhoea.

But the fact is that despite its current status as Australia's seventh state, the Kuta-Legian tourist belt is not the be-all and end-all of Bali. Getting there is still cheaper than any other destination outside Australia;

the island offers a rich panoply of exotica for those who are prepared to do a little exploring; and as a base for such explorations there are a few alternatives to the Kuta Beach hustle which are worthy of consideration. One of these is to go upmarket. It's an option that offers remarkably good value, because unlike the local population at many Third World holiday destinations, the Balinese have really got their act together when it comes to turning on the red carpet treatment at bargain rates. In fact, the Balinese are currently making an all-out effort to match the exotic luxury of established "exclusive" resorts such as Tahiti at a fraction of the cost — and they're succeeding.

The Bali Hyatt Hotel, situated on the beach at Sanur (on the opposite side of the island to Kuta), is one of the best examples of that effort. Set in 15 hectares of lush landscaped gardens, the Hyatt is designed to blend easily with the local environment and culture. It must be one of the most beautiful hotels in the world. The decor is exclusively Balinese: temple hangings, grass matting, teak and bamboo furniture. Each of the 390 rooms has a private bath and shower, air-conditioning, balcony with views of either the ocean or the Gunung Agung volcano, five channel music and telephone. The service is efficient and faultless. While the facilities are too numerous to list, the emphasis is on water sports, with equipment readily available for snorkelling, scuba diving, deep sea fishing, windsurfing, sailing and even parasailing. There's also a tennis court and a golf course. At \$US67 a day for a standard single ranging up to \$US87 for a Regency Club double, you'd be hard-pressed to come up with better value anywhere.

The Hyatt is one of several international standard hotels at Sanur. Among these, the Bali Beach Intercontinental and the

Hotel Sanur Beach both offer outstanding value. The Intercontinental is Bali's first luxury hotel and still the largest, with three swimming pools and 14 restaurants. Perhaps not as aesthetically pleasing as the Hyatt, the Intercontinental nonetheless offers heaps more luxury than you could expect to get for \$US40 for a standard single per day. The Hotel Sanur Beach is smaller, more intimate, and a little more expensive.

After dark, the emphasis at Sanur is on relaxation rather than excitement. If Kuta is the place for young singles, then Sanur is for just about everyone else. However, if you want to get closer to the action at Kuta without sacrificing any of the advantages of going upmarket, there are a couple of excellent options, and the best of these is the Bali Oberoi Hotel. It's only a



few kilometres beyond the Kuta-Legian strip, but completely isolated from the crowds — picturesque, tasteful and unequivocally Balinese in flavor. The construction and decor rely almost exclusively on local materials. Accommodation is in luxurious single-storey cottages called *lanais*. The clientele is young, mostly single, European and trendy. Laid-back and friendly, the Oberoi has become

an exclusive niche relying on extensive repeat business. Linking in with the European clique starts at \$US65 a day for a standard single.

At the other end of the strip, beyond Kuta and spreading over 10 hectares of lush tropical forest, the Pertamina Cottages also offer luxury bungalow-style accommodation at reasonable rates. The atmosphere is more sober and family-orientated than at the Oberoi. The huge suites easily accommodate two adults and two kids, and the coral reef surrounding the beach provides an extra element of safety. Not for adventure-seekers, but good value.

If you want to go over the top in pursuit of exclusivity, Bali's newest and most lavish hotel, the Nusa Dua Beach, is a spectacular choice. The hotel grounds are laid out in the manner of a Balinese compound, incorporating features of Balinese village life. Nusa Dua, situated on Bali's southern peninsula, is as different from Sanur as Sanur is from Kuta. It's ultra-quiet, and a short stroll in a southerly direction will guarantee you a deserted beach with a private cove. Despite its elegance and opulence, a standard single at the Nusa Dua Beach will still only set you back \$US65 a day. The place is made to order for harried execs on rest and recuperation leave.

If you can't afford upmarket prices for the whole of a Balinese holiday, the next best thing is to get down and get dirty for starters, then switch to the luxury hotel for the final week — that way you'll still return relaxed and refreshed. Alternatively, you can cut down on expenses by eating superbly at rock-bottom prices in any Balinese village restaurant.

If relaxation, tranquility, luxury, value and exotic diversions are high priorities, an upmarket Balinese excursion is a convenient way of making them all happen at once. — Peter McDonald

Australian

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So you think you won your latest duel with a car dealer.
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CAR WARS

BY GREG HUNTER ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON



The "good old days" of motor dealing are over. Shackled by the consumer revolution of the past decade, the white-shoed brigade have been forced to discard their more outrageous ploys in favor of subtler, but no less effective, forms of deception. These days, buying a car doesn't mean checking for banana skins in the gearbox and sawdust in the diff. It does mean becoming embroiled in advanced American-style high pressure psychological warfare — and the combat zone is littered with financial corpses.

Between 1960 and 1969, Consumer Affairs Bureaus with statutory responsi-

lities for dealing with complaints were established in every Australian state. By the late Seventies, new legislation regulating the motor industry was pushed through everywhere except Tasmania, and optimistic car buyers started to figure that at last the deck was stacked in their favor. But according to Allan Asher, head of the Public Affairs division of the Australian Consumers Association, the dealers are still holding all the aces: "The consumer-oriented legislation has resulted in a shift in the car dealers' point of attack. They've introduced new tactics and refined and updated old ones, working mostly within the law but utilising Ameri-



CAR WARS

can methods of high-pressure selling and subtle deception. The car buyer now faces a much more sophisticated enemy than he did during the so-called good old days."

A look at the latest annual reports of the various Consumer Affairs Bureaus confirms that your friendly neighborhood car dealer is still public enemy number one. In every state, somewhere between one in three and one in four of all formal complaints handled by the bureaus relates to motor dealers. This is by far the largest single category of consumer complaints. In NSW, for instance, last year there were 3617 complaints about motor vehicles, accounting for more than 25 percent of all consumer complaints. That sounds bad enough, but as Allan Asher points out, it's only the tip of the iceberg: "In their annual reports, Consumer Affairs Bureaus only include formal complaints submitted in writing. They refer to telephone complaints as 'enquiries', but in reality there's no difference. You don't ring Consumer Affairs unless you think you're being conned. The NSW bureau alone handles half a million telephone 'enquiries' a year, and about 150,000 of these relate to cars.

Half of them concern the quality of the car and the warranty service, while the other half relate to sales methods, advertising, finance deals and such. The Australian Consumers Association also receives several thousand complaints every year about motor vehicles. The bottom line is that in NSW, for example, one in every 10 cars on the road ultimately becomes the subject of a consumer complaint — an incredibly high percentage. And nobody can say how many people have been ripped off without even knowing it, or bothering to complain."

Almost everyone gets involved in the perennial battle between consumers and car dealers. The only way to escape the draft is to burn your driver's licence and ride a bike. The purpose of this article, then, is to give prospective car buyers an even chance of survival in the combat zone.

When a customer blunders into a "red hot" dealership — one of the many high turnover new and used car outfits which specialise in American-style supersalesmanship — he'll be shuffled through a standard series of scams which begin at the moment he arrives.

The first step is known as "highballing." This trick is designed to shut out the opposition and get the last bite of the cherry by a simple but effective deception. The buyer is in the market for, say, a new Holden. He's got a trade-in worth about \$2000, and he's going to visit several Holden dealers to get the best trade-in deal. Having established that the "head"

(customer) intends to shop around, the salesman's first move is to say: "Look, I'm only a salesman — the valuer's not here right now — but I'll have a look at your car and tell you what I think it's worth." Aware that the head's bomb should bring in no more than \$2000, the salesman says: "That's a nice looking car. Would it be worth five grand?" He avoids a firm commitment, but the head nods enthusiastic agreement. So the salesman adds: "Listen, why don't you shop around and come back in a couple of hours? The valuer will be here then."

Off goes the head to do the round of Holden dealers. The best trade-in offer he gets is \$2000, as expected, so he hightails it back to the original dealer. This time, the valuer will emerge to greet him. He picks the trade-in to pieces, as all good valuers will, before announcing that the car is worth \$2000. "But your salesman said I could get five grand for it," protests the

Numerous people who've been through the treatment at one of these outfits have been too frightened to go back and pick up their new car

customer. The salesman then chips in: "Gee, it's lucky I'm not a valuer. I'd be out of a job by now." The valuer completes the operation by saying: "Look, tell us your best price and we'll put another hundred on top." Naturally, the head accepts the offer. (The extra \$100 will simply be tacked on to the price of the new car through a process called "jacking up", explained later.) According to Peter B, general manager of a prominent Sydney dealership, "Just about everyone is into highballing these days. It boils down to which dealer gets first shot at the head."

One variation of highballing takes the false promise a step further. A victim tells how he was sucked in: "The original deal was that I could step from my heartily hated Renault 12GL into an immaculate year-old TS Passat for \$600. I had the Passat tested and it was pronounced perfect. By this time I'd driven the car 30 kms and had already transferred my things from the Renault's boot into 'my new car.' But the salesman asked me to wait outside while he went in to check something. Ten minutes later he reappeared. 'The deal's off,' he said. 'We don't want your car. I

should have checked yesterday. It's worth almost nothing.' I felt like thumping him — but I *wanted* that car. I finished up giving them the Renault and \$1400. The work had already been done by the salesman in allowing me to treat the Passat as my own." This blatant version of highballing is especially effective in the case of a prestige or performance car, where the salesman has been able to create the magical "want feeling" to such an extent that the customer will buy almost regardless of price.

The ad car game is an alternative first stage deception aimed at very gullible car buyers (known in the trade as "wood ducks"). The scam is referred to as "bait and switch." Its purpose is to attract customers to the dealership by offering a bait which appears to represent astonishing value, then switching the wood duck into a much more expensive vehicle later.

Step One is to find cars which can be made to look and sound wonderful in a newspaper advertisement, but which are obviously heaps of junk ("dogs") when you get close to them. The classic ad car is a late model with the current body shape and all the trimmings, but with a tatty interior, a ton of rust, no registration, a defect ticket and 150,000 kilometres on the clock: in other words, a machine that has been thrashed unmercifully. Step Two is to get the dog ready for the newspaper photo by "putting a smile on its face." Out come the flash hubcaps and other accessories (temporarily); some WD40 is sprayed on the bonnet to give the car a gleam; the photo is shot with a flash to create extra sparkle. If there's any panel damage, it can be covered by superimposing some tasteful little stars. Step Three is to advertise the car as a "weekend special — offer lasts three days only" at an apparently ludicrous price: say, an '81 model Fairmont GL Wagon for \$3990. Step Four is to ensure that even the most idiotic wood duck won't want to buy this car when he comes in to see it. "Once the photo has been shot," said Peter B, "they may actually take to the dog with an axe to make sure no-one buys it." A former salesman confided that one of his tasks was to run ad cars into telegraph poles once they'd been photographed, while another who worked for an outfit that used "vandal-damaged" ad cars as bait confessed that he'd been employed as a vandal. Just to make sure, the ad car will then be drained of oil and the plug leads will be switched so the engine runs like a lawnmower.

On Saturdays and Sundays, wood ducks from far and wide will be lining up at 6am for a crack at the weekend specials. Now the salesman starts earning his money: "Look, you don't want a heap of rubbish like that, mate. You can see it's a dog, and I wouldn't want to sell it to you. Come and have a look at this one." The

customer's \$4000 for, say, the '81 Fairmont Wagon will make a suitable deposit on a brand new Fairmont at 15 grand which, when paid off "on the never-never" (over an interminable period), ends up costing the naive customer close to \$30,000. The ploy works best in the case of customers who've come a long way to see the weekend specials. They don't want to leave empty-handed.

Bait and switch can also be applied to new ad cars. Peter B explains: "The dealer gets a standard, bottom-of-the-line new car which has been off the production line for 12 months and carries last year's compliance plates. He advertises it at rock bottom or slightly less — say, a Toyota Corolla S model for \$5990. The instruction to the salesman is not to sell that car. There are plenty of ways to make a new car look like a dog. You can leave the rust-preventing factory wax film on the car and then throw some dirt over that so it will stick; you can let the tyres down on one side so the car sags noticeably; you can fill the interior with garbage. Again, the idea is to switch the head into the brand new top-

of-the-line job at an extra three grand." If the customer insists on buying the bait car, the dealer simply pulls out a previously prepared dummy "Retail Buyer's Order Form" made out in the name of one of the salesmen, so he can claim the car was sold just five minutes ago.

According to veteran salesman Jeff W, some ad cars are actually offered as legitimate drawcards and sold to the first comer. But in most cases, selling an ad car is viewed as a heinous crime; at one shady Sydney dealership, salesmen are fined if they fail to talk the customer out of buying the bait.

Once the preliminary skirmishes are over and the salesman has done his "presentation" on the car he wants the head to buy, it's time for the heavies to move in for "the crunch." This can be a genuinely nasty experience for the customer. The salesman ushers the head inside the building and introduces him to the "closer", technically known as the sales manager. If the head hasn't been highballed, the salesman will already have organised for the valuer to take the trade-

in for a test drive. The valuer's role is to drive the trade-in around the block and then park it right outside the door of the closer's office. The layout will be designed so that the head will see the valuer shaking his head in mock apprehension as he picks the car to pieces. At the same time, a couple of salesmen will casually position some cars behind the trade-in so the customer can see that he's unable to make a quick getaway.

The closer will normally adopt a classic interrogation technique. He pretends to be the customer's friend, siding with him against the ruthless valuer and the boss, in order to gain his confidence: "Listen, mate, I'm going to see what sort of a deal I can squeeze out of these guys for you." If the head is accompanied by his wife, the next move is to activate the bug planted under the desk before retiring to the general manager's office on the pretence of going in to bat for a better deal. When the unsuspecting customer says to his spouse: "I really wanted five thousand for the old car, but I think I'll settle for four and a half," the closer knows precisely where

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

The first principle of warfare is to know your enemy. Car salesmen are distinguished primarily by their desperation. The industry has become so competitive that these days, very few dealers are prepared to pay their staff retainers. Most salesmen are on a straight commission of 20 or 25 percent, and if they're not moving cars, they get the sandshoe. Richard W, a writer who spent one week flogging cars at a dealership on Sydney's notorious Parramatta Road, observed that "the bigger companies look for sales staff who come into the 'desperate' category — desperate for money to cover debts, mortgages, gambling. To stitch up buyers, it helps to be stitched up yourself." Aware that a single sale can bring a commission of up to \$500, these guys will be ready to pull any kind of scam to get customers into a new car. According to Peter B, general manager of a prominent Sydney dealership, "A good 'jack-up merchant' (salesman who's adept at inflating the real cost of a car) can earn more than \$1000 a week, but the average bloke just gets knocked over in the rush. That's why salesmen are so unscrupulous — they have to be."

Apart from that, salesmen are viewed within the industry as garbage. They're totally expendable. "Car salesmen are basically a roving population of conmen," said a former member of the profession. "The average salesman would be lucky to stay at the one place for more than six

months, so he's got no qualms about taking a customer to the cleaners." Peter B tells of a Sydney dealership where "the salesmen aren't even allowed inside the building unless they're stitching up a customer. They're treated like animals, which is all part of the motivation technique."

The conventional wisdom about the motor trade is that the used car salesman is the one to watch. In the Eighties, that no longer applies. According to Peter B, "The salesmen who are potentially the most dangerous are the ones employed by the super-duper new car franchises — the you-beaut, all singin' and dancin' outfits where the boss portrays himself as slightly insane and where they've got girls with big tits running around serving coffee and giving lollies to the kids. These are the places that are gunning for the Dealer Of The Year title." Peter B asserts that such outfits operate by instilling an even greater level of desperation in their sales forces: "Every morning, the boss will hold a sales conference. He'll use intensive American motivation techniques to psych up his salesmen. By the time he's finished with them, they'll be kicking down the doors to get out there and screw their own grandmothers for an extra three grand."

Richard W's experience working for a dealer whom he called "Big G" led him to describe three Articles of Faith for the used car dealer. The first is that *They Never Come Back* — "We won't see that

bastard again." The second: *All Our Cars Are Good Cars*. "When we're trading it, it's a dog; when we're selling it, it's a top car. After it's gone, it was just an average car." And the third: *Someone Else Will Stitch Them Up If We Don't*. "This is at once true and a rationalisation for all manner of misleading tricks."

For Richard W, the most disheartening aspect of the business was the dealer's total lack of concern about the quality of his merchandise. "Both Big G and Joe (the senior salesman) looked open-mouthed when I expressed enthusiasm for cars. They *hate* cars. To Big G, a car is like bank deposit slip: whether you keep it pressed neatly or crease it a little, it will still be worth the same." Half the cars in Big G's yard were low on oil or hadn't had an oil change in six months; others had flat tyres, missing dip sticks and air cleaners. Why didn't the dealer remedy these defects? "Because he doesn't believe it will bring him extra money. What Big G cares about is money; people and cars are just handy ways of getting more of it."

In most cases, car dealers don't subscribe to conventional views of morality. Those who specialise in dirty tricks such as bait and switch, jacking up and highballing are regarded by their peers as "good operators" or "red hot dealers." They're operating basically within the law, most of the time. To them, parting a head from his money is as easy as taking candy from a baby.

CAR WARS

to fix his best offer. At this stage he re-emerges from the boss's office with the aim of extracting a "commitment," or firm agreement on the deal. If he fails, the next move is to bring in the big guns. He'll go for a "double close" by calling in closer number two — the business affairs manager, senior salesman, or anybody else who's capable of playing the heavy while closer number one continues to be the head's friend and confidant. "By this time," according to Peter B, "they're crowding in on the head and it's like the Indians coming over the hill. If they can't crunch him they'll bring in the general manager and there'll be three of them working on him. They've got the door locked, the head knows he's got to run the gauntlet to get out because his car's parked in, and eventually he succumbs to a feeling of helplessness and resignation. It's all subliminal stuff, but extremely effective."

"If the customer still hasn't cracked, a final move is to throw the guy's keys on the roof and tell him he's not leaving until they've done a deal. There's one major Sydney dealer who's notorious for this trick, but he's not the only one. The head is absolutely mortified, but what can he do about it? He's scared shitless. It's no exaggeration to say I've come across numerous people who've been through the treatment at one of these outfits and are too frightened to go back and pick up their new car."

The customer has finally made his commitment, and an uneasy truce has been reached. They're all sitting in the office having a cup of tea, and everyone is now the customer's friend. He's dropped his guard, and the atmosphere is right for the most vital aspect of the whole operation: the "jack-up." Peter B explains: "This is where they really stick it into him. The business affairs manager will casually say to the head: 'By the way, what are you doing about finance?' He introduces the customer to the finance and insurance man, who has two essential tasks. The first is to shoot the head's intended bank loan down in flames and convert him to a contract with the 'house' finance company, signing him up on the never-never at an exorbitant rate. This is vital because at most dealerships, most of the cars are owned by the finance company and the dealer gets a rebate on his interest payments for every customer who is 'stitched up' on house finance. Also, the finance company gives a direct kickback to each of the salesmen involved in the deal." According to Allan Asher, interest rates on dealer finance can run as high as 40 percent per annum, compared with 18 to 20 percent for a bank or credit union loan. Over a five-year period, the customer pays something like twice the purchase price. "A lot of

places use the girl with the big tits to help the F&I man switch the head into house finance," said Peter B. "The same goes for house insurance, which also provides a kickback for the F&I man and is usually based on exorbitant premiums."

Once that's done, the head is ready for the jack-up. The F&I man's second task is to sell him everything he hasn't bought yet at hugely inflated prices. Jacking up is an essential part of the profit margin. It's done simply by lying about the actual value of the extras, and because the head is already committed to a hire purchase or loan agreement on the never-never, the F&I man can couch all the extras in terms of 'only another couple of dollars a week.' He'll flog the rust proofing treatment for \$200 (real value \$80) and the fabric treatment for \$150 (real value \$60). The same goes for the air conditioning, the paint protection treatment, the seat covers, the tinted windows, the alloy wheels, and so on.

One Victorian multi-franchise dealer would regularly tack a two percent "pollution tax" on to the price of a new car

Of course, the F&I man gets a commission on every extra he sells.

But the most outrageous aspect of jacking up, according to Peter B, is that in many cases the extras are worthless. "For instance," he said, "a lot of them are into the extended warranty scam where, for an extra \$200, they offer a year's warranty on a used car and five years on a new one. It's not worth the paper it's written on. They make it impossible to claim." Allan Asher agrees with that view of extended warranties and adds that "tests performed by the Australian Consumers Association have shown that after-sale rust-proofing often actually causes a car to rust. The spray forms little pockets inside the doors which collect moisture, and the film blocks drainage holes at the bottom of the doors. This is a whole industry which shouldn't even exist."

Then there's the case of the extras that aren't really extras. One jock who worked on Sydney's notorious Parramatta Road related the story of a dealer who would regularly jack up the price of a new car by charging for standard equipment — the T-bar automatic gearshift and the velour

trim on the top-of-the-line model. A variation on this one is to advertise a car at a price which doesn't include the cost of the extras already fitted. Alternatively, according to another former used car vendor, "Some operators will sell a sports car to an infatuated customer and while he or she is signing up for it, have staff remove the tonneau, the chrome spinners from the wire wheels, and anything else that's readily detachable. When the stunned owner mentions the missing bits, the salesman will say: 'Oh, those aren't included in the price. You want a hood? You want hubcaps? I can sell them to you.'" The most absurd anecdote concerning jack-ups was the case of a Victorian multi-franchise dealer who would regularly tack a two percent "pollution tax" on to the price of a new car.

When the F&I man runs out of extras to load on to the purchase price, he can always resort to what Allan Asher describes as "this huge rort surrounding the so-called 'on-road costs.' The NRMA reports that between 10 and 20 percent of new cars are defective — often in serious ways. So the dealer will order a pre-sale detailing on the new car and charge the customer for it by including it in the on-road costs. In many cases, this will allow him to add between \$200 and \$300 on to the purchase price."

The scenario outlined above, in which the hapless head runs the gauntlet from the initial contact through to the final stitch-up and jack-up, is a standard procedure at many of the bigger new car franchises and used car outlets around the country. If the chain of events breaks down on the first attempt, the head is directed back to stage one and the salesman ushers him into a car which he "can afford." Eventually, his resistance crumbles. The entire operation is normally presided over by a figure known as "the man in the tower" — usually the general manager or similar — whose job is to observe the customer's progress through each stage of the procedure. If the customer escapes, the man in the tower instigates a witch hunt to find out why he wasn't nailed. Where did they go wrong?

According to Peter B, the surveillance of the customer is often facilitated by the use of one-way mirrors. "In the real high pressure dealerships they've got the tinted windows surrounding the building so they can observe the head as he moves around the yard, and then when they've got him inside, the closer's office has a one-way mirror so the man in the tower can watch the progress of the deal without him knowing about it."

The Australian Consumers Association is extremely concerned about several aspects of salesmanship in the motor trade. Allan Asher explains the major objection: "The fundamental principle of the high pressure selling procedure is that the deal must be closed *there and then*. If the

customer says 'I'll let you know tomorrow', that's considered an outright failure because the prospective buyer has escaped from the salesman's clutches and actually has time to think about the deal. Hence the ACA wants to introduce changes in the law which would provide for a 'cooling-off period' — a couple of days' grace before the deal goes through — because given a chance, the customer would so often change his mind." Asher claims that the principle of instant sale ("You drive away in a brand new car") is also used by some dealers to ensure that the customer can't reconsider his decision. "If the deal involves a trade-in, the dealer's aim is to sell that car immediately to avoid any comeback from the customer."

The ACA is also lobbying for the introduction of a new Retail Buyer's Order Form. This is a standard document issued to car dealers by the Motor Traders Association, on which the details of the transaction are recorded and the conditions of sale outlined. "We've had a Standards Association Committee working for two years to design a contract that's fairer to consumers, but the MTA dealers just won't accept the proposed changes. Their Order Form is a contract written by the dealers, for the dealers. We think it's grossly unfair."

There are two clauses in the Order Form which the ACA regards as particularly iniquitous. The first is clause 1(a) which, when its addendum is signed by the customer, allows in the case of new cars for the price to be increased without notice to the buyer, and without the buyer being able to cancel the contract. "This often happens," said Asher. "In fact, it's one of the standard scams, particularly when the dealer is selling an imported car." The customer orders the car and in many cases has to wait for up to 12 weeks before delivery. The dealer will simply tell him the price has gone up — and the customer is stuck. He's paid a deposit, he's committed to the car (especially if he's made a trade-in deal and his old car has already been sold), and he either pays up or forfeits the deposit. "The deception can also be applied in the case of non-imported cars. The dealer says: 'Sorry, but there's been a price rise from the factory.' Presumably this is sometimes actually true, but in those cases the dealer would know about the impending rise and fail to inform the customer. Indeed, one of the standard inducements is to tell the buyer that the factory price is going up next week or next month: 'Buy now and we'll try to hold the price for you — but of course, we can't guarantee it.'"

The second condition which is causing the ACA concern is clause 1(f), in which the buyer agrees that "if I fail to punctually observe and perform all my obligations hereunder, all moneys paid and/or any trade-in provided by way of deposit shall

be absolutely forfeited to you (the dealer), however that such forfeiture shall not exceed 10 percent of the total vehicle price..." According to Peter B, "Most dealers wouldn't dream of refunding the deposit on a deal that has fallen through. In fact, the main thing is to get as much deposit out of the head as possible, up to the value of 10 percent of the purchase price, which is the most the buyer can lose if he pulls out."

An anecdote told by Russell M illustrates the extent to which some dealers will go to squeeze money out of customers under the terms of clause 1(f). Russell M's Datsun had been stolen, and with the anticipated insurance money together with a debt of \$1500 which he'd been counting on from a friend, he went to a Ford dealer

to test-drive a Laser worth \$9300. "About a week before I was due to collect the insurance money, I realised my friend couldn't pay me the \$1500 debt," he recalled. "The dealer was holding the Laser for me and I had signed an Order Form and left a \$60 holding deposit. I rang to tell them I couldn't afford to buy the car. The reply was: 'That's too bad. You own the car now because you've signed the form.'"

When Russell M told the dealer he couldn't pay for the Laser, he was given two hard options. He could either sign up with the dealer's finance company to make up the extra \$1500, committing him to two separate loans, or the dealer would take him to court for 10 percent of the car's value — \$930. He rang the NRMA

THE SNOWJOB

There are several illegal practices in the motor trade which have tended to fall into disuse due to the general tightening up of the industry, but which are sometimes called upon in cases of desperation. One of the classics is fraud by appropriation, a scam otherwise known as the "outright ghost snowjob." A former salesman who participated in several snowjobs in 1980 before the company went into liquidation told *Penthouse* how it works.

"The first step is to go to a wrecker's yard and buy a super-expensive car that's been written off in an accident, but is still under registration. Say it's a Benz worth 35 grand on the road, but the dealer picks up the wreckage, using a fictitious name, for \$2500. With that he also gets the rego papers and the plates. Now, every car that a dealer buys or sells must be recorded in the police log book, so he enters the car as bought for 35 grand. The next step is to fill out a finance application form, again using a fictitious name, saying that 'John Smith' wants to purchase a Mercedes for \$35,000.

"At the same time, the dealer has to organise references for the fictitious buyer. He calls his offside and directs him to an empty flat with a telephone. The offside's job is to pretend to be John Smith's real estate agent. He tells the representative of the finance company that John Smith pays his rent regularly, and so on. This procedure is repeated for several different referees. Meanwhile, the dealer has opened a savings account under John Smith's name.

"Now, if the finance company isn't happy because the client hasn't borrowed finance before, the dealer covers that by saying John Smith can come up with 60 percent of the purchase price — in this case, that's 21 grand. So the loan gets the

go-ahead, the completed contract goes to the finance company, and the cheque for the extra 14 grand goes into the dealer's account. In the mean time, he's dummied up the receipts for John Smith's \$21,000 and entered the car in the police log book as sold for \$35,000.

"Now, the finance company's repayments booklet is sent to John Smith's fictitious address. A month later, when the first payment is due, someone will go down to the finance company and pay the money. He'll do it again the following month, and maybe even a third time, just to make it look good. Then the payments are stopped.

"When the finance company realises that John Smith isn't going to pay up anymore, its representatives are chasing a bloke who doesn't exist, who bought a car that doesn't exist, using referees who don't exist. Every avenue of investigation leads back to the dealer, who simply says: "Well, we sold him the car. It looks like he's run out on you." The finance boys check the receipts, they check the police log book, and after that, there's nothing they can do. The dealer has defrauded the finance company of \$14,000 for an outlay of \$2500 plus two or three repayments. If the finance company appears to smell a rat, the dealer simply uses a different one next time. At the outfit where I was employed, we dealt with a total of five companies."

These days, according to one veteran used car salesman, "It wouldn't be possible to pull snowjobs in any numbers because the finance companies are too suspicious. They've woken up to what's going on." The outright ghost snowjob is apparently a relic of a period which car salesmen sometimes wistfully refer to as "the good old days."

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Legal Department and discovered that the dealer had been attempting to browbeat him into accepting a deal he didn't want under false pretences. "I asked the NRMA whether I did in fact 'own' the car, and they told me that this was not the case because I hadn't paid the full price. I informed the dealer of this, and he said: 'When I told you that you owned the car, it was just a term that we use in the industry.'" Incensed over the dealer's blatant attempt at deception, Russell M threatened to sue him for demanding money under false pretences. The dealer simply denied ever having made reference to the customer owning the car. Of course, Russell M couldn't prove it.

Car dealers sometimes resort to even more desperate measures when they sense that a customer is timid, stupid, or both. Richard W, a writer who spent one week flogging cars on Parramatta Road, observed that "in the extreme case, a dealer will say to a customer: 'Take this car home for the weekend. If you don't like it, we'll give you your old car back.' On Monday morning the prospective buyer returns, saying he doesn't want to go through with the deal. 'Too late,' he is told. 'You already own the car. We've sold yours. Here's the paperwork.'"

The most common form of deception in the new and used car trade is jacking up, a practice which is so firmly entrenched that it forms the foundation on which the economics of the game are constructed. In an increasingly competitive industry, the only way a dealer can ensure a buyer's custom is to offer him an inflated trade-in price, and the only way to do that is to jack up the price of the car being sold. If the latter is a used car, this is simplicity itself; the dealer simply tacks the extra \$2000 offered for the trade-in on to the price of the car being sold. According to one former salesman, "It all boils down to which dealer fudges the most; he's the one who gets the business." Although this seems a transparently obvious tactic, its success rests on the universally agreed premise that "the average head is only concerned with his trade-in price, because he doesn't anticipate the jack-up on the new car. He just thinks he's getting a great deal on his old shiteap." Peter B adds that this fundamental rule is also the basis of the apparently astonishing offers made by flashy "Dealer Of The Year" types: "Minimum X dollars trade-in on anything" and "X dollars cash back on any new or used car."

Inflating a new car price is a little trickier, since factory prices are to a large extent fixed. Thus the jack-up has to be done by pulling some kind of scam on the extras. But as Peter B observed, "All you need to legally justify whacking \$500 on to a new car price is a set of mudflaps."

Thus, in the typical case of a customer who wants \$3000 for his trade-in on a new car, the sales manager of the new car division can call up the used car manager and pretend to harangue him into agreeing to a \$3000 trade-in offer, always aware that he can more than make up for this apparent generosity by jacking up the price of the new car. There are endless variations on this theme.

When a dealer is confronted with a customer who wants so much for his car that the jack-up won't cover it, he can resort to taking the car on a consignment basis — that is, he puts the car on his lot on the pretence of selling it for the customer.

There are a couple of scams available here. One is to charge the customer a \$200 consignment fee, covering a period of 30 days, and promise to pay the owner whatever is realised on the sale. The dealer employs "consignment girls" to

There must be extensive involvement by dealers in stolen cars. After all, where do the 100,000 cars stolen every year end up?

ring the owner periodically and advise him of fictitious offers made for his car which are below the asking price, and diminishing all the time. If the owner wants \$8000, the consignment girl rings again just prior to the end of the 30-day period and says: "We've got a customer right here who's offering \$5000 in cash." The offers aren't climbing and the owner is faced with making another cash outlay in two days' time, so he accepts the money. The dealer pays the \$5000 himself, then puts the car on the lot for \$9995 and cleans up.

While car dealers have been forced to shift into top gear, in terms of sophistication, in order to avoid being nailed by Consumer Affairs, there's no reason to suggest that they won't fall back on tried and true dirty tricks when the occasion allows. Allen Asher warns that "the industry is so competitive that every cash saving counts. So the dealer might try to deceive you about the market or 'book' value of your trade-in; he may try to cover faults which aren't governed by a warranty — substituting a new battery for one that will get you out of the yard and no fur-

ther, swapping good types for worn ones, covering up rust, substituting an expensive tool kit or radio/cassette for a cheaper model, and so on. Some dealers will still occasionally pull the classic trick of winding back the clock and paying the owner of the trade-in to agree to a lower odometer reading."

Then there's the problem of title protection. In several states this is non-existent. If a customer unwittingly buys a stolen car and the law tracks him down, he has to surrender the car. In NSW and Victoria, title protection is guaranteed to customers buying from a legitimate dealer. This is no minor detail. As Allan Asher says, "There must be extensive involvement by dealers in stolen cars. After all, where do the 100,000 cars stolen every year end up?"

All car dealers are supposed to be licensed, and in most states this means they are obliged to provide a warranty. There's evidence that many dealers are illegally selling as private individuals in order to avoid the warranty and other obligations.

Car buyers can also be taken to the cleaners when they buy from a small-time company which may be backed by assets of only \$2. If the company goes broke, its principals can start up another business the next day; meanwhile, the liquidators move in and all assets are confiscated. The customer stands to lose if he's bought a defective car from that company with cash or a personal loan — and according to Asher, "This is something that happens all the time. In most cases, the customer has the new car in his possession, but he still loses out altogether on the warranty."

The various methods of deception outlined in this article represent the worst possible outcomes for the prospective car buyer. It can't be assumed that all motor traders are unscrupulous predators feasting upon the naivety and ignorance of the consumer. The dealers' propensity for ethical and fair behavior varies enormously across the board, from the irredeemable sharks who are committed to a policy of taking no prisoners to the unspectacular dealers who play the game with a reasonably straight bat. These are the guys who'll actually refund a customer's deposit when a deal falls through; they'll usually redress complaints without reading the Riot Act; and when they tell you the price of a car, that's pretty much what you will end up paying for it.

But are there any motor traders who are scrupulously and unwaveringly honest in all their dealings with the public? When asked that question, a former Sydney sales jock with 10 years' experience in the game replied: "It's generally accepted within the industry that every dealer has rorts of one sort or another. The only possible exceptions, as far as I know, are the companies that sell Rolls Royces, and maybe the odd Mercedes-Benz dealer here and there." 

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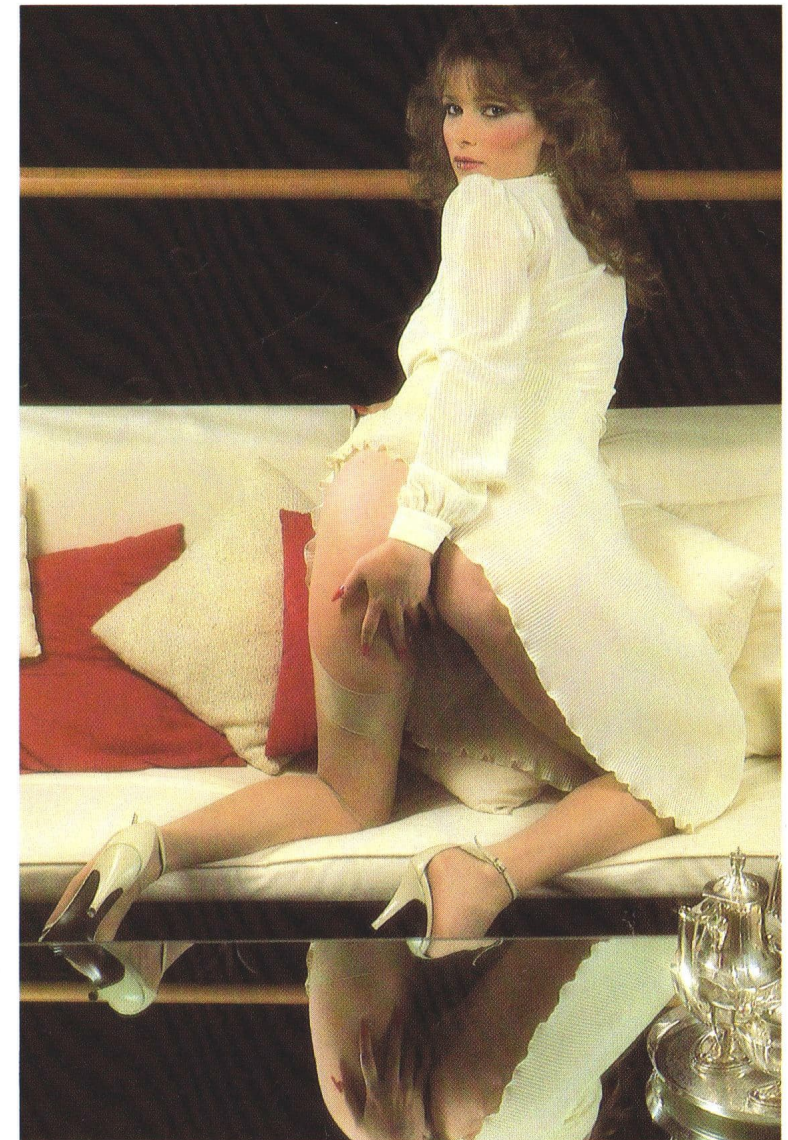


CHILDHOOD'S END

Tammi McAndrus, 18, views childhood's end as the perfect beginning. She was raised in the suburbs, but she's hardly just a suburban girl. At five she began dancing lessons; at six she learned to ride a horse and to play tennis. At seven, when her mother remarried, she inherited five new brothers. Along with her younger sister, that made nine — the quintessential big, happy family. At first, she admits, the boys teased her . . .

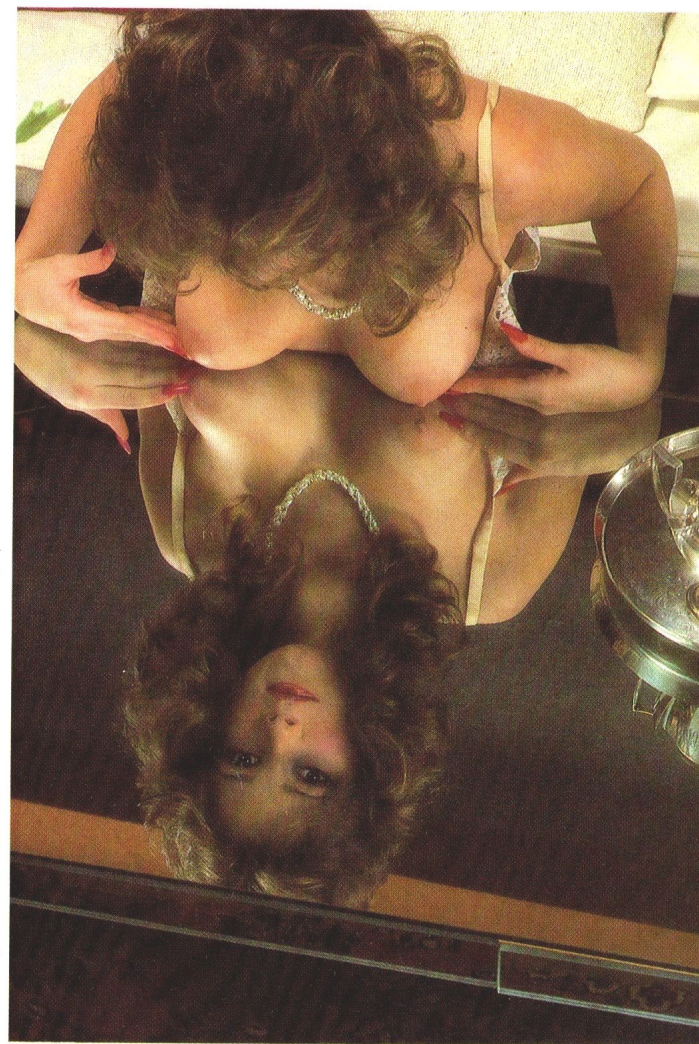
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH





But sweet and soft-voiced even then, Tammi won them over. "I learned to overpower aggression with cheerful submission," she explains.

Appropriate, since Tammi was very popular at school, prominent in sport, drama and debating. "After all that attention, sort of showing off in the limelight, I made a very easy adjustment to nude modelling," says Tammi.





Clearly, this shapely beauty could make a lucrative career out of modelling her birthday suit, but having recently fallen in love, she's decided to settle for more domestic forms of bliss.





Unlike many of her peers, Tammi says she remained virginal until she found the right man. If you're patient and save the best for last, she feels, the best is even better.

○+ 2



The Don Quixote of the business world
won't stop jousting with corporate giants

CRUSADER ROBERT

PROFILE BY ROBERT M. MYERS

When his first attack on BHP hardly scratched the Big Australian's steel skin, West Australian entrepreneur Robert Holmes a Court readied a second assault by trying to stir up a feeding frenzy among investors of a similar appetite. He was only moderately more successful.

Capitalising on a series of stories which suddenly began appearing in the press saying what a wonderful fellow he was for making his company's shares rise faster than BHP's in last year's boom share-market, Holmes a Court magnanimously made a second, more limited offer to those BHP shareholders who had so foolishly ignored his first one. He didn't even have to explain himself. The newspaper experts were only too willing to point out for him just how much more money had been made by the minority who swapped shares in BHP for shares in Holmes a Court's Bell Resources Ltd than by those that didn't. Again, Holmes a Court was offering a share swap — but this time BHP was ready.

The master strategist apparently got so wound up in his own publicity that he overlooked the possibility that BHP might not treat him as a joke the second time (BHP's directors had laughingly ignored Holmes a Court's first takeover attempt). This time around, they went after him like sharks after blood. By signalling his inten-

tions in the press, Holmes a Court tipped BHP off and its defenders sprang to the barricades faster than they had done anything before. Aided by one of the shrewdest takeover advisers in Australia, BHP threw some free shares at its own shareholders and exposed Holmes a Court as a man of straw in court. His pride severely dented, Holmes a Court slunk away, his every statement promising that this was not the end. BHP had only wounded the beast; it hadn't finished him off.

According to several self-confessed experts on what makes the enigmatic Holmes a Court tick, he is even now preparing for a third attack on Australia's largest company. Like Don Quixote, who was forever tilting at windmills, the Perth businessman whose financial reputation stems entirely from his persistent desire to take over other peoples' companies rather than start his own seems propelled by an insatiable appetite for jousting with corporate giants.

Ansett, Elder Smith Goldsborough Mort, TNT, Carlton & United Breweries, John Fairfax, The Herald & Weekly Times and BHP are just some of the well-known Australian companies to drift into his sights. Overseas, Lord Lew Grade's Associated Communications Corporation (owner of the Beatles' song catalogue and the Muppets), Rolls Royce, Vickers, Times News-



ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

CRUSADER ROBERT

papers and fellow London publisher Fleet Holdings have all felt the Holmes a Court touch.

Why does Robert Holmes a Court, who was born in South Africa, schooled in New Zealand, and arrived in Australia when he was 23 to do a Law degree, chase the world's leading companies? According to him, in an address to 400 of Australia's leading stockbrokers and merchant bankers last year, it has nothing to do with David toppling Goliath (a frequently used comparison). *Au contraire*, it is an act of financial salvation. "A common factor in all the companies we have acquired," he said, "is that they were all candidates for receivership (business bankruptcy)."

BHP bankrupt? According to Holmes a Court, it apparently will be if the direction of its management doesn't change. His recipe for survival calls for him to become BHP's chairman. Some BHP shareholders agree. One stood up at last year's annual general meeting of BHP shareholders and proposed that the company offer Holmes a Court the top job on a three-year contract at \$1 million a year. Incumbent BHP chairman Sir James McNeill huffily ruled the misguided shareholder out of order. In a recently published interview, Holmes a Court laughingly said the shareholder had the right idea, "but the price was wrong."

Holmes a Court's confidence in his ability to do the top job in the country's top company is in no way diminished by his confessed lack of business training. At university he studied Law, with some distinction it seems, and after graduating he went into practice with his friend Nicholas Hasluck, whose father would soon become Australia's Governor General. In January 1970, he made a fateful decision to rescue the West Australian Worsted and Woollen Mills Ltd from bankruptcy. According to newspaper files, his altruism sprang from a realisation of what the company's collapse would do to the small town of Albany, in which he had several clients. But in his lunchtime address to the stockbrokers last year, he boldly proclaimed: "I had no business experience or training when I bought (the company), and I bought it because it was the cheapest listed company in Australia."

Whatever his motive, he bought control of the company for \$75,000 and then convinced the WA government to write off a \$500,000 loan. The Belgian government financed the installation of new equipment and Holmes a Court's business career was off and running.

Through a succession of takeovers he has made his main company, The Bell Group Ltd, one of the biggest in Australia. Its success is his driving ambition — apart from his art collection, his Rolls Royce collection and horse racing. These, he says, are his aberrations — but they are aber-

rations beyond the reach of the common man. For example, Holmes a Court built a \$6 million horse stud outside Melbourne and paid a record Australian price for a horse which raced just twice (no wins) before being put to stud. And in just three years he has built one of the largest private, wholly-Australian art collections; he employs Australia's only private curator to look after it. After all, Holmes a Court is too busy making monetary magic.

The case of Lord Grade's Associated Communications Corporation illustrates just how quickly the cold, calculating Holmes a Court brain can turn a sow's ear into a silk purse. When he acquired ACC two years ago, Holmes a Court found that rather than buying a lemon, he actually got a bunch of sound businesses built up over 30 years by Lew Grade's genius. Only a couple of big budget movie flops like *Raise the Titanic* (budgeted at \$US8 million, it cost \$US42 million) and a grab bag of lux-

Holmes a Court thinks it is challenge that keeps him going . . . but to many observers, the man's main challenge is keeping his monumental ego in check

ury corporate perks (such as Lord Lew's sleek, mahogany-lined yacht *Cardingrae VI* moored in the Italian Riviera, a Lotus sports car and an executive jet) were restraining the company from earning profits. The company was still making successful films (*The Muppet Movie*, *On Golden Pond*) but it couldn't earn enough to offset the Titanics. Result: almost \$US80 million in film losses in three years.

When Holmes a Court came along, he was able to snap up the company at a bargain basement price of \$78 million. Paul McCartney and Yoko Ono were offering him \$30 million just for the ownership of the Beatles copyrights. He refused. And ACC's theatre chain includes the famous Palladium and Drury Lane. Not surprisingly, a little of Holmes a Court's spartan financial discipline saw ACC earn a \$28 million profit in 1983 — just one year after he bought it.

But despite the undoubted success of ACC under Holmes a Court, it remains one of his few takeover coups. The most surprising thing about this enigmatic financial whiz is that he has lost more battles than he has won. But only once has the "loser"

walked away with less money than he started with. That was when he tangled with one of the wildest corporate foxes in Australian business, TNT's Sir Peter Abeles, whose claws and fangs have been sharpened in the toughest, most cut-throat business environment in the world — the US transport scene. With 15 per cent of TNT in his pocket, Holmes a Court was the largest shareholder by a long shot and looked to be sitting pretty — until Sir Peter's good buddy and partner in Ansett, Rupert Murdoch, rode to the rescue and made Holmes a Court the proverbial offer that was too hard to refuse. Holmes a Court is well aware of the fact that if he wanted to, Murdoch could buy and sell a dozen Holmes a Courts without working up a sweat. Besides, Holmes a Court would rather walk away from a takeover with dignity (and a hell of a profit) than get involved in a boots and all battle which could leave him busted.

It's the sort of thing Holmes a Court is used to. And is good at. When he lost his battle for control of Ansett in 1979, he was \$11 million richer. And when the giant pastoral house of Elders slipped through his fingers in early 1981, \$16.5 million of someone else's money stayed behind and was quickly tucked away in Holmes a Court's bank account.

How does he do it? Very easily. First he buys a few shares. Then a few more. The aim is to get as many shares as possible without pushing the share price up and without letting anyone know who is doing the buying. Often, Holmes a Court will buy shares from overseas shareholders and leave those shares registered over there so his identity remains cloaked. The anonymity is deliberate; the minute someone discovers Holmes a Court is buying shares in a particular company, hundreds of others begin buying because they expect him to make a takeover. When he does finally make his takeover offer, it is generally done in such a way as to stir up as much smoke and dust as possible. The greater the confusion, the more Holmes a Court's opponents are kept off balance. The more smoke there is, the more likely it is that someone else will make a higher offer than Holmes a Court's, simply to keep him honest. But the West Australian plans his campaigns meticulously and his first price is often his best price; if someone else offers a higher price, more often than not he says "Thanks" and takes their money.

After all, money doesn't mean much to Michael Robert Hamilton Holmes a Court, lawyer turned businessman, and a scion of the British House of Heytesbury. His friends, who call him Rob, say he has a burning desire to become a peer of the British realm. (His father was the second son of the Baron Heytesbury and so didn't inherit the title; nowadays, Holmes a Court's cousin, a science fiction writer, holds the honor.)

Even without the title, Holmes a Court

thinks he has had more money than he needs for as long as he can remember. The talking stuff, he says, doesn't motivate him. "I don't personally have any concept of money other than as a measure of performance, a means of exchange, and one of the tools of the trade I use," he once said.

Money doesn't drive him either. Holmes a Court thinks it is challenge that keeps him going — the challenge of running things better than the people now doing it, the challenge of reviving the fortunes of an ailing company, the challenge of mastering a new domain. But to many observers, the main challenge is keeping his monumental ego in check.

Even his detractors admit Holmes a Court's high intelligence, his uncanny knowledge of legal procedures, and his grandfather-like brain. Always calm, deliberate, and apparently unhurried, Holmes a Court baffles opponents with his ability to remain continually one step ahead in negotiations, a combination of thorough planning which precedes each deal and an intuitive knack of thinking constantly "on the run." As if these weren't big enough problems for adversaries, Holmes a Court combines his cleverness with a self-assurance (he is still said to be a touch of the legal work associated with takeovers) with a dogged perseverance.

Take BHP, for example. Holmes a Court made his first assault, an out-of-the-blue takeover attempt valued at \$4.1 billion, in August 1983. A rare press conference was convened in his salubrious but functional Perth office (one of three from which Holmes a Court runs his Bell Group empire, media and resources empire) to discuss what Holmes a Court planned for the latest acquisition, an obscure Caterpillar dealer called Wigmores. Holmes a Court had only been in control of Wigmores for a couple of days, and at less than \$40 million it was one of his least notable acquisitions. Most of the journalists were more interested in viewing the ex-employee of Hyndales, Streetons and McCubbin skimming the walls, or checking out the available views of the Swan estuary. They were not too surprised to hear Holmes a Court say Wigmores would make a takeover offer, but they were silenced into silence when he added it was for BHP.

In Melbourne, BHP's chairman Sir James McNeill's only reply when told of the statement was: "Wig who?" The so-called takeover offer was immediately dismissed by journalists, stockbrokers, merchant bankers and other companies in the city. Nothing more than a jumped-up fancy funding mechanism which was not the sort of irresponsible action they were used to from the business tyros of Perth. But surprisingly, the offer only secured some 800,000 of BHP's 334 million shares.

Undeterred, Holmes a Court began buying BHP shares in the stock market until he held 10 times as many. Although accounting for only 2.3 percent of BHP's issued capital, these shares cost Holmes a Court some \$100 million. It was an expensive move. But rather than worry about placating his bank manager, Holmes a Court instead launched a new offer: a limited bid for another 16 million BHP shares.

In an interview published just days before BHP Takeover Attempt Number Two, Holmes a Court, in a rare show of emotion, revealed just how deeply he was hurt by the offhand dismissal of his first assault as an attempt by a flea to rape an elephant. Now he is saying the first bid was just a demonstration run, a chance for BHP's overseas institutional shareholders (they own about 25 percent of the company's shares) to see, so to speak, how Robert runs. A second bid, he predicted,

He is an opportunist, fully capable of fine tuning and altering his plans as he goes along. He repeatedly says he has no Grand Plan

would be made.

True to his word, he made it a few days after several strategically leaked comments had excited the press. But this time BHP was ready. It immediately made a free share issue to appease its shareholders, and took Robert to court. He was offering to swap shares in his company for shares in BHP, but the Big Australian's directors didn't like the way the numbers on Robert's shares were so vague. The court agreed, and Holmes a Court was politely told to put up more information or shut up. Although this round was scored to BHP, Holmes a Court still got another 7.5 million BHP shares.

And BHP Takeover Attempt Number Three will undoubtedly be made. As Holmes a Court himself said of the flea-elephant rape fantasy: "It didn't do the elephant any harm, and the flea was quite happy." But Holmes a Court prefers the tale of the ant eating the elephant: "The elephant is always eaten by the ant in the end, but the ant doesn't have to eat the elephant to survive." Watch out, BHP.

In the meantime, Holmes a Court is keeping BHP under pressure by snapping

up bits and pieces of some of its more valuable resources interests. Bell Resources, the reincarnated Wigmores which now houses or will house all of Holmes a Court's resources interests, owns five percent of the giant Utah coal mines in Queensland bought earlier this year by BHP as part of a \$4 billion deal, and will buy another five percent.

But what really rubs BHP's nose in it is the way Holmes a Court sneaked in and bought the royalties to the rich oil fields in Bass Strait from which BHP and Esso extract almost two-thirds of Australia's oil. It was something BHP could have done any time, if it had thought of it.

The royalties are paid to a company, Weeks Petroleum, registered in Bermuda. It's the family company of the late geologist, Dr Lewis Weeks, who showed BHP and Esso where the oil was. Weeks also has interests in BHP's new Jabiru oil find in the Timor Sea. Showing every bit of the genius which guides his thinking, and the military-style planning which precedes all his takeovers, Holmes a Court stole in literally like a thief in the night and whipped this valuable property right from under BHP's nose. Again, he used his tried and proven formula, amassing an unidentified 10 percent shareholding. Rumors abounded that a takeover offer for Weeks was in the wind, but no-one identified Holmes a Court as the buyer. For a couple of weeks, Holmes a Court and his London stockbroker sounded out influential Weeks family shareholders in the company. By the morning of Tuesday, January 31, they were ready.

A large team of stockbrokers assembled in their London office at dawn and began ringing the list of Weeks shareholders, many of whom were waiting for the call. It was too early in the morning for other London brokers, too late at night for Australian brokers, and since it was the middle of the night for American brokers they were too fast asleep to even know what was going on. Within 20 minutes, the man from Perth had snared control of the \$900 million Weeks empire and was working out how to exploit a loophole which would let him increase the royalty from \$20 million a year to more than \$60 million.

It is not known whether ownership of Weeks was in Holmes a Court's mind when he first attacked BHP a year ago, but it is unlikely. Holmes a Court is an opportunist, fully capable of fine-tuning and altering his plans as he goes along. He repeatedly says he has no Grand Plan ("Have you ever seen a five-year plan in year five?" he once asked), and that his only desire is to continually make more money for his shareholders.

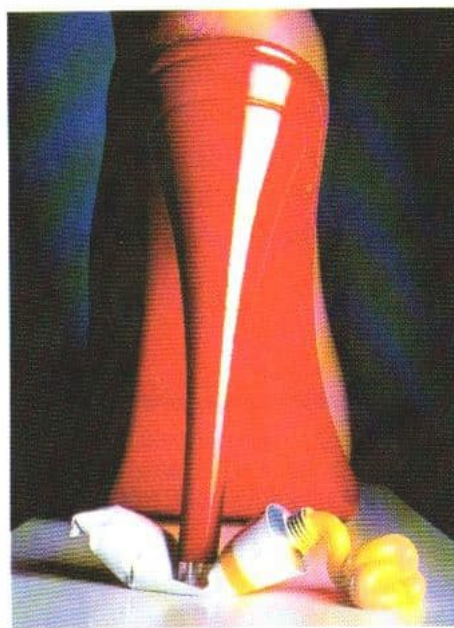
His undoubted success is nevertheless a stunning achievement for the boy who, upon arriving in Australia in 1962, was more noted by university contemporaries for the fact that he owned a sports car than for anything else. 

Acclaimed American photographer Dennis Manarchy shoots the human body as still life. When asked if he uses the female form exclusively in his work he said: "No, but being male, I am fascinated by the female."

Isolating elements of the female form to create graphic, erotic, and scintillating photographs is 39-year-old Manarchy's trademark. He feels strongly that his work be "erotic" and not "pornographic." Manarchy continues, "You see, eroticism is a logical means of artistic expression. There is a fine line between pornography and eroticism."

"When I work on a picture, it is my judgement that defines the difference. By me leaving the picture unresolved or not completing the act, the viewer contemplates the act. In other words, the viewer's fantasy must be put to work."

Citing the photograph on the opposite page, *Untitled*, Manarchy comments, "I began shooting the entire facade, then I brought the hat down until just the lips showed. I adjusted the lighting until it looked perfect and shot several rolls of film on variations of puckering lips. I then selected the right one. But you never reproduce the image as



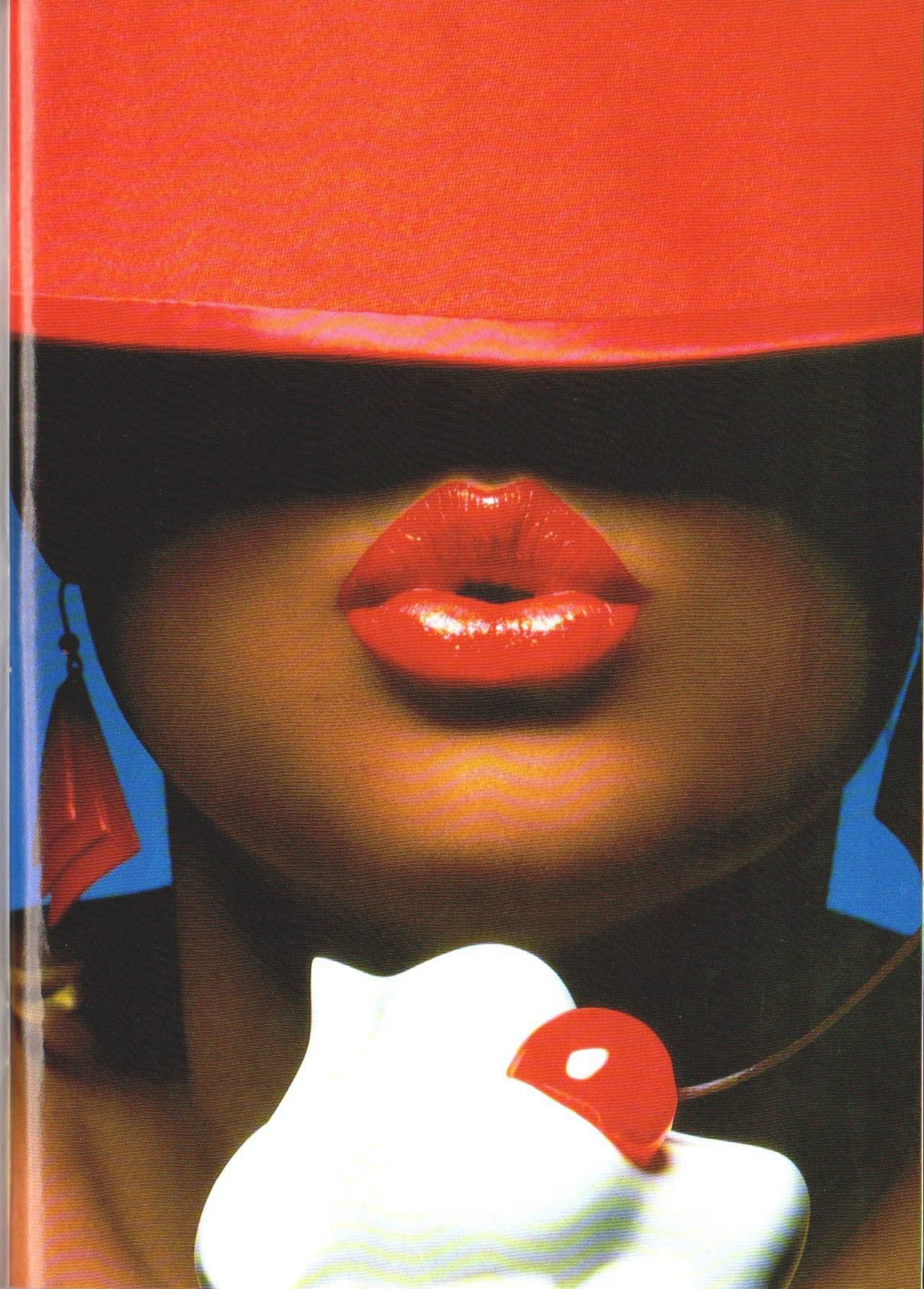
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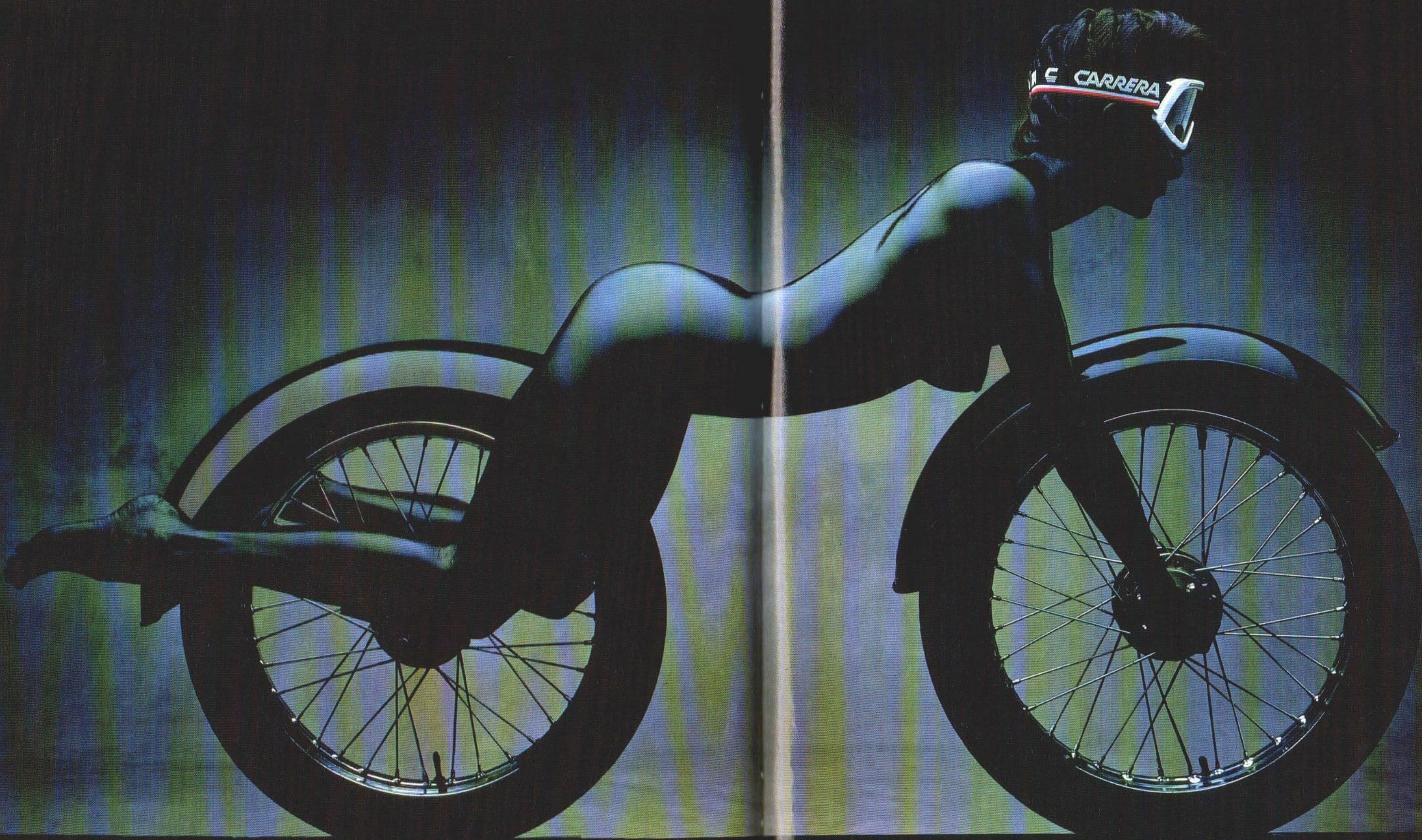
MANARCHY

magnificently as your fantasy." Chuckling, he adds, "For the tongue shot, *Pop-sicle*, (page 60) I had a casting call for over 100 tongues to get the perfect one. Every tongue is different, you know." Manarchy is drawn to lush, dense primary colors, as exemplified by photos like the one on this page. He also prefers to use basic shapes and a limited number of objects in his work. "Because the simplest or the most distilled images are the most powerful." Placing the female form in surprising positions, as in *Female Motorcyclist* (page 58) is sensual, but plays on us subliminally as well.

Manarchy contends there is a new breed of commercial photographer whose image is finally surfacing. "Clients are now allowing the photographer to have creative freedom." Exciting work such as *Greased Nude* (page 62) is evidence that this new creativity is adding welcome sensuality and sophistication to the world of commercial photography.

Manarchy's own assessment of his work is modest. "I hope that my images are memorable. I am not an intellectual, and I do not believe that there is a formula. It is all hard work, self-confidence, principles and discipline."











Women are winning the graffiti stakes pants down

CUBICLE BLUES

HUMOR BY KATHY LETTE

Like herpes, Fred Nile, Asian 'flu, parking tickets, pimples, phone bills and family reunions, graffiti is difficult to avoid. It sniggers, screeches or moralises at us from every billboard, bus shelter and dunny door. The best graffiti graduates on to bumper bar stickers, buttons and T-shirts. In fact, the younger generation has turned into a mob of two-legged toilet walls. Political persuasions and sexual preferences line every chest.

Most people collect something: stamps, causes, complexes, movie star fly buttons, notches in leather jock straps, records (classical and criminal). But my favorite hobby is *antic* collecting. This explains why I am often seen tip-toeing through public toilets, scurrying from one cubicle to another, smiling innocently at the fuming queues of cross-legged female patrons. It's not because I am perverted, fastidious or acutely incontinent, but because lavatory lingo is the greatest source of good graffiti.

Graffiti is a cathartic experience: drawing on the wall, rather than being driven up it. (It's cheaper than an analyst.) Most of the graffiti in women's toilets is, therefore, anti-male.

"Men are like toilets: they're either vacant, engaged, or full of crap."

"If they can send one man to the moon, why can't they send them all?"

You see, graffiti in the Ladies' gratifies urges that have probably lain *doormat* for years.

"What can a cucumber do that a penis can't? Stay hard."

"Renew his interest in carpentry. Saw his head off."

"I've got two cunts. One of them is my husband."

"Some women like the simple things in life — men."

"The best man for the job is definitely a woman."

"A woman who thinks she is equal to a man is underestimating herself."

Such *ms-anthropist* observations decorate the toilet doors of every inner city-pub and pick-up-place.

"There's only one thing that men do better than women . . . rape."

"Men put you on a pedestal — then expect you to dust it."

"Women have many faults. Men have only two: everything they say, and everything they do."

"So, what is so unusual about a man walking around saying that he is the son of God?"

Ladies' lavatories are a breeding ground for old wives' — or rather, these days, *de factos* — tales. As women painstakingly rearrange tousled-look clothing ensembles, re-gel fuchsia pink hairdos and practise smouldering hot-to-trot glances in the mirror, they also dissect the evening's antics, performing post-mortems on all the men present. They discuss the sexuality of males in the bar (whether or not they bite the pillow) and swap techniques for finding out if a prospective has herpes. They argue over whether a prospect has knotted his nuptials, wears a toupee or votes Liberal. And splutter over the latest carnal instalments.

Graffiti turns these foibles into fables. The Ladies' toilet walls are tattooed with female folklore. From the masturbatory: "One thing about wanking, you don't have to look your best," to the deep and meaningful: "Marriage is a wonderful

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK GLEITZMAN

CUBICLE BLUES

institution. But who wants to live in an institution?" From the predictable complaint about male genitalia: "The only reliably stiff parts of men are their socks," to the more earnest demands that: "Women unite against genital imperialism."

There is a wealth of contraceptive advice: "Use the rhythm method; make love to a metronome." And consumer-guide analyses on *male-orders*: "Never screw with a basketball player; he'll dribble before he shoots," or "Anyone who screws a wog is too lazy to wank."

There are handy household hints: "I've lost my virginity." . . . "Never mind. As long as you've kept the box it came in." And, "Avoid damp patches . . . stay on top."

Rules to dress etiquette abound: "What does a girl wear behind her ears to let a man know she's available? Her ankles." Sex education also rates a mention: "A woman who thinks the way to a man's heart is through his stomach is aiming a little too high."

"What is the definition of a cock?" screeches a red scrawl in the Oxford Hotel. "Telly Savalas in a polo-neck jumper." It comes with a lipstick addition, "You see, all men are dickheads," and "At least masturbation is sex with someone you love." There's more personal advice: "For feminine protection every day, use a hand grenade."

Toilet doors provide a battlefield for the front-row forward feminists and the more conservative of the female species. Pencilled dogmas about female exploitation, abortion, domestic abuse, self-expression and sexual freedom compete for space with passive pleas from husband hunters who want to make careers out of caressing.

By contorting and neck-cracking, following arrows and tracing words over bumps, under cracks, around corners, the dedicated reader can unravel months of passionate correspondence. At the top of a toilet door in the Wentworth Building at Sydney University is the proclamation: "No Goddess. No mistress. Anarcho-Feminism Lives." Mockingly etched across it is a heart-shaped emblem reading "Donna loves John forever."

An arrow leads to the next instalment. "Listen sister. It begins when you sink in his arms . . . and ends with your arms in his sink." The next vindictory piece of prose is located at the base of the door. "If the Women's Lib movement's progress is slow, Perhaps it is because we instinctively know, If you take 'men' from 'women', You've got nothing but 'woe.'"

This prompted a barrage of retaliatory barbs. "The only thing you'll have in common with your husband is that you both got married on the same day." "A woman's lot is not a nappy one." "Being a mother is

always having to say you're sorry." "Little girls made of sugar and spice grow up to be a cheesecake."

To follow the rest of the debate I was now lying contorted on the tiled floor. It scrawled its way through two cubicles, down the wall and finally petered out above the mirror at the washbasin. Inscribed in red texta was a standard harangue about educational inequality and sexual discrimination. The irate author concluded her tirade with an ultimatum for women to "THINK!!" After all that, I was disappointed at the cliched conclusion to the debate. Then, as I was stooping to wash my hands, I detected a miniscule postscript: "Thoap."

Word-of-mouth communication has been replaced by word-of-wall. A lament in the Belmore Park Hotel reads, "I wish I could fuck, but I cunt." The walls here are saturated with sexual sales spiels on lesbian sensitivity and love: "Try lesbianism

Ladies' lavatories are smothered in word play. As you should know, women find nothing more titillating than a cunning linguist

— it's only a slip of the tongue"; "Love is a many-gendered thing"; "Smash Heterosexism" and "Men don't make passes at girls who like lasses." There's also an added grievance that "Vaginal deodorants taste awful."

Doors list whole dossiers of names and phone numbers, complete with testaments to temperaments. "I am passionate and fiery; I need someone to look after." "Lesbians are lonely — Call Kylie on . . ."

Some of the best bits of gay graffiti appear in the toilets of the Forest Lodge Hotel in Glebe. "Lesbian, feminist, atheist, vegetarian, Aboriginal poet wants to meet girl who hates minorities." And "My mother made me a lesbian," followed up by "If I gave her the wool, would she make me one too?"

Graffiti is the poetry of the street. Many contemporary political and social issues get a thorough airing in front of their captive toilet audiences. "Mutate now; avoid the rush," refers to the nuclear debate while dividend bludgers get a run with, "Fight inflation . . . make the rich pay." Another popular reference is war: "Fight-

ing for peace is like fucking for virginity"; "War is man's menstruation envy," and "Keep the toys from the boys."

Ladies' lavatories are smothered in word play. As you should know, women find nothing more titillating than a cunning linguist.

"Legalise telepathy." "I knew you were going to say that."

"Who says I'm paranoid . . . and who wants to know?"

"Nostalgia ain't what it used to be."

"Fuc

Coitus Interruptus



Balls to Picasso.

"Oedipus Rex, ring your mother."

"What goes in dry, comes out wet and gives warm satisfaction? A tea bag."

"Cunnilingus is not an Irish airline."

"Be realistic — demand the impossible."

"Are you feeling hysterical?" "No. He's feeling mine."

Having always been satisfied by the reading material in Ladies' loos, I was recently suprised by a spray-painted entreaty in the Exchange Hotel, Sydney. "Why is the graffiti in the Women's never as good as in the Men's?"

Despite the fact that this comment had been up-staged by an inked explanation that "Men are inspired by women", I thought the complaint warranted further investigation. But, after a week of late night infiltrations, all I found in the Gents' were a lot of misspelt misogynistic comments about mammary glands and orifices. As a graffiti connoisseur I can now officially confirm that male graffiti supremacy is a definite *phallusy*.

Fellow antic-collectors had been tantalising me for years with high grade graffiti they'd gleaned from the toilet walls of a notorious pub in Adelaide. The contents of these walls sounded good enough to publish in paperback!

After scrounging the airfare, I finally made the pilgrimage. I arrived, panting and pen-poised, only to discover that the wall had just been whitewashed. I stomped to the bar, furious and distraught. I made plans to start up an action committee — "Squatter's Writes" — to protect endangered graffiti. Three brandies later, on a biological rather than biographical excursion to the Ladies', I detect a whiff of spray paint in the air . . .

During all my pub-wall-crawls I've never actually spotted a graffiti-artist at work. The scrawls just appear, magically, as if by osmosis. It is the most astounding aspect of graffiti. No matter how often walls are white-washed, words will sprout there again. Graffiti is indestructable. A sort of visual paspalum. Even in this Adelaide loo, regeneration had already started. Resplendent on the virginal wall, in glossy letters three feet high, it sprouted, "F *** CENSORSHIP." ○ —

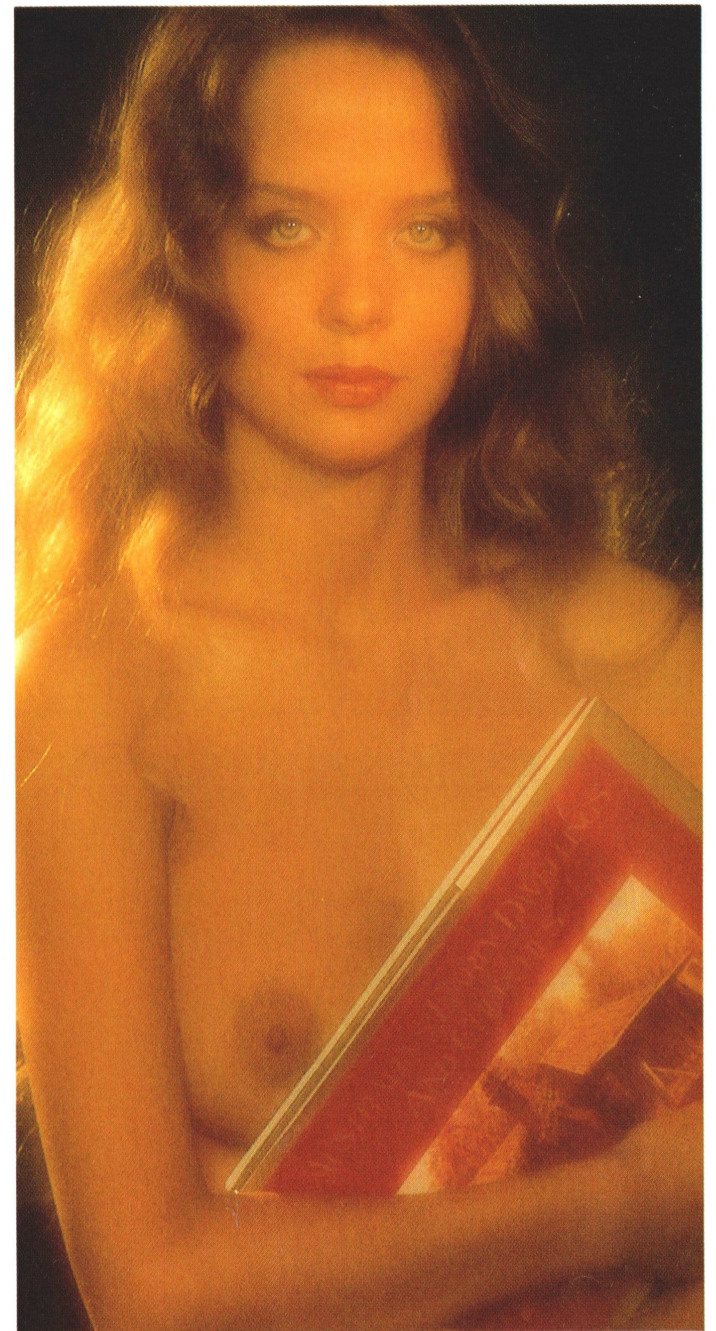


LARA



NATURAL RHYTHM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON



For a girl of only 20 years, lovely Lara Kelly has certainly been around. Since leaving her home town of Cairns three and a half years ago she's spent most of her time living out of a suitcase. In that time she's criss-crossed the continent, either on her Yamaha XS 250 or courtesy of her extended shapely thumb. In her driftings Lara says she's happy to go "wherever the wind blows her" — claiming the only place in Australia that she hasn't been blown through is Alice Springs.



In her time on the road Lara has earned her keep by doing everything from picking fruit to busking in Kings Cross. She's pretty handy with a flute, and if you catch up with Lara belting out a tune on some pedestrian plaza, put in a request for a number by Jethro Tull or Pink Floyd — they're her favorite bands.



Lara's next travel destination is Asia, a part of the world she's developed some empathy for. She has a strong interest in all things Eastern — the cuisines, the cultures, the philosophies. Of course, boning up on culture isn't the only thing Lara intends to do during her Asian adventure; she's also keen to maintain her all-over tan on some idyllic palm-fringed Asian beach.



Communing with nature is something Lara really enjoys. She's never as happy as when she's far from the city, meditating by a river or a beach. And if there's a special man there to share such moments, well that's Lara's idea of nirvana. When it comes to men, Lara likes them to be sensual and sensitive — and preferably with long hair.

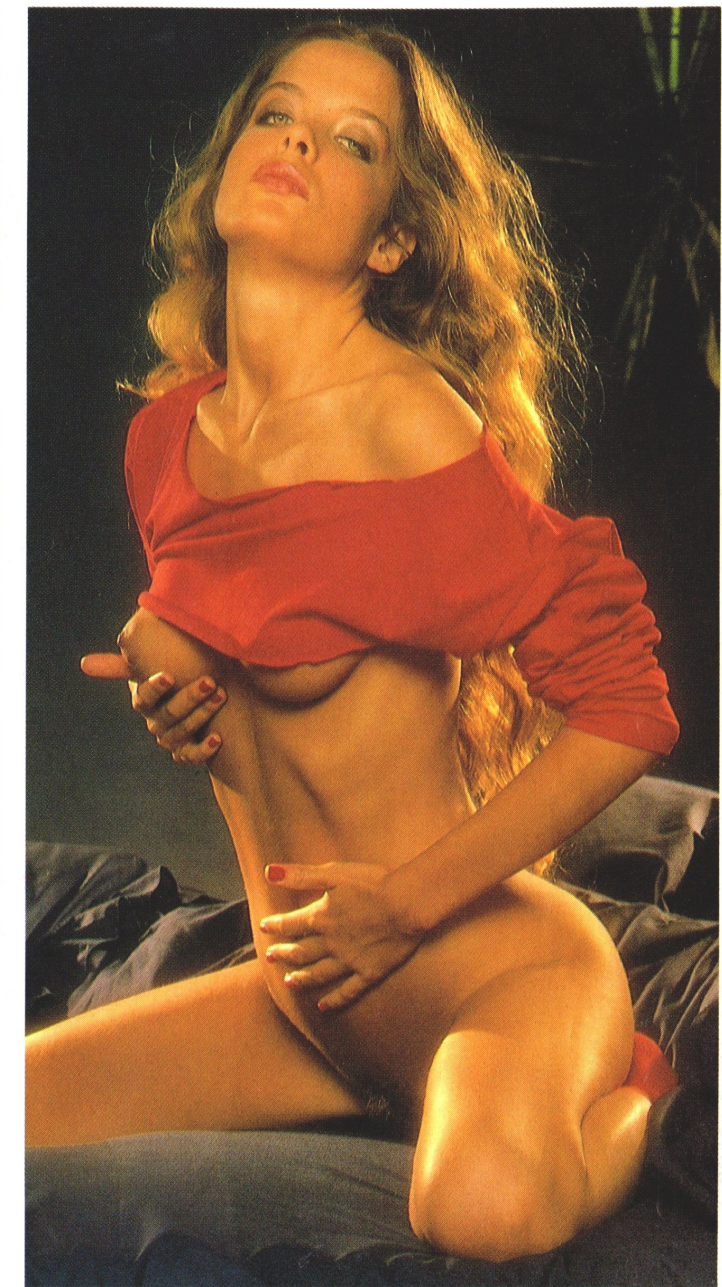




Lara is a very sensual person herself, with no inhibitions about her body. She finds clothes an encumbrance, much preferring the freedom and sensuality that

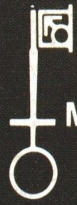
being naked allows. Consequently, she wears as little as the weather and circumstances dictate, even liking to work in the fields clad only in a sarong.





When she's with a lover Lara is as quick to shed her inhibitions as she is her clothes. "I don't need fantasies," claims our Pet, namely because she's happy to live them to the full, whether they involve making love on a beach, in a river, or anywhere else in a natural setting. Being close to nature is what life is all about for Lara.





MISS LARA KELLY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



An aerial photograph of a vast, shallow reef flat. The water is a mix of light blue and green, indicating varying depths and coral growth. A small, white twin-engine propeller plane with red and blue stripes is flying in the center-left of the frame. The reef extends to the horizon under a clear sky.

BY WALTER A. STARCK II

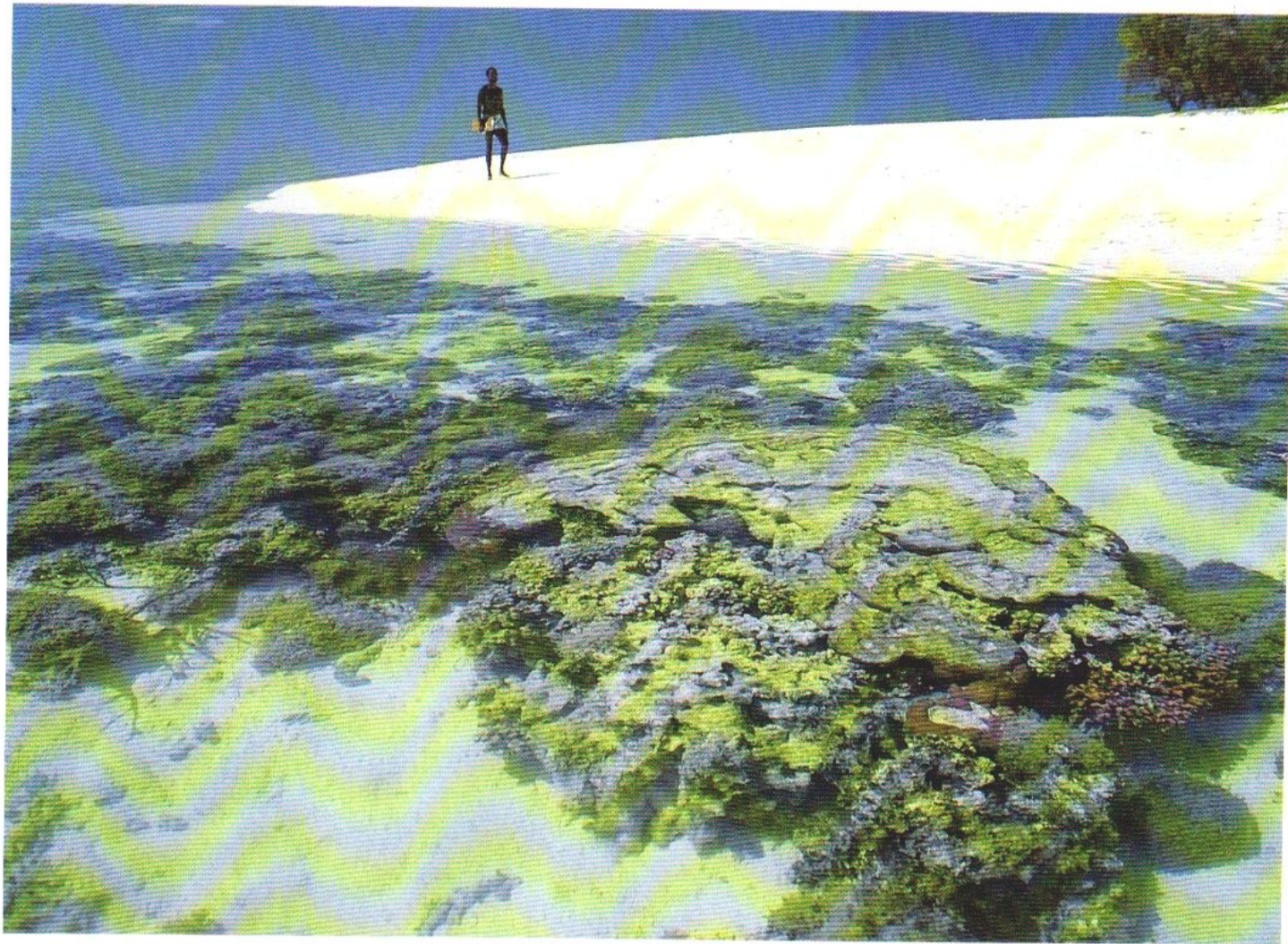
WHY WE DON'T NEED TO SAVE THE BARRIER REEF

The potential for developing our most unspoiled resource is unlimited

Almost a decade ago in the Solomon Islands, I noticed a "SAVE THE BARRIER REEF" bumper sticker on the dinghy of a visiting Australian yacht. Initially I thought it was a joke — someone poking fun at the hysterical fringe of the environmental movement. Surely no-one could seriously believe that one of the oldest, richest, most robust and least exploited or threatened of ecosystems needed to be saved. Saved from what?

Now, having lived in far north Queensland for the past six years, and having explored the Reef from Torres Strait to the Capricorns with a back-

Photos courtesy of the Queensland Tourist and Travel Corporation



REEF

ground of a lifetime of coral reef research and exploration around the world, I have found the Reef to be as rich, unspoiled and unthreatened as I had expected. The majority of Australians, however, really do believe the Reef is threatened by a variety of dangers, and saving the Reef from one imaginary bugaboo or another seems to be a perennial political issue.

How has the prevailing opinion become so out of touch with reality? The answer lies in the fact that public opinion is strongly influenced by academia, special interest groups and the mass media.

Academia, with its respected expertise and its dominant influence on the values of the educated middle class, sets the general tone. But unfortunately, scientific knowledge of coral reefs in general, and the Great Barrier Reef in particular, is still in a very primitive state. At this point we do not even know what lives on the Reef, much less how it all works. (On a recent expedition, two colleagues and I discovered 30 different species not previously known to occur in Australia, including a half a dozen that were new to science.) Despite the paucity of knowledge, academics routinely form "expert" opinions which are usually based on broad generalisations taken from very limited data. Such an approach is more likely than

not to lead to erroneous conclusions. To put it differently, "expert" opinion is one of our best sources of misinformation on the Reef.

Having staffed our universities with so-called "experts", we send our young people to tertiary institutions where they are not so much educated as indoctrinated with the attitudes and values of their teachers. With little to occupy their time, they are attracted to a variety of social movements like civil rights, disarmament and the environment. These special interest groups offer the delicious feeling of righteousness and of being among the enlightened few, as well as a very clear and simplified definition of good and evil.

Of course it's no good being so self-righteous if a cause doesn't exist — and the Reef is a natural. Why not? It's one of the world's greatest natural wonders. A unique part of Australia's heritage. Who could not be concerned? Very few people are directly affected personally. Practically nobody has enough real information to refute or even question allegations. The media will love it.

Before dealing with specific issues, however, I would like to clarify a few of the grosser conceptual errors fostered by the environmentalists. The first is the unquestioned presumption that any detectable effect of man on nature is of negative value. A sort of "nature is good, man is bad" viewpoint. In fact, every creature affects

The Great Barrier Reef remains our most picturesque, unspoiled and undeveloped resource. The only industries on the Reef, tourism and fishing, could easily be expanded with no detrimental effects on the pristine beauty of the place. Oil drilling, too, is not the great threat to the Reef that it has been portrayed as.

the ecosystem and those effects may be beneficial or destructive depending on whether they serve to increase, maintain or reduce the abundance, diversity and healthy condition of life. Man is no exception and his effect is perhaps as often beneficial as not.

Another misconception involves the words "delicate" and "fragile". The Reef never seems to be mentioned without use of these terms. All living things are of course delicate and fragile, in the sense that a rock or cannonball is not. In terms of durability and adaptability, however, coral reefs make rocks and cannonballs seem like passing fads. Coral reefs in one form or another have been around for at least half a billion years and many present-day reefs including the Great Barrier Reef have survived for 20 million to 40 million years.

The unique durability of reefs resides in their very richness, for unlike simpler natural communities with limited numbers of interacting species, vital functions on reefs are shared between many species.

A failure by one is compensated for by others. Relationships form networks rather than chains and severing a web in a net is not nearly so disastrous as breaking a link in a chain. The coral reef may be likened to a spacecraft with backup systems for backup systems.

A community which has survived ice ages, great variations in sea level, and even mass extinctions, and which still bounces back after devastating damage from the severest storms is hardly accurately described as "fragile" or "delicate." At Eniwetok Atoll I was immensely impressed to see that even the destruction wrought by 30 nuclear bombs had been repaired by the reef community in less than two decades.

Another favorite word of the environmentalists is "endangered", meaning "faced with possible extinction." While our species has in fact been responsible for the extinction of far too many animals, it is also a fact that despite our best efforts we have never exterminated a single species of marine fish or invertebrate. These creatures generally have such large, widespread and inaccessible populations and such vast reproductive capacities that extermination is next to impossible.

The case of the potato cod is a good example of how far the endangered species hysteria can go. A group of a dozen or so tame cod was drawn together at Cormorant Pass (east of Lizard Island, on the outer Reef) by skindivers feeding them. A rumor started that someone had killed some of them. Environmentalists jumped on the issue with the claim that this was virtually the entire population of a rare and endangered species. After a period of media attention a national park was declared to save the potato cod.

During the entire episode no-one ever seemed to question just how rare or endangered the species really was. The opinions of sports divers who lived thousands of kilometres away and who knew the area from occasional short visits were accepted as gospel. Knowledgeable ichthyologists or commercial fishermen were never consulted.

The potato cod (*Epinephelus tukula*) is in fact not a rare species at all. It is found from the east coast of Africa right across the Indian Ocean and throughout the western Pacific as far north as Japan. In the northern area of the Great Barrier Reef it is well known to commercial fishermen and those who dive the outer reefs. Like most larger reef predators it is never abundant, but certainly not rare. During extensive diving on the Reef and in many other locations throughout the Indo-West Pacific region I have seen many more potato cod than I have seen tiger sharks or hammerheads, yet no-one considers these rare or endangered species.

When a line was drawn on a map around Cormorant Pass and a park

declared the matter dropped from public attention. Except for three months of the year when gameboats may be in the area, if you visit Cormorant Pass you will almost certainly have the place to yourself to do as you choose. The tame cod are no safer than they were before.

Air breathing marine animals are a different kettle of fish for they are not only accessible but also produce only a few offspring as compared with the thousands or even millions produced by fish and invertebrates. The reef animals in this category, turtles, dugongs and sea snakes, fortunately have large, widespread and healthy populations on the Reef which are not threatened by any present or foreseeable dangers. In summary, there are no endangered species on the Reef.

Let's consider the alleged threats to the Reef. The one which seems to generate the most concern is oil drilling. The bad guys are of course those ultimate symbols of multinational capitalism — the oil companies. When oil drilling on the Reef was proposed, the unholy trinity of academics, environmentalists and the media had a field day. They imagined greedy capitalists callously destroying our most precious heritage and began shouting "rape."

The truth is that had oil drilling occurred the environmental effect would have been unimportant. Unlike the environmentalists I base my claims simply on what has ac-

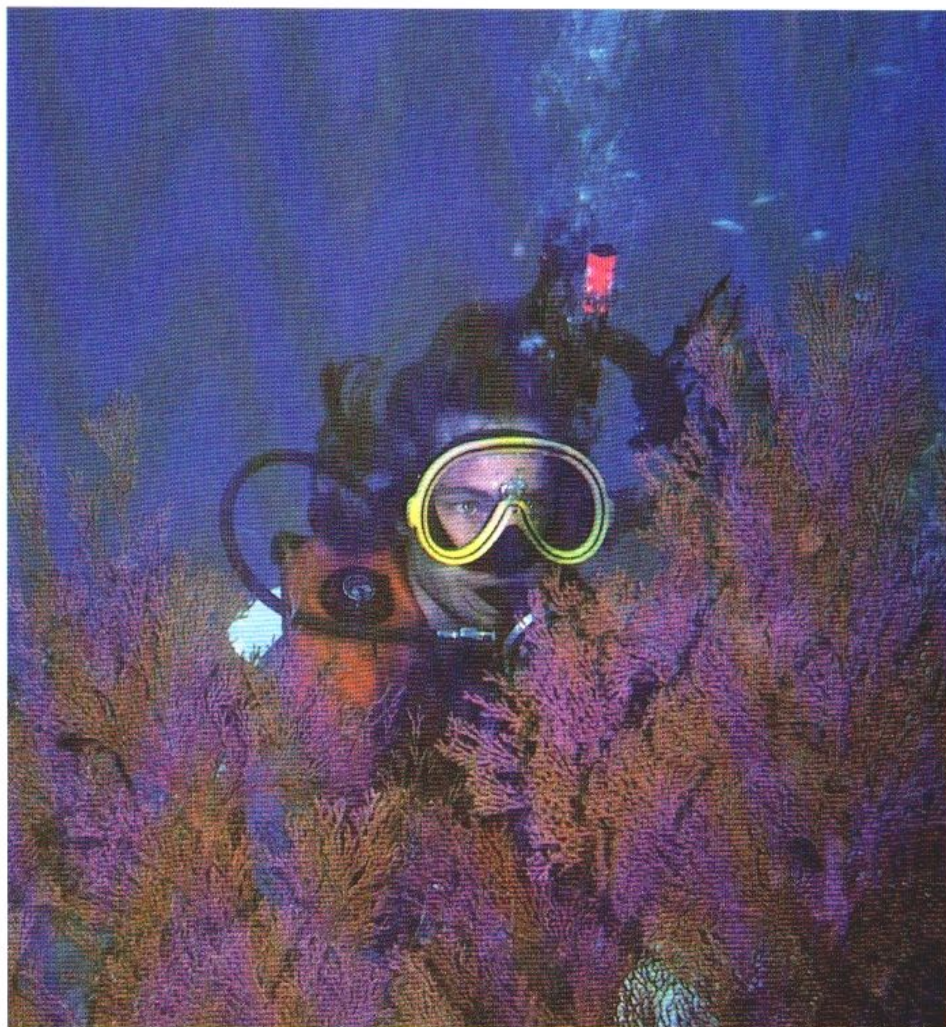
tually happened in oil spills and with thousands of oil wells already drilled in coral reef areas.

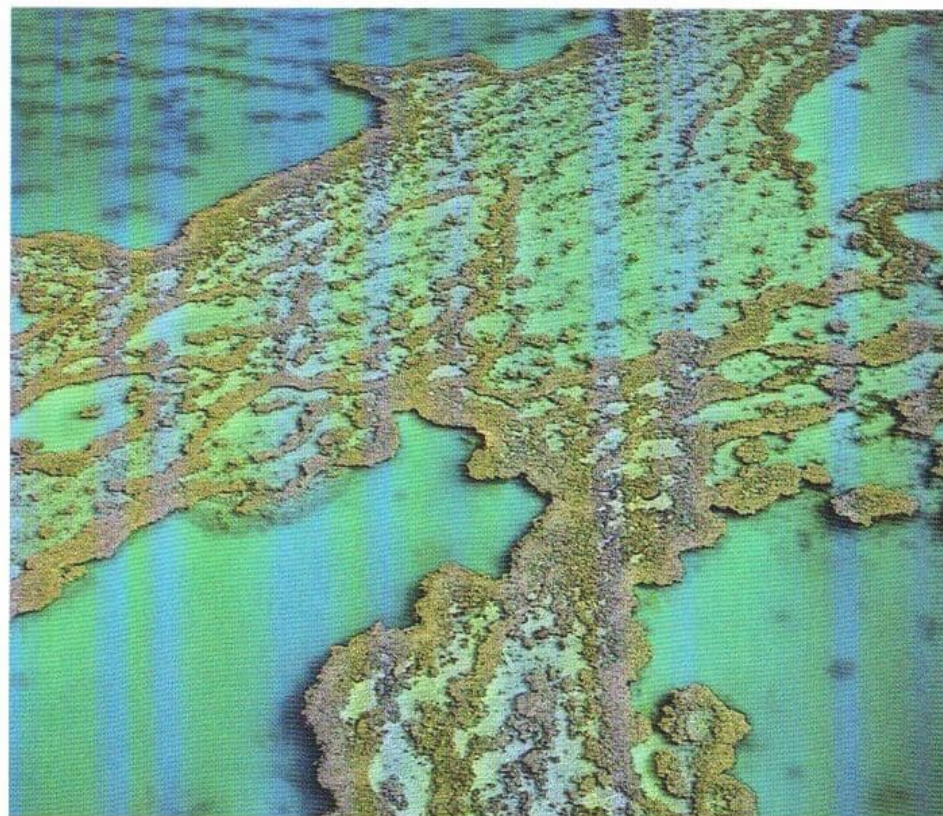
Oil is toxic. So can be salt, water and anything else you wish to name. Oil, like salt and water, however, has a very low level of toxicity. Every major oil spill receives headline publicity accompanied by dire predictions of disastrous long-term ecological damage. When such damage does not eventuate (and it never has), the spill is long since out of the news; no-one is interested in a disaster that did not happen.

Petroleum is an organic product and has been seeping into the biosphere for eons. When spilled at sea the more volatile fractions evaporate in a matter of days. The heavier residue is broken down by micro-organisms and becomes fertiliser, which enriches rather than degrades the biosphere.

The main damage from oil spills comes not from toxicity but from the smothering effect on intertidal organisms and air breathing marine animals. Detergents used in attempts to clean up oil spills have proved to be far more toxic, and have caused more long term damage than the oil itself.

Oil floats. Coral reefs don't. Damage to reefs is restricted to the small portion that may be exposed at low tide. This area of a reef is under constant destruction and repair from natural causes. Unusually





REEF

calm weather coinciding with unusually low tides can kill it through drying. Heavy rain (when it is exposed) can kill it. Storms periodically wreak havoc with shallow reefs. Such damage — either from oil or other causes — is rapidly repaired.

Thousands of oil wells have been drilled in coral reef areas in the Gulf of Mexico, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Occasional blowouts and spills have occurred. Numerous ships loaded with oil have gone down in coral reef areas. None of these has resulted in extensive damage to reefs. In fact, the best fishing in the Gulf of Mexico is around the oil rigs.

Oil companies are in business to sell oil, not spill it. In the highly unlikely event of a massive spill the worst we could expect would be a temporary mess on a section of coast, a few deaths among seabirds and possibly some short-term damage on the shallow portion of a few reefs out of the 2500 which comprise the Great Barrier Reef. There is no risk at all without a substantial amount of petroleum being present. Such a risk would seem to be minimal and entirely acceptable considering the benefits involved.

Siltation, whether from mining, farming, real estate development or whatever, seems to be another favorite among supposed Reef threats.

Many species of corals live only in clear oceanic water. Others can tolerate turbid conditions. In a couple of instances involving small bays on islands, man-generated turbidity has resulted in temporary damage to clear water corals. From this has grown the blind belief that any man-induced turbidity destroys reefs. In fact,

nothing could be further from the truth.

Turbidity is a normal and even necessary condition for many coastal and lagoon reefs. Reef lagoons and coastal areas around large land masses are usually blanketed with fine sediments — what most of us would call mud. Storms and large schools of bottom-grubbing marine life such as mullet or threadfins periodically stir up these sediments and reduce visibility to a metre or less. Such periodic stirring of the sediments returns trapped nutrients, in particular phosphates, to the biosphere.

The corals and other organisms which grow under such conditions are, of necessity, silt-tolerant species. Such is the case in the inner portion of the Reef. Turbidity from human activities in coastal Queensland produces conditions which are little different from those which occur naturally — and are no more destructive.

The crown-of-thorns starfish has been seen as a more popular threat to the Reef. When the supposed starfish advance was first brought to public attention two decades ago, the phenomenon was claimed to be unprecedented. Widespread publicity was quickly followed by a rash of reported outbreaks all over the Indo-Pacific area.

Public interest generated political pressure and researchers leapt on to the bandwagon. Others not on the bandwagon suggested the whole thing might just be some natural cycle nobody had noticed before. Scientific opinion quickly polarised, and remains so to this day, but the preponderance of opinion has steadily swung in the direction of the natural cycle theory. It now appears the crown-of-thorns may even play an important role in maintaining coral diversity by its preference for

Previous page: Searching for the elusive potato cod at Cormorant Pass, near Lizard Island on the Outer Reef. Left: The Great Barrier Reef encompasses 230,000 square kilometres of reef and lagoon area, roughly 30 percent of the total coral reef area on Earth. The Reef has been much the same as it is now for 20 million to 40 million years.

fast-growing branching and platelike forms over the slower-growing massive species.

Dire predictions of ecological disaster due to the crown-of-thorns never eventuated and affected reefs recovered as quickly and completely as they would have from storm damage. Except for the cries of its original proponents, the controversy is over.

Taiwanese clam poaching is another Reef threat that has received widespread public attention. Poachers have in fact virtually stripped many remote reefs of giant clams. Few would disagree with the undesirability of destroying populations of unique and beautiful creatures for short-term profit and no-one wants to see foreigners illegally enter the country and rip off our resources.

There has never been any question about the desirability of stopping clam poaching. The problem has always been how to effectively do so. The area is vast and remote; apprehending poachers is difficult and expensive. Considering the magnitude of the task the government appears to have done everything within reason and, judging from the decrease in sightings of poachers, the arrests made have proved a significant deterrent.

To all this the environmentalists have contributed little but exaggerations. Their claim that the clams were an endangered species totally ignored vast populations which existed in areas too frequented by local vessels for the poachers to risk visiting. Also, they predicted dire ecological consequences for the entire Reef community due to the role of giant clams in filtering and purifying the water. Again, they ignored or were ignorant of the fact that giant clams are only one of hundreds of filter feeding reef creatures, or that healthy reef communities exist in many areas where giant clams do not occur, or even that rich reef communities are sustained around many Pacific islands where island people have for generations removed any large clams they could find.

When there are no obvious evils to combat, devout environmentalists enlarge on trivia. Tourists walking on coral, and anchor damage are such issues. One article in a recent magazine even warned against touching live coral lest the touched spot die and disease spread over the entire colony.

Obviously the writer had never noticed the mobs of parrotfish happily munching away at the coral on any reef or watched a

reef repair itself from the devastation of a violent storm.

Marine organisms live in a biological soup and have developed amazing powers of recuperation from injury. No-one who has seen the destruction caused by even a moderate gale and watched the process of repair could seriously consider the breaking of a bit of coral by a tourist's foot as any more serious than a deer trampling a blade of grass or browsing a branch in the wilderness.

Heron Island has been the focus of environmentalists' concern regarding tourist damage to the Reef. This is the only place on the entire Great Barrier Reef where considerable numbers of tourists regularly have access to an exposed reef. Despite this, Heron Island Reef is still without question rich and beautiful. That some effect of tens of thousands of human visitors may be detectable seems a small price to pay for the pleasure and appreciation generated. We are after all dealing with only about 10 hectares of the Reef.

I've saved the best threat for last: overfishing. Out on the Reef I frequently go for weeks without seeing a commercial fishing vessel. At most I might see one or two small line fishermen in a couple of weeks. Around me I find an abundance of fish that would bring tears of joy to the eyes of reef fishermen anywhere.

Ashore I hear about how the reef fishing is stuffed and that there is a moratorium on the granting of commercial fishing licences in Queensland due to overfishing.

To understand what is going on you have to realise that people everywhere remember dramatic occurrences and forget the uneventful. A few good catches long ago dominate our memories of that period and become in retrospect the way things were back then. In the Florida Keys area of the USA old-timers have a standing joke about residents of just a few years telling recent arrivals about how the fish were so thick when they first came to the area you could walk on them.

Fishermen have their own particular biases. Fishing is hard work. Most fishermen do as much of their fishing as possible in pubs and only put to sea when money and excuses run out. An energetic, self-disciplined minority actually spend most of their time fishing and do well. Those doing well have no complaints.

To be fair it must be agreed that fishing is not as easy as it used to be on the Reef, and a deficiency is involved. The shortfall, however, is not in the numbers of fish but in the skills of the fishermen. Reef fishing is primarily line fishing which, unlike net fishing, depends on the active co-operation of the fish. In unfished areas the crudest techniques are at first productive, but in time the surviving fish learn to be wary. Fish are abundant but difficult to catch. The fish have become smarter than the fishermen.

Smart fishermen try different bait, rigs

and methods of presentation and continue to succeed. Others blame overfishing for their declining catches and whinge for the government to protect them.

This point was reached in the Florida Keys in the Thirties. The best fishermen tried new methods and remained successful. Today, 50 years later, a thriving fishing industry continues and fish are still abundant. Commercial fishing on the Reef is now at a similar point in its development as the Florida fishery of 50 years ago. Whether the Queensland fishery adapts or is strangled by misguided restrictions remains to be seen.

A few hard facts are in order. Coral trout are among the most sought after and commercially important of reef fishes. They are also supposedly overfished. During 1983 the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority conducted a survey of trout populations on 56 reefs between the Whitsunday Islands and Lizard Island. Two

‘
The Great Barrier
Reef is a vast renewable
resource which can yield an
annual harvest 100 times
or more greater than
we now take
’

teams of two divers each made multiple counts by standardised methods at each reef.

Trout were abundant at all reefs. Counts generally ranged from five to 15 fish per hectare. There were no significant differences between reefs which were the most heavily fished and those which were virtually unfished. The most heavily fished reef in fact had more (but slightly smaller) fish than average. This is not unexpected. Removal of larger individuals of a territorial species permits more small individuals to establish themselves. Since smaller individuals grow faster, productivity may actually be enhanced by some degree of fishing. The overall picture was that of a virtually untouched resource, not a depleted one.

Elsewhere in the world well-developed coral reef fisheries generally yield one to five tonnes of fish per square kilometre of reef and lagoon area per year on a sustained, year after year basis. Some of the most intensively fished areas where smaller species are also utilised yield up to 10 tonnes per square kilometre. The Great Barrier Reef encompasses 230,000

square kilometres of reef and lagoon area, roughly 30 percent of the total coral reef area on Earth. The current Queensland Yearbook offers figures for commercial landings of Reef fish during the 1980-81 year. Total Reef fish came to 1063 tonnes — or .004 tonnes per square kilometre per year.

As a further comparison, the Florida Keys have a reef and lagoon area of about 2500 square kilometres. In 1980 (the most recent year for which statistics are available) Queensland produced 201 tonnes of cod and coral trout compared with the 402 tonnes of the Florida Keys, 38 tonnes of red emperor compared with the 444 tonnes of the Florida Keys, and 824 tonnes of mackerel compared with the 2345 tonnes of the Florida Keys. In total, Queensland produced 1063 tonnes of reef fish; the Florida Keys produced 5427.

The Florida Keys, with one percent of the reef area of Queensland, produces over 300 percent more reef fish and still shows no indication of overfishing. Either we are harvesting only one-half to one-tenth of one percent of the Barrier Reef's potential yield or we have the most impoverished reef in the world — a national embarrassment rather than a national treasure.

All of these imagined threats to the Reef have certain features in common. They are all purely hypothetical and predict dire consequences that have never occurred anywhere. All reflect ignorance of the fundamental nature of coral reef communities: their diversity, variability, adaptability, resilience and productivity. None take into account knowledge from elsewhere, where the imagined threats have already taken place and the consequences are observable.

False or exaggerated claims of environmental damage serve more to discredit environmental concern than they do to protect the environment. Mindless attacks on the productive sector of society contribute more to undermining the basis of our unprecedented quality of life than they do to solving any problems.

The Great Barrier Reef is a vast renewable resource which can yield an annual harvest 100 times or more greater than we now take. It is also a tough, resilient natural community which can accommodate other human activities. It is not a fragile endangered basketcase which requires coddling. With sensible management we can have our cake and eat it too.

The Great Barrier Reef Marine Park Authority now has management authority over a vast natural resource. They enjoy a unique opportunity to set a precedent in total resource management. Whether they take an enlightened approach or simply erect a barricade of restrictions and then retreat into air-conditioned offices to shuffle papers remains to be seen. 



For its Aboriginal inhabitants, Redfern is a haven from the harsh realities of the 20th Century

Broken glass and rubble litter the narrow street. Playing amid the rotting garbage, grubby children face strangers — intruders — with looks of distrust and hostility. Stripped cars and burnt-out houses scar the landscape.

The unsavory scene could be in a grimy district of Belfast, or in New York's notorious South Bronx. It's not. A splash of graffiti on a wall offers a clue to the locale. "You're walking on Aboriginaland," it shouts. In fact, the setting is Australian and the street is Eveleigh Street, Redfern ... little more than a spear's throw from Sydney's Central Station.

Redfern has never been considered one of Sydney's salubrious suburbs. A couple of years ago, according to a survey conducted by students from Macquarie University, it was ranked second-last of all Sydney suburbs in terms of its "residential

BY TONY MAGUIRE

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PHOTOS BY MIKI KOMATSU





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desirability." Only tiny (and neighboring) Macdonaldtown was lower on the list. While Redfern's always been working class, for the greater part of its history it's also been almost exclusively white. In the mid-Fifties there were only 10 Aboriginal families living in Redfern. Things changed rapidly during the late Fifties and Sixties, when many Aborigines from rural NSW fled their fringe-dwelling existence of idleness and squalor for the apparent opportunities of the Big Smoke. They came to Redfern because of its cheap rents and its proximity to Central Station.

By the early Seventies, parts of Redfern

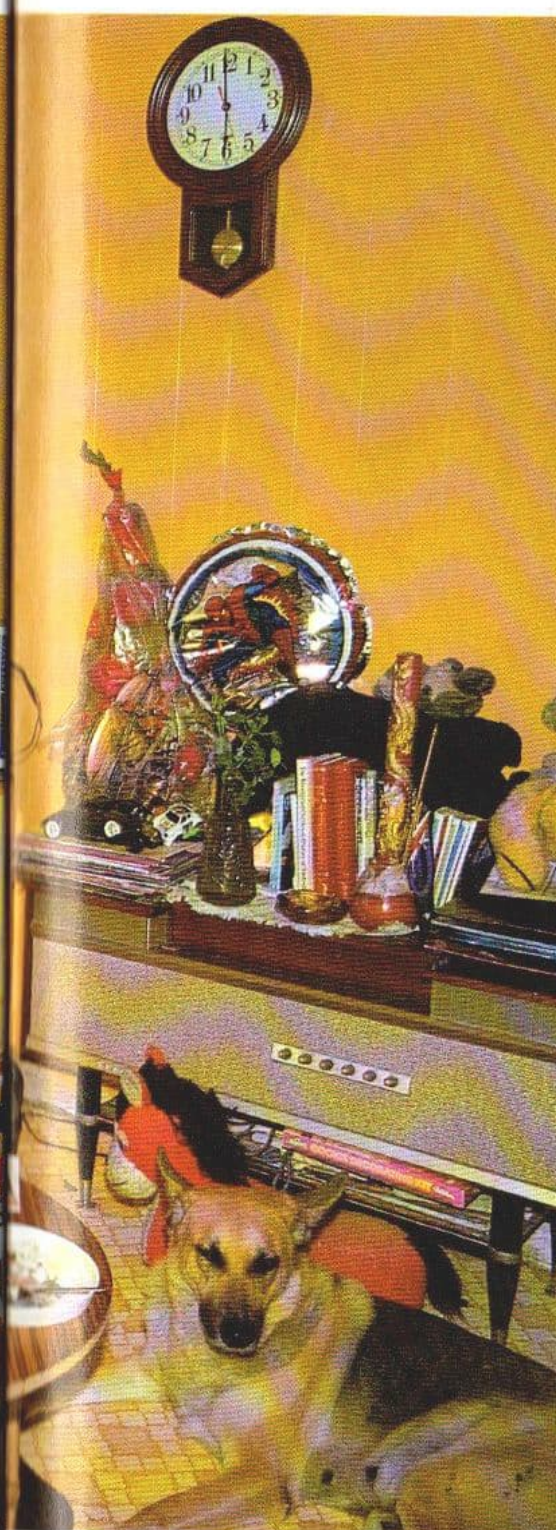
had become virtually the private domain of the "koories" — the name Aborigines use to describe themselves. Major problems had emerged in their relationship with the law. Then, in 1973, the Whitlam government tried a ground-breaking experiment. It gave the Redfern blacks \$4 million, to be used to buy and renovate run-down houses in one of the suburb's seamiest areas.

Today, a small inner-city block of four streets is nearly completely owned by the locally-based Aboriginal Housing Company. It holds title to 67 terrace houses, charging the residents \$45 to \$50 a week rent.

There are about 500 people forming a shifting population in this urban black

nucleus. A further 1000 or so Aborigines live in other parts of Redfern. The centre for most of the action is Eveleigh Street. This is the meeting point for mainly young blacks with their own economy and laws. As far as police are concerned, it is a dangerous pocket of black anarchy — although technically-speaking, these Aborigines aren't black. In Redfern, the community is exclusively of mixed blood. Skin colors are a wide range of browns, many on the light side.

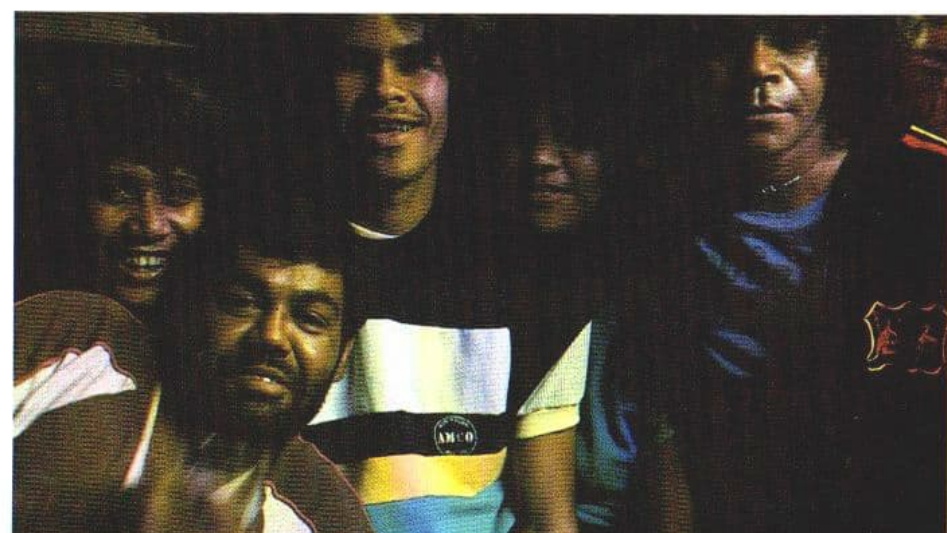
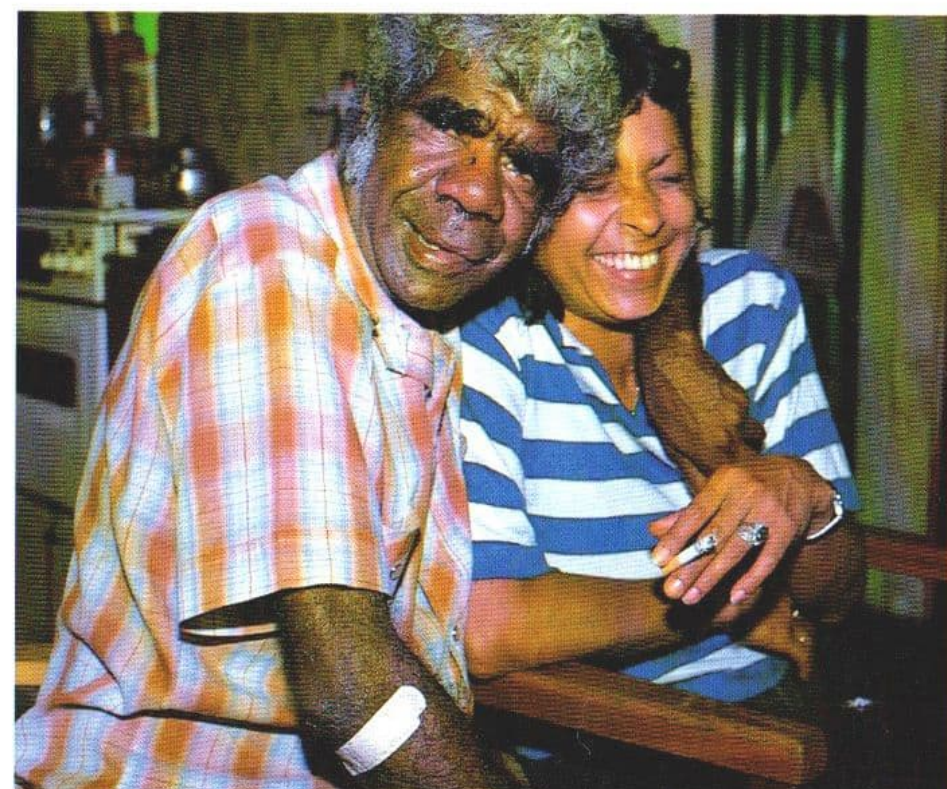
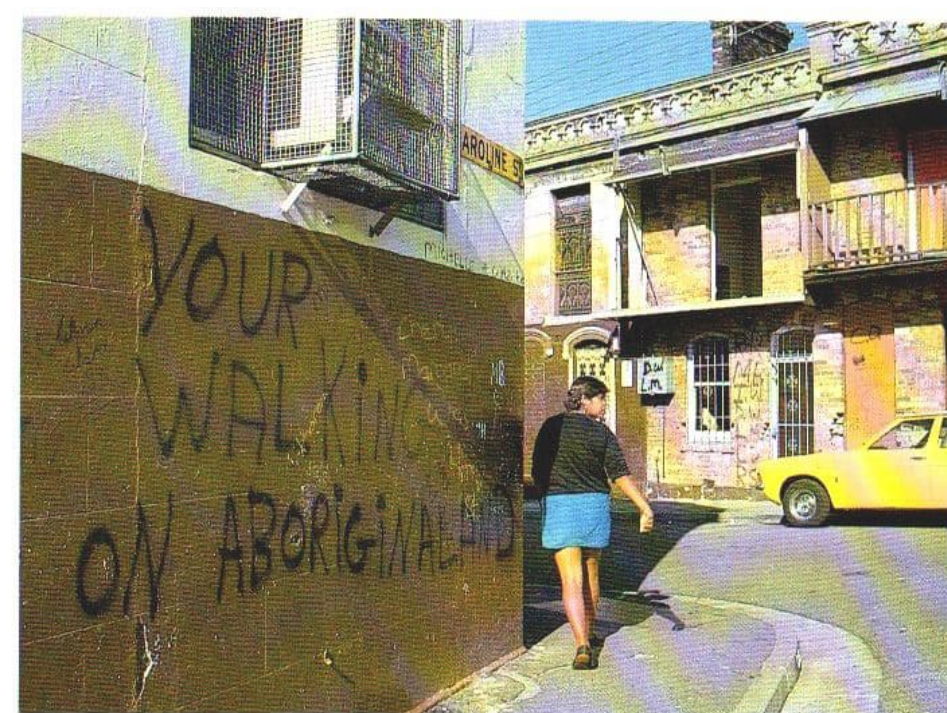
Not being full tribal blacks, they have missed out on the land rights granted to other Aborigines. At the same time, whenever they fill out a government form, they are required to write "Australian Aboriginal" under the heading "nationality."



Clockwise from top left: A typical Redfern Aboriginal family lounge room. A stark graffiti message spells out a territorial claim. In fact, Redfern koories have missed out on the land rights granted to tribal aborigines. Local character Old Pete gets a little help from a friend. Black "brothers".

The accepted practice is to omit the prefix "Australian" and just write "Aboriginal." As one man said: "I don't think anyone with a bit of color in him thinks of himself as Australian, mate."

The Redfern blacks find themselves stranded in a cultural no man's land. The blunt fact is that because of the white in



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them, they are rejected by full-blooded blacks, and because of the black in them, they feel rejected by whites. Yet the Redfern koories cling to their Aboriginality.

Unemployment among the Redfern blacks runs to 85 percent and there is a high crime rate. Relations with police are bad. Very bad. Police accuse Aborigines of multiple burglaries, bag-snatchings and car thefts. Blacks claim police are always using unprovoked violence on them. Last November these ill-feelings erupted in a series of clashes which some sections of the Sydney media referred to as a "race riot."

"350 IN STREET BATTLES," screamed the front page headline in the following day's *Sun*. The story began: "Police were pelted with bottles and bricks when they baton-charged more than 350 rioting Aborigines during a night of destruction in Redfern..."

It started on dole cheque night outside the Clifton Hotel, one of the main black pubs in the area. The Clifton has an exclusively young patronage and 150 blacks were there seeing *No Fixed Address*. At about 11.30pm, two men left the hotel to have a fight — something which is not entirely uncommon in Redfern. A passing police car pulled up nearby and someone threw a bottle at it. The cops immediately radioed for assistance. By all accounts they panicked. Minutes later, patrol cars were on their way from Redfern station, Darlinghurst, Phillip St, from over the harbor in North Sydney, from Waverley, Balmain, and even from remote Sutherland.

No Fixed Address finished their gig at midnight. As people filed out of the Clifton, they were confronted by police with batons. There is some disagreement between those who were there as to exactly what happened next, although it seems that the police left after taking 10 prisoners and that the crowd outside the Clifton dispersed at about the same time.

At about 12.30am, blacks were reported to be on the rampage around Redfern station. A group of passengers was forced to shelter in the station master's hut as rocks rained down on the platforms from the bridge above. On the road outside the station entrance, a taxi driver was also under siege, with blacks surrounding his car and smashing one window. The cabbie's distress call prompted about 40 taxis to appear on the scene. Blacks then retreated to their Eveleigh Street stronghold.

In the early hours of the morning, police moved in on Eveleigh Street and its neighboring black enclaves. Residents claim the police — mainly young "rookies" — removed their badges before they bashed down doors to haul people out of their beds and give them terrible beatings. Three different people spoke of



a young man permanently blinded in one eye. He'd made the mistake of calling the police overrunning his home "fuckin' arseholes." By dawn, when the police left the area, residents had blocked off one end of Eveleigh Street with an overturned car and the road was littered with rocks and broken glass.

The official injury toll was 33 — three policemen and 30 blacks. The following day, the locals announced the formation of a 300-strong "Black Liberation Group" to keep the peace. A meeting of residents passed a motion stating that the police actions had been pre-arranged to get the Wran government off the front page, to give it "breathing space." (It was at this time that NSW MPs were fighting their own bloody battles in Macquarie St, with the Wran government in serious trouble over corruption allegations.)

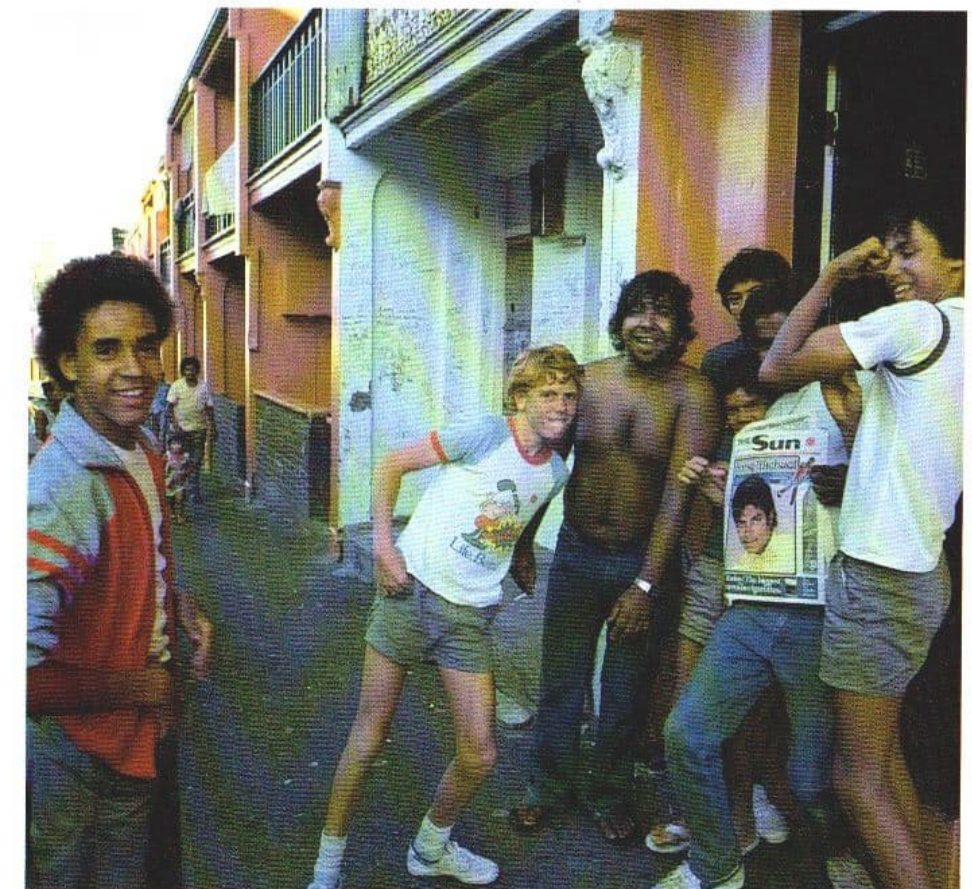
NSW Police Minister Peter Anderson ordered that no charges be laid against Aborigines arrested that night. And his colleague Frank Walker, Minister for Aboriginal Affairs, made concerned noises about black deprivation. The two politicians, under heavy police guard, appeared before a meeting of Redfern blacks a week after the clashes. They found themselves being shouted down by angry Aborigines and nothing really came of it — except for a piece of paper, intended as a token peace-offering and distributed at the end of the rowdy gathering. The paper was a photostat bearing

typewritten details of 13 jobs available at the Railways Department. Two were specifically for Aborigines, as liaison officers, and the others were obviously earmarked for blacks as well.

But there is far more to this problem than easing black unemployment in Redfern by a mere percentage point. What the Redfern koories want is for the police to back right off, to let the community sort out its own problems. Five months before the riot, a significant concession in this area had been made when the Aboriginal Housing Company appointed two black pugilists as security guards. Police, meanwhile, had just introduced mounted patrols in other parts of Redfern. The understanding was that the mounted police would not go into the four streets covered by the private guards. This system worked quite well, but went by the board on the night of the "riot", when one of the security men tried to intervene and was chased away by a police dog.

The police attitude is that Aborigines should be subject to the same laws as the





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rest of us. "They seem to place themselves above the law," says a 40-year-old first class constable stationed at Redfern. "When you go in there to enforce the law, the whole street becomes part of the crime — they're all against you. It's like the cavalry going into a ravine with the Indians on top."

Among the Redfern Aboriginals, there are few obvious traces of their tribal forebears' traditions. I met one elderly man who could reputedly speak a NSW Aboriginal dialect, but he was too drunk at the time to display his talents. In fact, he sounded like he was talking "the lingo" when he was actually speaking slurred English. His name is Peter and he's known as "Old Pete." In fact, Old Pete really isn't old at all; he's 43, but he looks 20 years older. His arms are as thin as stove pipes and his chest is caved in. He is a victim of alcoholism.

Old Pete manages to get about the pubs in the area without ever buying his own drinks and smokes. He is always being given a bed for the night by friends, even though he has his own bedsit in the area. The kindness shown to him exemplifies how the community takes care of its own.

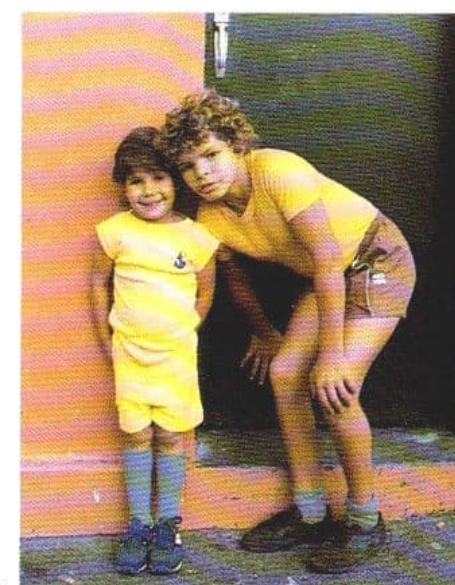
In many ways, Old Pete symbolises the tragedy of the Aboriginal people. On the

outside, he's an alcohol-ravaged skeleton. Inside, he is steeped in the knowledge of the Dreamtime, and of tribal secrets like "singing" a woman and "bundying" an animal. "Singing" is a traditional voodoo-like method of seduction used by young tribal blacks, while "bundying" is the skill of hypnotising a kangaroo with an unwavering stare.

Redfern's koories are the most urbanised Aboriginals in Australia, yet they reject many of the values of white urban Australia. They are also strongly resistant to being assimilated into white society. And despite the loss of much of their heritage, they are successfully applying some basic Aboriginal principles to their city existence.

Firstly and most importantly, there is their community spirit. This is something which gives them tremendous strength, no matter how poor the people might be on an individual level. If a koorie asks a "brother" or "sister" for money, they'll be given it if the other person can afford to do so — and not necessarily on a loan basis either. The understanding is that the roles might be reversed one day. In Redfern, people will happily give a bed to a complete stranger who arrives on their doorstep, as long as the stranger is black. There are very few other groups in Australia that could demonstrate such a strong sense of community.

The Aboriginals are not a materialistic



Clockwise from bottom left: Youths show a photo of American "brother" Michael Jackson. Children in front of an Aboriginal mural near Redfern Station. A born again Christian meeting. These are often wild affairs. Patrons of the Courthouse Hotel, Redfern children. They're already learning the truth of the Fraserism: "Life wasn't meant to be easy."

people. Personal possessions — stereos, color TVs — are not cherished as they are in white society. Too many possessions are simply regarded as an encumbrance. This goes back to the days when property was communal and Aboriginals had only a few personal possessions — for example, a man's favorite spear or a woman's digging stick — that they would not lend or share. Aboriginals will often give away their possessions to other koories. However, if Redfern blacks really want to accumulate personal possessions, they keep their doors and windows barred and locked like Redfern whites do.

When violence breaks out among Aboriginals, the rule is that they sort it out themselves unless others stand to get hurt. It's a form of natural justice. Men against men, men against women, and women against women. Fighting is a way of life.

"You get fights over anything," says Ralph, who plays rugby league for the Redfern All Blacks. "Some people will even fight you over 20 cents or a packet of Tally-hos." It seems that the Koories' preoccupation with fighting has more to do with their current environment than with any lingering traditions. There's no doubt that violence and drinking go hand in hand. They're both expressions of frustration.

It's 11.00pm at the Court House Hotel, Redfern, a fortnight after the Clifton riot. In fact, it's the very next dole cheque night. An animated crowd of black people are dancing, laughing and drinking. They seem to be having a much better time than the patrons of your average white Australian pub.

The smell of burning marijuana permeates the atmosphere. One group of people have brought a fruit juice bottle bong to the pub with them, and are mulling up on a table. The band is called Black Lace and the music is a kind of a ragged-round-the-edges blend of reggae, Pacific guitar melodies and country and western — plus other indefinable flavors that come exclusively from the 40,000-year-old Aboriginal culture.

Suddenly a woman screams, "Mick! Mick!" Two men are fighting. They sink to the floor, punching and swearing. The band stops and the singer says: "Cool it, fellas — two brothers shouldn't be fighting." After a few more seconds of battering each other, the men march outside. The hefty white manager of the pub, who looks like an ex-heavyweight wrestler, closes the door after them and the band starts playing the Redfern All Blacks' signature song, "All Blacks Play The Game."

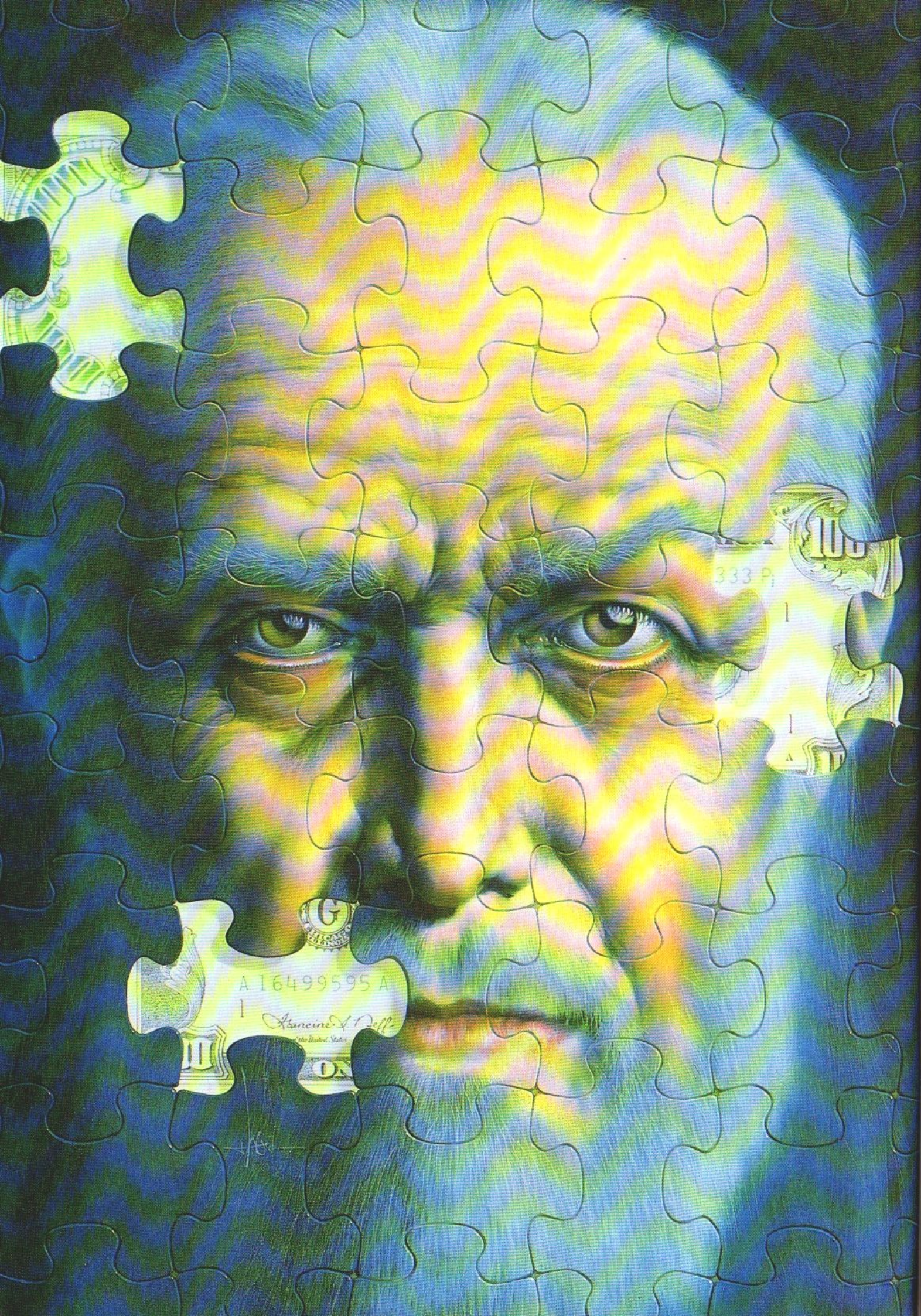
It's not long before one of the men re-enters the bar, his head bathed in blood. Apparently the fight was over a woman who had been living with one of the men. She had flirted with the other man and refused her partner's command to go home.

No-one could deny that life for the Redfern koories is hard and at times brutal. But then, Aboriginals have always had to work hard for their survival. That survival might embrace violence, petty crime, excessive drinking and drug taking. But they're the kind of things you find going on in most ghettos. Here, there is a re-emerging black consciousness, a racial pride which overrides all the hardship.

There are an increasing number of young Redfern blacks seeking to learn about the Dreamtime and other Aboriginal lore. Spanning the length of a railway bridge near Redfern Station is a mural which blends images of traditional tribal life with scenes from the local community. The mural begins and ends with the Rainbow Snake. According to Dreamtime legend, the serpent set creation in motion by wriggling, which carved out the valleys where rivers flowed and made the land bloom.

The sacred snake's reappearance at the end of the mural symbolises the return of the Dreamtime. Many Aboriginals believe the current phase in their existence is purely temporary. An earnest young black man in Redfern told me: "When the Rainbow Snake appears again, you whites will go back where you came from and we'll get our land back."

If the white man does wipe himself out through nuclear warfare, perhaps Aboriginal communities in remote parts of Australia will indeed inherit the Earth. The urbanised Redfern koories might not fare too well under those circumstances. But theirs is a different kind of survival — the survival of the spirit. 



It was a scene straight out of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* when some unlikely heirs scrambled to claim Howard Hughes' vast fortune

SEND IN THE CLOWNS

BY SUZANNE FINSTAD

By the summer of 1981, Howard Hughes Jr had been dead for five years, his body laid to rest in the family plot in Houston, Texas. That year, in a courtroom in downtown Houston, not 10 minutes away from the cemetery, a probate judge and a jury of six carved up and served the estate Hughes' father had created and which he, Howard Jr, had expanded, to a set of distant relations, most of whose names Hughes would not have recognised had he been alive. Ironically, the catalyst for this extraordinary legal drama was Hughes himself. By either not executing a valid will, or keeping its whereabouts too secret — or possibly due to foul play, although no real proof of this has surfaced — Howard Hughes had opened a Pandora's box of would-be heirs to an enormous unsettled fortune.

In a well-meaning but ultimately futile attempt to impose order on certain chaos, the judge, the Honorable Pat Gregory, had divided the heirship determination of Howard Hughes into three separate mini-trials. The first phase, certainly the most spectacular of the three, began and ended on a sultry Monday in mid-July. The courtroom and adjacent lobby were filled with a gaggle of curiosity-seekers, a small army of media people, and wall-to-wall lawyers.

With almost more cameras than people, the event even had the aura of a movie premiere. Flashbulbs and camera lights were glaring everywhere. But there was no Jean Harlow, no Jane Russell, not even a Jean Peters — none of the glamorous stars or starlets who had graced Hughes' arms over the years. Only a rather pathetic pair of ladies were on hand, each of whom claimed to have been married to Hughes in years past, and each with a

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

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bizarre tale to support her claim.

Alyce Hovsepian Hughes, a snappy-looking strawberry blonde well into her fifties, dressed in black and wearing a straw bowler, sat in the front row of the courtroom and kept a close eye on the proceedings as Wayne Fisher, a lawyer representing some of Hughes' cousins, described her claim to the judge. She contended that she had met Hughes at a hospital in Philadelphia in March 1946. According to Ms Hughes, he arranged an unusual "screen test" for her, promising to turn her into either a star or Miss Atlantic City. As part of the test, she shoplifted jewellery from Black's Department Store in Philadelphia, at Hughes' request.

On June 6, 1946 the two of them went through what Alyce thought was a rehearsal for a civil marriage ceremony. Hughes later told her it was real, and asked her to take the name Jean Peters. They never lived together, although Hughes had visited her at her family home in Atlantic City several times that year, usually bringing oranges, and never identifying himself to Alyce's mother. She saw him only once more, in the fall of 1946, while she was a patient at the Trenton State Psychiatric Hospital. During the visit Hughes raped her, she alleged, in the presence of a man known variously as "Sam The Actor" or "Sam The Jew." Judge Gregory denied Alyce Hughes' claim.

Fisher next outlined the case of Alma Hughes, who maintained that she had met Hughes in Shreveport, Louisiana, in the summer of 1931, when he was operating a dollar-a-ride airplane concession. According to Alma, she ran into him again at the local Peacock Jewellery Store, where she was selecting an engagement ring with another man. Hughes proposed to her on the spot, but she refused him. "I didn't want to marry someone who'd be flying all the time," she explained.

They later allegedly met regularly at a medical club in Alexandria, Louisiana, and in August 1951 Alma bore his child, Margie, out of wedlock. Hughes denied paternity because Margie had blue eyes. In 1968, Alma moved to Dallas at Hughes' request, where they met in secrecy at the Neiman-Marcus department store. He used the name Conroe and was undergoing hair transplant surgery. They finally married, she said, in 1973 after she had agreed to be artificially inseminated by Hughes. (This was the only way he could be certain the child was his.) Hughes arranged the implant while Alma underwent haemorrhoid surgery, and she bore his child — at the age of 64.

Since Alma Hughes was "unable to get counsel", she presented her own case before the judge, apologising in advance: "I'm not very good at making public speeches." Ms Hughes, a tiny grey-haired

woman clad in a green polyester pantsuit, became very emotional during her speech. She explained that during her pregnancy, Hughes had kept several mistresses, because "he was rough in bed with a woman." He also had midgets working for him, and had lost a foot in a plane crash. His autopsy, which does not reveal a missing foot, had been falsified. "Money is one thing. Honor is another," wept Ms Hughes to Judge Gregory. "One day, all those who falsified things will have to pay for it. God is a just God." Although Judge Gregory was sympathetic to her emotional breakdown, he quickly disposed of Alma Hughes' case. "May I ask what recourse I have?" she queried, and walked out to plan her appeal.

No-one turned up claiming to be a brother or sister of Howard Hughes, but a woman called Claire Benedict Hudenberg tried to prove she was his daughter. Ms Hudenberg, an ordained minister in a cult

She alleged Hughes arranged for her to be artificially inseminated while she underwent haemorrhoid surgery, and she bore his child at the age of 64

church, professed to have been born with supernatural powers. She was both clairvoyant (seeing future events) and clairaudient (hearing things from the other world "where we'll all go"). She was employed as a "counsellor" in a restaurant owned by Paul Anka, and had regressed back 17 lives through hypnosis, she claimed. (In 16 of them, she was a king.)

That she was Hughes' natural daughter was based on the following evidence. In 1969, she was working in the Bahamas and living next door to Howard Hughes. In 1974, she tried to buy a house in Bel Air and found it once belonged to Hughes. Later she saw a picture of Hughes in the newspaper and was "stunned" by their physical resemblance. A man called Claud Haag told her, in 1979, in Las Vegas, that she looked like Howard Hughes. A man at the Desert Inn Hotel told her she walked just like Howard Hughes. While Hudenberg was counselling in Las Vegas, a daughter of a former Hughes pilot mentioned Hughes' resemblance to her. She had been harassed by 25 men "with great big necks", who had followed her around Las Vegas to get her picture. This must

have been because she was Howard Hughes' daughter. She had found arsenic in her pool and black cyanide on the roof of her house. She attributed these doings to "either the Mormons or Summa people."

As with claims of the two alleged wives of Hughes before her, Judge Gregory dismissed Hudenberg's claim. As opposing counsel Fisher put it: "There was not a piece of supporting evidence other than wild speculation."

To complete the day in court and prove under the law that Howard Hughes Jr died without leaving any parents, wives, children, brothers or sisters, the lawyers involved introduced a small number of official documents. Chief among them were the death certificates of his parents, Howard Sr and Allene Gano Hughes; the marriage and divorce records of Howard Jr to and from Ella Rice and the real Jean Peters; and Howard Jr's birth and death certificates.

The will that started it all — Howard Sr's — was then introduced into evidence. This was done to show that Howard Sr provided for no children except Howard Jr, and no wives except the late Allene. In short, no surprises.

And then it was over. In one morning, attorneys for cousins on both sides of Hughes' family had eliminated the possibility that this estate would go to a brother, sister, wife, or child. They were now ready to go to Phases 2 and 3 of the trial, putting them one step closer to their objective.

It was clear that Hughes was duly divorced from both Ella Rice and Jean Peters, leaving them with no claim to his estate, either personally or through any offspring. More surprising was the absence of any serious claim to inheritance by an individual coming forward as an illegitimate child of Howard Hughes. Hughes' philandering had certainly created the opportunity, and his wealth supplied the motive.

There have always been rumors about Hughes' sexual prowess, and his history with women is the stuff of legend. Still, it seems there was never a paternity claim brought against Hughes that was taken seriously. Greg Bautzer, who served as Hughes' personal attorney on a retainer basis from 1947 until his death, would have been the person in the best position to know about any lawsuits of this kind, and he maintained Hughes never had any children.

And yet, there was always the possibility that Hughes' confidants were mistaken, which created an atmosphere of continuing expectations in the offices of Ted Dinkins, in Houston. Dinkins had been appointed "attorney ad litem" by Judge Gregory. In the five years between Hughes' death and the legal determination of his heirs, Dinkins received numerous letters from "sons" or

"daughters" of Howard Hughes, each seeking official recognition of his or her paternity. And as the court-appointed attorney representing unknown heirs, it was Dinkins' duty to investigate each claim to his satisfaction.

It was not an unusual occurrence to pick up the telephone in Dinkins' office during this period and have "Howard Hughes III" on the line. Occasionally, these individuals appeared at Dinkins' offices, much to the amusement of partners and associates, who were accustomed to the routine parade of blue-and-grey-suited corporate clients. Among the visitors was a black man who waited patiently for an audience with Dinkins, identifying himself to the receptionist as Howard Hughes III. The fact that Hughes entertained an extreme prejudice against blacks did not disturb his fantasy in the slightest.

For all the flurry of correspondence that Dinkins received, no claim of any substance materialised. The crackpot stories and letters that surfaced concerning Hughes' paternity stimulated a great deal of idle gossip and much titillation among the attorneys preparing their clients' heirship claims, but fostered little real apprehension. After several years of studying Hughes' life and habits, all were convinced that he had died a divorced and childless man. It was then, right on cue, that Terry Moore joined the cast of characters in the drama to establish Hughes' heirs, ready to collect the estate she considered rightfully hers as the widow of Howard Hughes.

When Terry Moore's name first appeared on pleadings in the Hughes estate proceedings, most of the lawyers concerned dismissed her as just another fantasising female, in a category with Alyce Hovsepian Hughes and Alma Hughes. However, it soon developed that Moore's claim differed from the others in several respects that caused attorneys for the distant relatives to take her more seriously. First, Terry Moore was not just another anonymous crank, but a legitimate actress, one of the many glamorous movie starlets of the Fifties. She had even been nominated for an Academy Award (for her role in *Come Back, Little Sheba*). Second, and most important, it soon became clear that she, unlike the other previously unheard of "wives", had actually had a relationship of some sort with Howard Hughes.

The story that unfolded in the legal effort to determine the nature of this relationship could easily have been the script for one of the famous "screwball" comedies produced at Hughes' RKO studios in the Forties, and made popular on the screen by two of his best friends, Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn. In this real-life comedy, the leading lady, Miss Moore, was a daffy but lovable actress, impossibly naive, playing opposite Hughes at his

madcap best. The plot involved a wedding on the high seas, performed by the ship's captain, but kept secret to protect the heroine's career as an innocent *ingenue*. The couple never divorced, though each went on to marry again, resulting in hysterical complications when the millionaire hero died without a will and his secret wife showed up to claim his estate.

Here, at last, was a story just zany enough to be true. Whether or not the alleged marriage was legal made millions of dollars worth of difference.

In order to explore the specifics of Miss Moore's claim her deposition was taken in numerous instalments, by opposing counsel eager to dispose of her case — or at least determine its legal merit. Although there were generally seven to 10 attorneys present during these question-and-answer sessions, they came to provide the setting for a running battle of wills and personalities between Moore's attor-

Among the visitors was a black man who identified himself as Howard Hughes III. Hughes' extreme prejudice against blacks did not disturb his fantasy

ney Arthur Leeds, a quick-witted, fast-talking Los Angeles entertainment lawyer, and Paul Freese, the excruciatingly polite attorney representing several grandchildren of the late Rupert Hughes.

At the centre of this group sat Terry Moore. Though now in her mid-fifties, her era in Hollywood a thing of the past, the old star system still lived in Miss Moore. Trained at a time when actors and actresses, who were under contract to a major studio, were fussed over and pampered from dusk to dawn, she still operated accordingly. Every session found her in full make-up, her strawberry blonde page-boy groomed to perfection, every inch the glamor queen.

For most, deposition testimony is a solemn and nervous undertaking. The witness is placed under oath, and a court reporter is present to record the questions and answers. Not so for Moore. Her deposition had the atmosphere of a Tupperware party. Not in the least daunted by the imposing circle of legal talent that surrounded her, she prattled on, happily drawing doodles and relaying inside-Hollywood scoops during breaks in her inter-

rogation. Without missing a beat, she would occasionally pull out a full-size make-up mirror, set it up on the conference table, and touch up her face.

Terry's testimony stated that the Hughes-Moore relationship began in the late Forties, during the period when Hughes, in his fashion, was courting Jean Peters. Terry had been in show business since she was a child and was struggling for her "big break" into the movies. Howard supposedly pursued Moore relentlessly. At the beginning of their romance, Terry was still in her late teens, living at home with her parents, and Hughes was in his mid-forties. Furthermore, Moore was a devout Mormon who prided herself on "holding on to her virtue" despite the almost constant temptation. On one of her early dates with Howard, the couple drove up to Mulholland Drive, a famous lover's lane in the Hollywood hills. It was there, Moore contends, that she first "married" Howard Hughes. The ceremony was extremely private — just Hughes and Miss Moore — and it took place alongside their parked car on Mulholland, where Hughes recited a few words of his own composition. He then asked his date to do the same, after which he pronounced them man and wife.

Hughes, according to Moore, was not a religious man in the traditional sense, and in his eyes this exchange united them in marriage. "I felt very much married after that," reflected Miss Moore. "Very much so. I mean, to me that is when I gave myself to Howard in spirit — whatever you want to call it." She was not convinced to Hughes' complete satisfaction, however. "I didn't think I should go to bed with him [afterwards]," she admitted. (According to Moore, Elizabeth Taylor later told her that Hughes once tried the same approach on her, but Taylor apparently saw through it. It would be very interesting to discover how many others "exchanged vows" with Hughes on Mulholland Drive.)

Not long thereafter, in November 1949, Hughes allegedly invited Moore aboard his private yacht, and it was there that their "legal" ceremony took place. "It was a last-minute thing," Moore volunteered. Hughes had apparently phoned her the same morning with an invitation for a short cruise and casually mentioned the idea of a shipboard wedding. Without obtaining a licence and asking no further questions, Moore met Hughes later that day, bringing along her mother (as she often did) and Lillian Barclay, who was her best friend and "like another mother" to Terry. "It never occurred to Mother and me to question Howard," she explained. "We didn't question Howard." As his guest Hughes brought either Lloyd Wright, a friend and one of his stable of attorneys, or Noah Dietrich, who was still in his good graces at the time. Miss Moore was not sure which. "I always thought it was Noah Dietrich, and so did my mother," she

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declared. "Noah said it was him, and then he changed and said he wasn't there, that he thought it was Lloyd . . . I don't know, I used to get Mr Dietrich and Mr Wright mixed up all the time . . . It was a . . . he was white-haired. I remember that."

From Los Angeles the group, whatever its composition, flew to San Diego, where the Hughes yacht was docked. From San Diego, they boarded the yacht and "headed south" — to Mexico, Miss Moore supposed, "because I asked somebody where we were going and they said Mexico." Several hours later — Miss Moore did not know exactly when or where — the "ceremony" took place, in the main salon, performed by a Captain Flynn, now deceased. "I think it was Psalms or something like that," mused Moore. "He read some very pretty things. It was very beautiful, I know, because I was surprised at how beautiful it was." Afterwards, Terry recalled, "It seems to me Captain Flynn asked if he [Howard] had a ring, and he said, 'No,' and somebody loaned me a ring that we used, and I gave it back. I don't remember who it was . . . I just used the ring for the ceremony; that was all."

A short time after this event the party returned to San Diego, within seven or eight hours after they had set sail. There the guests disembarked, leaving Hughes and Terry alone on the yacht overnight. Assured she was now officially Mrs Hughes, Terry consummated her marriage to Howard while the boat remained docked in the San Diego harbor. Moore had no qualms about the legality of the ceremony, even though there was no marriage licence, and she had never observed the captain's log recording the event, because she remembered "seeing movies where people were married on shipboard . . . I knew a sea captain with unlimited master's papers could marry you at sea," she elaborated. "Who told me, I don't remember. But I knew that. I know it now. I knew it then, and I don't know how I knew it. I just knew it — from books, from motion pictures — and I knew it."

During the months immediately following the episode on Hughes' yacht, the pair "moved around a lot", occasionally using pseudonyms, often going as Howard Hughes and Terry Moore, but never being referred to as Mr and Mrs Hughes. Moore explained: "It was a secret. It was a very secret marriage." According to Terry, the secrecy was for her protection. "I made animal pictures, and I was the eternal virgin," she disclosed. "Howard was a *roue* and had a reputation for being a *roue*, and it would have been very harmful to my reputation to be married to him or anybody."

Under any circumstances, the Hughes-Moore friendship, whatever its legal

status, continued over the next year. The alleged marriage was certainly never made public, nor was it acknowledged privately by Hughes' friends or aides. Moore did not even inform her father she was married, "because he was so much against it," said Terry. "You know, he just — my father did not care for Mr Hughes and I just didn't bring the subject up."

About a year into their secret marriage, Moore surprised Hughes at a very awkward moment. "My father hired an ex-FBI agent named Leckie," she revealed, "and we caught Howard in Las Vegas with another woman . . . I was with the detective. I caught him. I confronted him right in front of the woman." Rather than filing for divorce on grounds of adultery (the conventional reaction for a newly-wed in her position), Moore decided to follow the maxim: "Don't get mad, get even."

She re-established contact with Glenn Davis, the famous Army halfback whom

Assured she was now officially Mrs Howard Hughes, Terry consummated her marriage. She had no qualms about the legality of the marriage

she had met some months earlier through her friend Elizabeth Taylor, who was then engaged to Davis. "In the meantime," she recalled, "they had broken up. Time elapsed; he asked me out. I always said no to him but on this particular occasion I said yes." The two made a date to attend the Rose Bowl game, on New Year's Day, 1951, and their appearance together made quite a splash with the Hollywood gossip columnists. "With Glenn," Terry remembers, "it was suddenly the big-star treatment where everybody was talking about it. Everywhere we went they grabbed pictures."

The popular couple continued to date, and within several weeks they announced their engagement, even though Moore insisted at the deposition she believed she was still married to Hughes. "I just kept going on and on and on until it happened," she tried to explain. "The studio publicity department started pushing this marriage. Everybody did. It flew into a crescendo like a snowball, and I was just too scared to stop it. It just kept, like a snowball, growing bigger and bigger, and I just went along with the people who pushed the hardest."

When she told her alleged husband of her intention to marry Davis, "he just laughed and said I couldn't marry him."

For once Hughes was evidently wrong, because on February 7, 1951, a month after their first date, Davis and Moore were married in a Mormon church in Glendale, California. Terry's hometown. "I married him because no-one was there to stop it," was Moore's explanation. "I thought Howard would stop it . . . Neither one of us thought I would do it." On her marriage licence, Moore stated under oath she had never been married previously. "My fear of telling the truth was far greater than my fear of denying the marriage," she rationalised. She also told her new husband she was a virgin. "He didn't know I had been married [to Howard], because I couldn't tell him that — I didn't dare."

After Terry's marriage to Davis was a *fait accompli* Hughes made no further effort to get his "wife" back, and in fact the two never spoke until, at some point, Terry telephoned Hughes — at the request of her new husband. "I didn't want to call Howard," she said, "and I couldn't imagine why Glenn would want me to. They weren't acquainted at all. Glenn just stood there and made me make the phone call . . . made me call Howard and ask him if he could [get him a job with] Hughes Pipe and Supply Company, and so I did." Apparently, Hughes bore no ill will toward Davis, because "Howard arranged for us to meet the president, whoever that was." According to Terry, "After he made me call Mr Hughes, the marriage was over as far as I was concerned . . . I figured he was using me, that he didn't love me." However, she said nothing to Davis. "No, I just telephoned. I didn't tell him how I felt." As usual, fear was her primary motivation. "I was afraid to tell my parents. I was afraid to tell Howard — afraid to tell anybody."

Instead she returned to Hollywood and moved back with her parents. "I didn't want to be with either of them at that time," she observed. Before long, it became necessary for her to see Hughes to discuss costume fitting for a movie she was making at Goldwyn studios. "After I saw Howard at Goldwyn," she remembered, "I called up Glenn and then I saw him again. I knew I could never go back. I was just wildly in love with him [Howard], and I called Glenn and told him I wanted a divorce." Although only two years had elapsed since her "secret marriage" to Hughes, Terry claimed her situation had changed and the adverse publicity stemming from a relationship with Hughes no longer concerned her. "By this time, I don't think I cared as much, because my career had always been the most important thing in the whole world to me. At this time Howard became the most important thing in the whole world to me." She went on, "My career was changing. I was beginning to go into sexy roles and different

roles. For the first time I was coming out of animal pictures — for the first time."

In yet another magnanimous gesture for a man who should have been outraged over his wife's peculiar *menage a trois*, Hughes arranged for Terry to meet with attorney Lloyd Wright to discuss divorce proceedings against Davis. The only obstruction to the divorce was Davis' macho attitude. As Terry perceived the problem, "Glenn thought he was married to me, and Howard knew he was married to me. I guess he wanted to talk things over with Howard, that was all." What exactly he wanted to discuss with Hughes is unclear, because Terry had never informed Davis of her alleged marriage to Hughes. Nevertheless, such a meeting did take place, at Davis' instigation.

While visiting Terry at her parents' home in Glendale during their separation, Hughes happened to call. This is how Terry described the ensuing event to Paul Freese, her alternately bewildered and incredulous opposing counsel: "Howard walked in. He reached out his hand to Glenn. Glenn pushed him. There was an ottoman and Howard fell. Howard — when he pushed him, the ottoman was in Howard's way — he fell over it. Glenn ran over to kick Howard and Mother threw herself on top of Howard, so he kicked my mother in the back. My brother and I pulled Glenn off and Howard got up and Glenn went running out to the backyard. I remember running out and saying, How can you act that way? You invited him over. You wanted to talk to him. I don't know how Howard had got there, but Howard took the bus and went home."

Eventually, Terry and Glenn filed for divorce, still with no word about Moore's prior marriage to Hughes. As soon as she had made her plans clear to Davis, it was back to Hughes again. "I was still married to Howard," Terry insisted. "I wasn't really — for the *public* we [Moore and Davis] were trying to get a divorce."

Moore claimed that sometime between 1951 and 1952, she gave birth to Howard's baby. The child was allegedly born prematurely, in Germany, where Terry was then making a movie, and the little girl lived for only 12 hours. It was Moore's position that Hughes sent his personal physician (Hughes himself stayed behind in the States), Dr Verne Mason, to deliver the infant, and that much seems to be true. Although Dr Mason is deceased, his son recalled Mason flying to Germany during this period to attend to Moore. Nevertheless, her memory of these events was remarkably hazy. She received no prenatal or postnatal care, either in Germany or the United States; she never saw the child; and she played no part in the funeral arrangements. "Dr Mason took care of all that," she acknowledged, "because I was too sick and too depressed to do anything."

When, during her deposition, counsel

Freese asked Moore what she and Hughes had named their daughter, she froze for a moment, and then replied, to the astonishment of the attorneys present: "Let me tell you later. I just can't think of it right now . . . I have gone blank." Later in her testimony, Moore suddenly blurted: "Our daughter's name was Maria or Marie!"

Terry Moore's divorce from Glenn Davis became official in April 1953. "I remember when my divorce was final from Glenn Davis," she said, "that I was making a movie in Florida called *Beneath The 12-Mile Reef*. When that became final, Howard and I gave a big yahoo over the telephone." When the yahoos subsided, Moore returned to Hughes, after a fashion. "During that time," she recalled, "if we had fights, I would get mad and go home to my parents . . . I usually would stay with them if Howard was away or if I

Moore claimed that sometime between 1951 and 1952 she gave birth to Howard's baby. The child was allegedly born, prematurely and lived only 12 hours

had had a fight with him. We were fighting a lot by this time." The problem cited by Moore was "other women". There weren't enough detectives in Las Vegas to keep track of Hughes' infidelities, as Terry had done earlier with the former FBI agent her father hired. According to Moore, Hughes was "keeping" both Mitzi Gaynor and Debra Paget in hotels in Las Vegas at the same time, and his romance with Jean Peters hobbled along concurrently with these affairs, not to mention the continuation of his "marriage" to Moore. Still, hope sprang eternal in Terry.

"Well," she reflected, "after my divorce from Glenn Davis became final, we were going to have a marriage and let the entire world know that we were married, and that was to be at Jack Frye's ranch. I was with Howard when he made arrangements with Frye to be married [to Moore] for the third time, the first time being on Mulholland, the second time being on the boat, and the third time being at Jack Frye's ranch in Tucson, Arizona, or thereabouts." Alas, the Tucson wedding ceremony never materialised, nor did any other. Hughes's philandering continued,

and Terry, never one to be left to wither on the vine, met Howard McGrath, soon to be husband number two (or three), well into 1955. As usual, it happened at the Beverly Hills Hotel. "I remember where I met him," she reminisced. "I met him at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He was lunching with John Wayne, and John Wayne introduced me to him." Still, Hughes and Moore did not divorce. Nevertheless, Terry married McGrath in 1956, never mentioning her liaison with Hughes. In the meantime, Hughes himself had married, and Jean Peters became Mrs Howard Hughes — publicly and privately — in 1957.

After her marriage to McGrath broke up in 1958, Moore met a wealthy businessman at a party given by Ann Miller. They dated for eight or nine months, then decided to marry. The businessman was Stuart Cramer III, the husband Jean Peters had divorced to marry Hughes a year earlier!

There was little argument that Hughes and Moore were involved, and it may well be that Moore believed they were indeed husband and wife. But the critical question was whether they were legally married, both on Hughes' boat and at the time of his death. As adept as Hughes was at saying what he thought others wanted to hear in order to get what he wanted from them, the wedding ceremony by a sea captain, if it truly happened, may have been nothing more than a contrivance, designed to get his reluctant amour into bed.

It was Terry Moore's contention that she and Howard Hughes were legally married by a Captain Flynn aboard Hughes' yacht, in international waters in November 1949. Since they never divorced, she further asserted, her subsequent marriages to David, McGrath, and Cramer were bigamous and therefore illegal, as was Hughes' eventual marriage to Jean Peters — all of which made her his lawful widow and sole beneficiary of his estate.

It certainly weakens Miss Moore's legal position that the only witness to her wedding still living is her mother, with the possible exception of Noah Dietrich, who may or may not be the mysterious "white-haired man" — and he denies it. Also damaging is the absence of the ship's logs. Moore insists that they were destroyed — either by Hughes after one of their many rows, or by his associates — to destroy evidence that might endanger the Hughes empire. The fatal flaw from a legal standpoint, however, came out at the trial to determine the merit of her claim.

As a testament to the more serious nature of her assertions, Moore's arguments were heard, at a trial separate from the trial of others who claimed inheritances as wives, brothers, sisters, or children. Ultimately, however, her claim fared no better. After hearing the

Continued on page 160

Ray was aiming for marathon gold in LA. But the preliminaries were proving to be an even greater test of endurance

THE LONG RUN

FICTION BY PHIL JARRATT

The road that leads from the Kahala Hilton to the underside of Diamond Head is not what you'd call steep. It is, however, long and straight and uphill, and when the morning rains come the bitumen sweats and steams, and sometimes even sizzles.

Not yet at the halfway mark of this long, slow gradient, the runner began to feel the squelch of the rain and the broken blisters in his shoes. It didn't faze him. He didn't look down. Ten miles back he may have called this pain, but now it barely registered as discomfort. The Vaseline around his crotch had all but worn off, or been washed away by the heavy shower at Hawaii Kai. His shorts were wet and the sweat-encrusted seams had rubbed his inner thighs red raw.

The runner tried to spit but nothing happened. He was left with small flecks of froth in the corners of his lips, which were dry and cracked. His hair was set in a brushback beyond his control, rigid with sweat and adrenalin. His eyes appeared to be focused on the road ahead but, in fact, they were focused on nothing but memories. Ray Dittman was running up a hill in Honolulu and driving through a tunnel in Italy, feeling no pain.

"It says no overtaking in the tunnel, Ray. Ray?" The girl — and that was all she was — was more scared than drunk but it had been the other way round an hour earlier when she'd climbed into the Porsche outside a Milanese nightclub. Ray had seen her at the bar, eyes across a crowded room . . . all that crap. Italian-American, loads of style, great arse. She knew who he was; his picture was in all the papers.

They had two drinks and left.

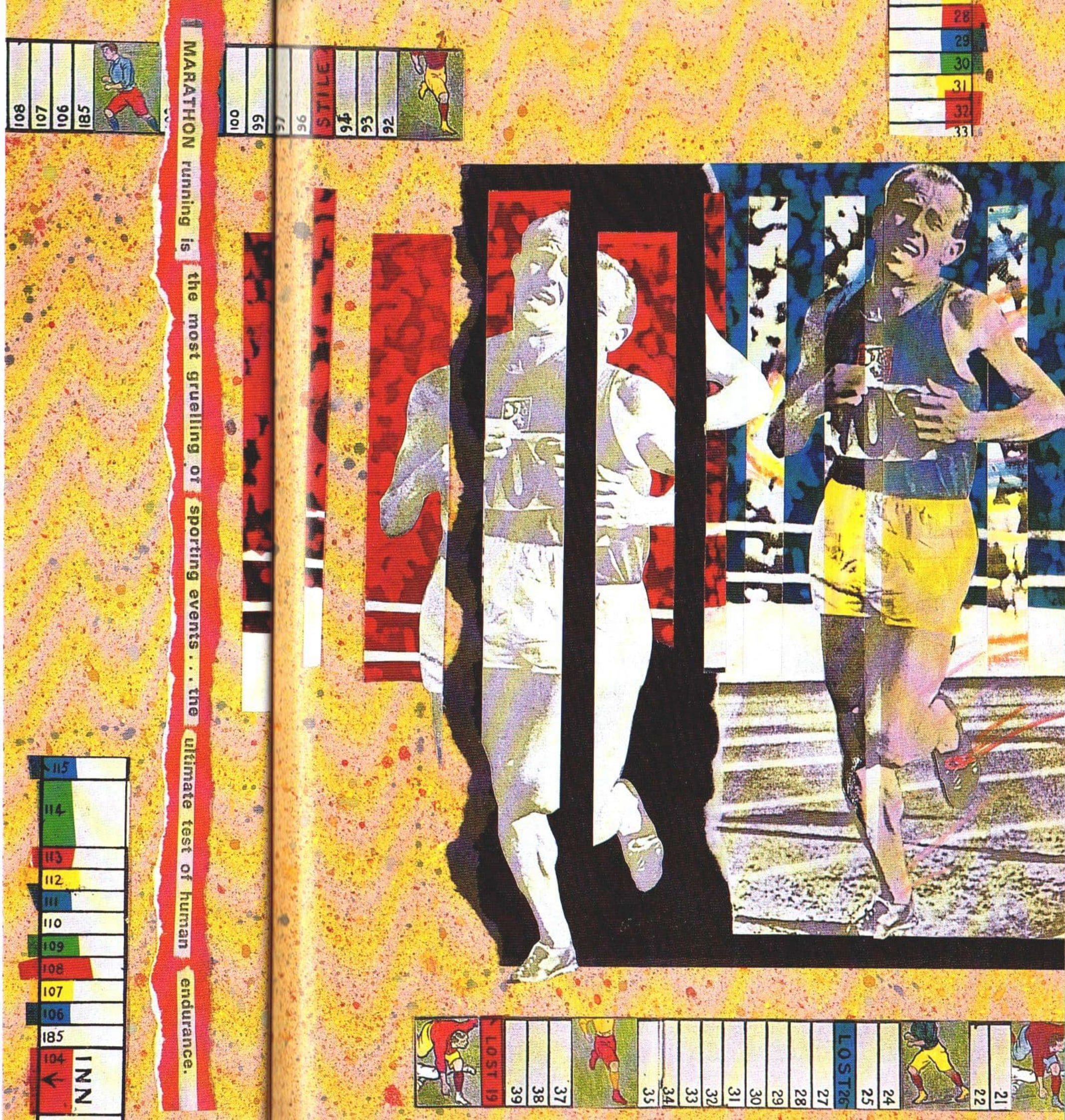
A few blocks from the club Ray swung the car to the side of the road and turned off the engine. "You're in no hurry to get home," he told the girl. She leaned towards him and licked his right ear. "We're gonna take a drive, but first we need some rocket fuel," he said in the sing-song manner he reserved for autograph hunters and strictly frivolous sexual encounters. He pulled a bottle of Remy Martin from under the seat, swigged from it and passed it to the girl while he extracted a medicine bottle from an inside coat pocket. Ray unscrewed the cap and used the plastic spoon attached to it to ladle out the pinkish white powder. Four spoonfuls disappeared up his nostrils, silently and efficiently, before he reclaimed the cognac and passed the vial to his passenger. She was familiar with the ritual, and they repeated it several times as Ray sped down the autostrada towards the coast.

The speedometer registered 220 km/h as they flashed past a truck, then cut inside a Mercedes. The toll gates appeared from nowhere; the night sky disappeared under a barrage of light and the girl looked at Ray's face — jaw set, mouth curled in a slightly drunken grin, eyes fixed in the middle distance of another planet. At the 60-metre warning sign she began to scream. He took his hand from her leg and shuffled back through the gears, the Porsche rearing and whining in protest at the punishment. Ray grinned and swigged again from the cognac as he handed the disbelieving toll collector a note.

Large, windswept drops of rain stung his face as he neared the crest of the hill. He didn't feel them. Somewhere in the back of his head Ray Dittman registered not so much the sound as the sensation of

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ILLUSTRATION BY HANDJOBS



LONG RUN

another runner approaching. At first it was simply the increasing loudness of squelching shoes; then he was aware of heavy breathing at his shoulder. Reluctantly, Ray retreated from the Bahamas of his mind in response to the challenge. Without looking, he knew it was the Ethiopian. It had to be. He looked at his watch and the road ahead. The 40 kilometre sign was coming into view. People were cheering at the roadside, drinking beers in the heat and the rain. He could see their beer cans but not their faces. And he could hear that they were calling his name. He was their man. Nice houses out by Diamond Head. Come on, whitey, come on.

The Ethiopian was breathing harder and harder, or was he closing the gap? As he turned right towards Kapiolani Park and began the descent, Ray chanced a look over his shoulder. The clear, cold eyes of the Ethiopian running machine met his, and he quickly turned away. "Shit, fuck and damn," Ray said. He tried to spit the words out but they were empty and dry. The Ethiopian was born to run and his rhythmic, relentless gait was not a pretty sight for a marathon pacesetter so near and yet so far from the tape. But Ebe Bikla's presence was not Ray's only — or even major — concern. His heart sank as he registered what he had seen in his brief backward glance. Three or four metres past Bikla but closing fast by the look of his sprint was the half-pint Portuguese. How many marathon campaigns had this little bastard screwed up? thought Ray. How many times had he been burnt off in the middle stages only to re-emerge, force a killer pace, then collapse before the line? Ray Dittman respected Bikla. He hated the sardine muncher's greasy guts.

Dittman didn't waste any further energy cursing. He steeled himself for what was ahead. Momentarily he was aware of every ache in his body, every blister, rub and muscle. The top of his head was on fire and he could taste blood at the back of his mouth. Again he glanced at his watch. In these stinking conditions 2.15 would be a good time; 2.12 might kill you. The Portuguese was trying to kill them all. Ray stared at the downhill run to the park and altered his pace as confidently and unthinkingly as he had that of the Porsche.

The girl drank cognac and relaxed as they passed Genoa and roared along the coast road. She put her head in Ray's lap and rubbed the line of his trousers. Cognac still in hand, they rapped on the door of a beachside pension. It had been a quiet summer on the Italian Riviera, so quiet that the proprietor received them graciously at 5am and showed them to his best room, unperturbed by their lack of baggage. Three flights up, room with a view, continental breakfast served until ten, but the shrivelled little man in night-

dress knew he wouldn't be cracking croissants with this couple.

She dropped her clothing in one graceful, fluid movement and, but for her high heels, stood naked in the fuzzy pre-dawn light. For the first time since they'd met Ray felt something approaching tenderness towards her. He drained the Remy Martin, stepped out of his trousers and fell to the floor to begin an act which worried him when he was sober and of which he sometimes spoke when half-drunk.

Then he referred to it as his penchant for "groveling." Now, in the full glow of the cognac and cocaine and still basking in the sustained eroticism of his Grand Prix dash from Milan, he felt it was the most natural thing in the world. He removed her shoes and sucked and kissed each toe until finally she bent and took him by the back of the head and forced his attentions north. It was fully light and breakfast

He could hear
Lopez just behind, grunting,
gasping, coming on through.
Come too close to me
and you'll get an elbow
in the guts . . .

crockery was clattering in the piazza below before they collapsed in a deep contented sleep.

He was almost into the straight that led to the bandstand when the pain began. Not normal marathon pain, but a searing, stabbing throb which stretched from behind the eyes to the base of his skull. For the moment, Ray's legs mechanically kept up the pace but he knew if the pain persisted he was in big trouble. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Bikla drawing level, higher on the camber of the road, and although he couldn't see him, he could hear the Portuguese Lopez just behind, grunting, gasping, farting, coming on through. Come too close to me, you little bastard, and you'll get an elbow in the guts.

It was always this way, of course, when things went wrong for Ray Dittman. Everyone and everything was to blame except Ray himself, and then Sylvia would stroke him and soothe him and calm him, so much so that he would be obliged to tell her that he loved her. Which he did, in the way a man loves a faithful dog. Ray's mind was wandering. Bikla had nosed in front,

or was it Lopez? He told himself it didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

Ray left a note for Joe Haynes with his room key at the Royal Hawaiian and drove the rented Datsun out of town and on to the H-1 towards Makaha. Out past the Tripler Hospital he took the off ramp and changed on to the H-2 for Wahiwa and beyond to Haleiwa and the North Shore. It was a cloudy, humid afternoon but he shunned the air-conditioning and drove with the sun-roof down, exposed to the elements. Ray Dittman felt good. Good about himself and good about being back here on The Rock. You could take Maui and shove it; Oahu was okay by him — mobsters, mayhem, nuclear installations, Don Ho and all. He always stayed at the Royal Hawaiian, the grand old pink lady, and was a familiar face at every lousy restaurant and bar from Nick's Fishmarket to the Outrigger Club.

That morning, 24 hours before the race, he had worked out lightly in Ala Moana Park, and jogged part of the course through town along wet and mostly empty pavements. Outside the Ilikai some kids on their way to school had recognised him. "Hey Deeeetman. Howzit Aussie? How da legs, man? Geeev 'em shit 'bra, best in da world." Ray had run on, laughing, happy because the kids were right. He was the best marathon runner in the world and in 24 hours everyone from Helsinki to Honolulu would have to admit it. The Honolulu Marathon was the meanest marathon in the world, usually avoided by the Olympians and top-flighters because high humidity meant slow times. Why display your vulnerability? Well, the tropics didn't affect Ray like that, and now he had the other bastards where he liked them. On his turf. The Australian had run this race three times for two wins, and tomorrow he planned to demolish the reputations of a few hopefuls and write his own ticket to LA in '84.

But now Ray was ready to cool it for a while, wind down with a few beers. Beer was good . . . carbohydrates. Even Joe Haynes had to admit that. Joe liked to be there to count them but Joe was in town organising their flight out. Ray liked his coach and he figured the best way to protect that friendship was to give each other a bit of breathing space. This afternoon Joe could breathe South Shore air and Ray would have the North.

He pulled into the car park of the Huilim Hyatt and walked across a little wooden footbridge, through the lobby and into the bar. If the Masterbuilders of Ohio and their muu-muu wearing wives, checking in for the pineapple plantation tour, recognised the marathon star from Australia they were discreet about it. Ray pulled up a bar stool and ordered a Miller Lite. Before it arrived a thickset, deeply-tanned man in shorts and tennis shoes swung into the seat next to Ray and stage-whispered:

"Since when did real men drink light beer?"

Ray grinned and turned to greet his old friend. "Merely cleansing the palate for what's to come, Howie."

He could see the finish line now, a distant blur. The pain was intense; Ray wanted to throw up and he was only vaguely aware that the Ethiopian was a metre ahead and that the Portuguese had pulled up level with him. He couldn't check his time, and had no idea what kind of superhuman effort he was making. All he knew was he had to leave Sardine in his shadows and head that black bastard off before the line. It was noisy: the people in the park were screaming but it was just a drone, like jet noise. He couldn't pick out words. He guessed it would be his name. He was drifting again. His legs took on a life of their own, so far away down there. Faster, faster . . .

And Howie, after several drinks, suggested they drive back down to Rocky Point for some "smoke-and-have-a-look," as he put it in his eloquent Hawaiian way. He was an athlete run to fat, a former professional surfer who these days made his drinking money teaching folks like the Ohio Masterbuilders to stand up on a surfboard in the protected waters of Kawela Bay. He was more than a surfing instructor, though. Howie got all kinds of requests, and he fulfilled most of them. He would handle everything from drug procuring to babysitting. He would not, however, sing the Hawaiian Wedding Song, and nor would he dance the hula.

They drove along the coast road past Sunset Beach and bought six-packs of beer at Kammie's General Store. At Rocky Point, Ray pulled up at the end of a narrow lane and the men walked behind a fence and into Howie's beachfront bungalow. It was a North Shore house. It reeked of cats and marijuana. Ray slumped into the cane lounge on Howie's porch, opened a beer and looked at the scudding red clouds above the ocean. It was nice to sit around on the North Shore this time of evening, stiff breeze and a stiff drink. Many nights on the prowl with Howie had started like this, and Ray usually finished them with a stiff prick in a strange bed. Not tonight. He needed to relax and prepare. Howie pushed through the wire door with a joint and a large mound of cocaine on a dinner plate.

They'd made a run for more beers and finished half the coke before Joe phoned. "Took you a while to track me down," Ray giggled into the mouthpiece.

"I'm on my way," Joe said and hung up abruptly.

They were halfway to town before Ray broke the ice, glancing guiltily at the figure behind the wheel. "Joe, I need to wind down the night before, to get my head in a different space. You know that."

Joe Haynes sighed massively. "You're 28, Ray. You're not a fucking kid any more.

It's your body and if you think you can keep it together until 1988 I don't care what you put in it. But if you want gold in LA you'll do what I tell you. Don't stuff it up, Ray. There's too much at stake."

As they swung off the freeway Joe spoke again. "You've eaten, I hope?" Ray shook his head. Joe swerved savagely and pulled up at a fast food palace. He slammed the car door and disappeared, returning a few minutes later with a baked lasagne in a cardboard carton, a stick of French bread and a carton of milk. He saw Ray to his room at the hotel. "Eat, shit and sleep. I'm waking you up in five hours and you're gonna win a goddamn race, fuck-face."

Ray obediently began shovelling the

lasagne. "No harm done, huh?" he said unconvincingly as Joe slammed the door.

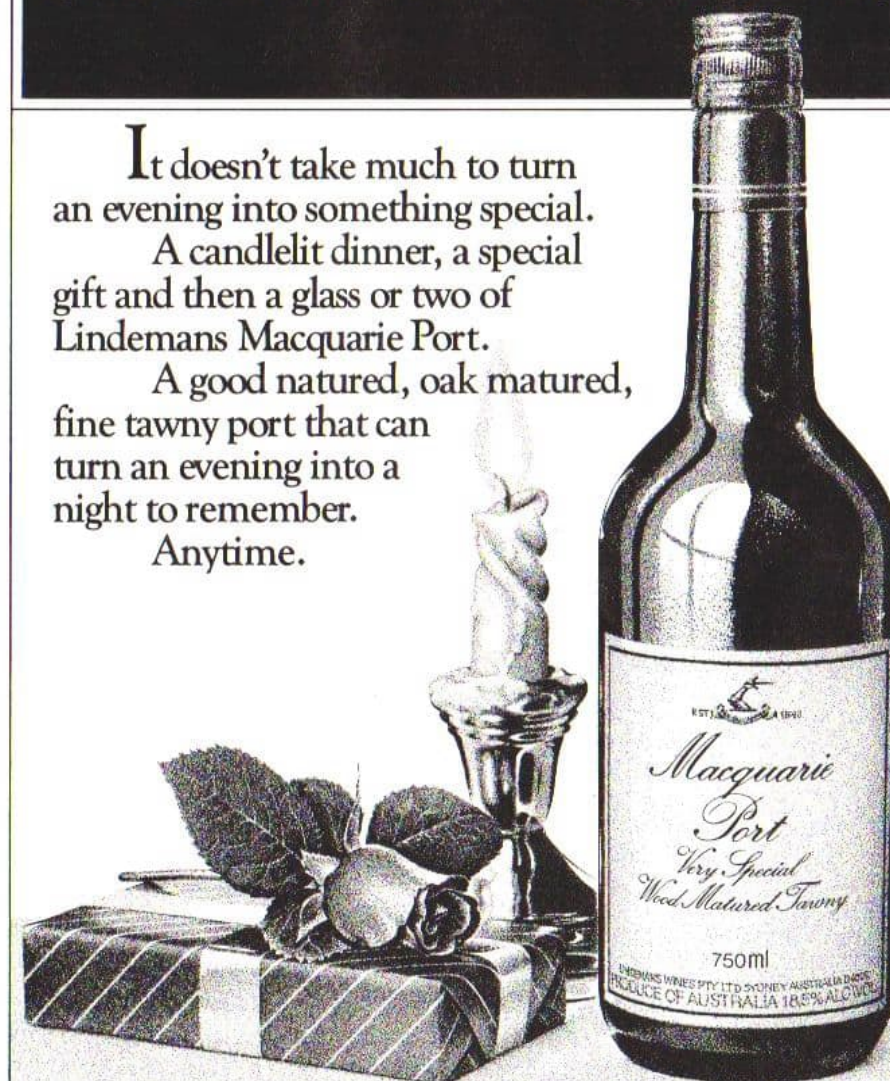
The television cameras high above the finish line has been focused on the three men since they'd entered the straight, and their progress had been described with geometric predictability. But now, with just metres to go and the crowd going crazy, there was suddenly, inexplicably, a problem. The producer had missed it. Headphones on and sweating in anticipation of a thrilling finish and a new course record, he had watched the Portuguese sprint into line with Bikla and edge ahead as they ran under the Seiko clock. But where was Dittman? There was pandemonium. The cameras followed the winner and runner-up, and the sudden surge on to the course,

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LONG RUN

while Joe Haynes and the medicos rushed to the assistance of Ray Dittman. He lay spread-eagled on the tarmac, 20 metres from the finish.

"What the hell happened?" the producer asked his assistant.

"I don't know," said the young Japanese-American. "I think maybe Dittman swung at Lopez to stop him passing and over-balanced. Just like the Roller Game. Weird, huh?"

Ray had skinned his chin. He looked at Joe through dazed and glassy eyes.

Joe was beside himself. "Ray, Ray, for Christ's sake..."

"It's okay. I'm going to finish." Ray wiped his chin with the back of his hand, covering his hand with blood. He looked uncertainly at the crowd around him and muttered quietly, "It's okay, it's okay," as he staggered to his feet. The crowd roared as the stagger became a jog and the jog became a run. Ray Dittman finished third and collapsed into a stretcher.

"One at a time please, gentlemen. I can't hear a word you're saying when you all speak at once." Joe Haynes handled

the press with the grim resignation of one who has long had to fend off controversy. In his view it was an untenable situation — he was a coach, not a bloody nursemaid — but when Sylvia and her dad weren't around the explaining always fell to him. Haynes stared resolutely at his feet, parked in front of the officials' caravan in Kapiolani Park. It was getting warm out here, with the heat of the day still to come. Christ, it was only mid-morning and it seemed like the day had already gone on too long.

He hadn't wanted to do this, but the Honolulu Marathon Association had insisted the press be given an explanation. A forest of microphones lay expectantly in front of him. The questions were coming thick and fast. He couldn't make sense of this rabble. Eventually, Haynes raised his head and stared into the faces, the microphones and the cameras. "Ah, look," he started hesitantly, "this isn't going to work. I'd be happy to answer your questions but I think we'd save a lot of time and patience if I just read a brief statement from Ray and make a couple of comments of my own. Ray's okay, although he'll be going straight to hospital from here to check out a few things. He just jotted down a few words that he wanted me to pass on: 'Please tell the people of Hawaii, who have been so supportive to me, that I'm sorry I let them down. I wasn't 100 percent fit this morning but right up to the finish I thought my knowledge of the course would pull me through. As it happened, the virus got the better of me at just the wrong moment. My congratulations to Mr Lopez and Mr Bikla.'"

Joe folded the paper he'd read from, but continued quickly as he looked up. "I'd just like to add that Ray ran today against my advice. As you all know, we're well into an Olympic campaign and I didn't want him to aggravate the virus he'd picked up. But Hawaii's like a second home to him and he wouldn't take no for an answer."

"What about the fall?" The questioner was a sports writer from the *Star-Bulletin*. "Ray almost brought Lopez down, too. Any chance of a foul being called?"

"Oh, come on," Joe said impatiently, although he knew all the questions would be along similar lines. "Lopez won the race; Ray took a fall. There's nothing further to add."

A television reporter wearing the green blazer of her sports department thrust her mike forward and strained on her feet so that the cameraman on top of the caravan could focus on her. "But Mr Haynes, the videotape clearly shows..."

"Thanks fellers. No more questions for now." Joe looked over his shoulder the instant he realised that he had a velvet-tongued ally. Alfred Spence, doyen of the Honolulu Marathon Association, smiled sweetly at the group and let Joe back into the caravan. Before he closed the door he half-waved and said succinctly: "Full

statement later — plenty of time for your deadlines."

The assembled representatives of the media looked blankly along the caravan. "Mahalo," someone muttered.

It was a big caravan. Joe strode to the far end of it where Ray Dittman was sipping decarbonated Coke. The on-course medicos had finished checking him out and he had plaster on his chin and a silly grin on his face. "Ready to run the gauntlet?" Haynes asked.

"Suppose so. I wish they'd just piss off. Beats me why they want to talk to a loser. Why don't they interview Lopez?"

"They did. He said you pushed him."

"Lying bastard. Is he protesting?"

"I doubt it. You don't win the 'Friendly Marathon' and then protest."

Alfred Spence, beer in hand, interrupted. "Security guys are ready to whisk you into a car and get you up to hospital for an X-ray. We won't say anything official until we hear the full medical. Are you ready?"

Ray zipped up his tracksuit top and put down his Coke. "Alf, this bloke isn't gonna protest, is he?"

Spence stared at Ray. "I've seen the video and it'd be a tough one to call. But I think you're pretty safe. He stepped around you and wasn't impeded. But Ray, I'll tell you something." The real estate tycoon put his hand on Dittman's shoulder. "In all the years I've been associated with this race I've never seen a more suspect incident. We don't play it like that here, son, and I hope you don't either." Spence turned and hustled the runner and his coach out of the caravan and into the arms of their escort.

"Okay. Stop the thing and go back. Just one more time, please Harry."

Harry Hillsden backed up the tape for the umpteenth time and observed that the old man must be very close to the edge. Hillsden could read his boss well, and the old bastard never used "pleases" and "thank yous" unless there was about to be a bloodletting. It was Sir John Goldsmith's perverse way of heightening the lull before the storm. Hillsden knew better than to buy into an argument at times like these, but Ray Dittman was a good friend and perhaps it wasn't as cut and dried as it appeared on the coverage they'd just received from Honolulu.

"Look, right there." Hillsden stopped the tape and pointed at Ray's left arm flailing madly in the direction of the Portuguese runner. "At the same instant his knees start to buckle. See?" Hillsden moved the tape along a couple of frames. "And down he goes. I reckon he's seen Lopez out the corner of his eye, felt his legs going and tried to regain his balance by flapping his wings a bit."

"Oh yes," said the old man, flicking a light switch about the viewing room lounge suite. His face was flushed and the veins in

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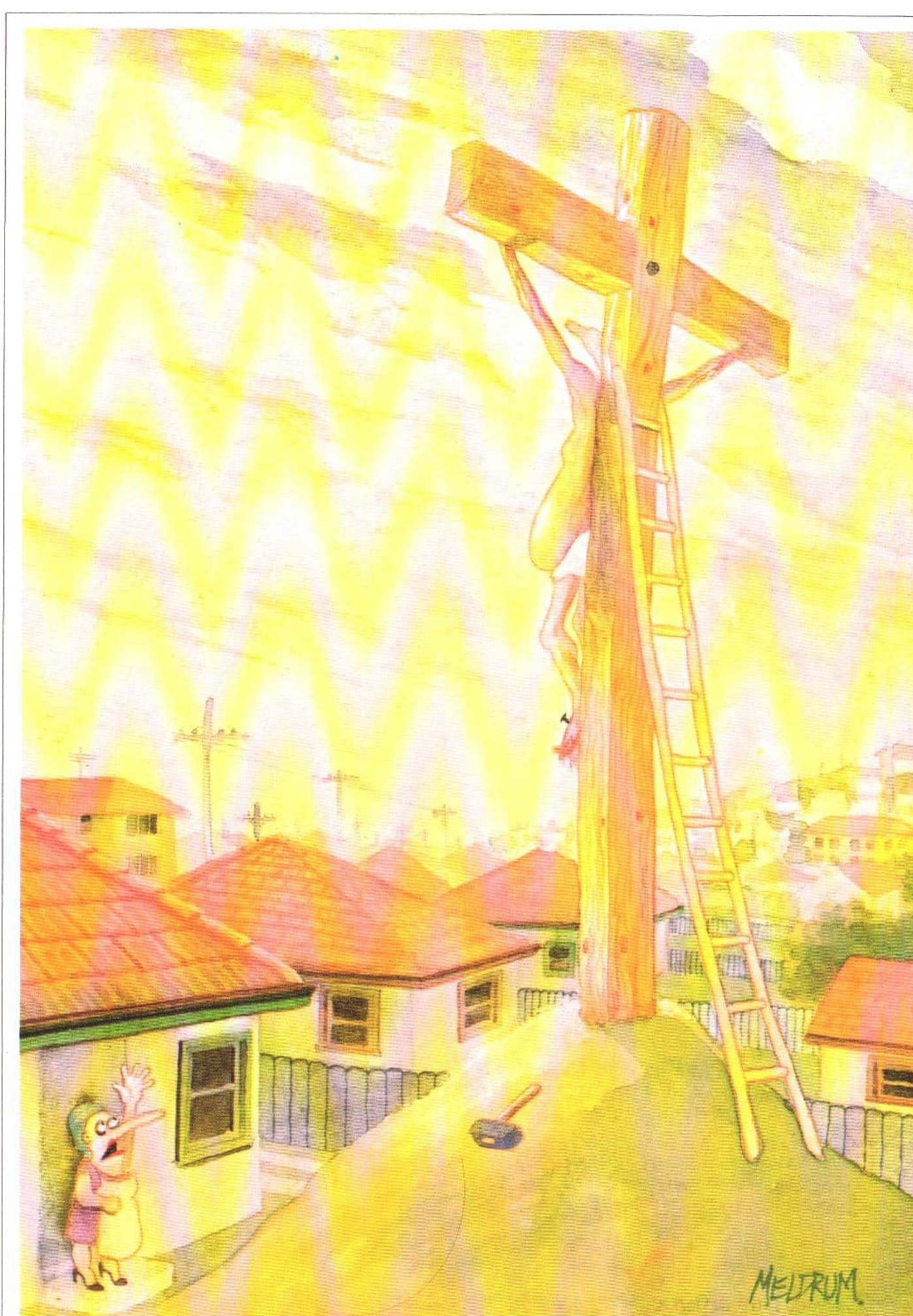
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'Are you ready for your cornflakes yet, Graham?'

LONG RUN

his temples pulsed. The calm was ending. Sir John Goldsmith — just plain "Jack" to Hillsden most of the time, but not now — was about to explode. He removed one of his beloved Davidoff cigars from an inside jacket pocket and lit it carefully. He loosened his Cricket Association tie. "How long's it been now, Harry? Five, six years?"

Hillsden was pouring himself a scotch from the sideboard bar. "Six years in February." He sighed. This was the best television production job in Australia. He loved the challenges it presented him and he loved the perks. During his time at Com-Lim he had been given free reign to revolutionise sports coverage and his feats had made his name around the world. Since the success of *Rocky Road To Moscow* — a sensitive portrayal of the effects of President Carter's boycott on the athletes who went and those who didn't, shown in prime time in 17 countries — he'd been offered numerous positions, including one as Rooney Arledge's righthand man at the American Broadcasting Company. But he liked his job at ComLim. Four or five times a year something would set off the old man's senile streak and he would have to bear the brunt of it. It was a small price to pay.

"Six years, eh? And we know each

other pretty bloody well." Hillsden nodded. Goldsmith rose to his feet. "So don't insult my intelligence. Ray and his bloody guru trainer may be able to pull the wool over official eyes, and your boys can doctor this tape, but Harry, don't treat me like a retarded child. My son-in-law has just gone within a hair's breadth of fucking up everything we've worked for — all of us." Hillsden suppressed a chuckle at this depleted image of Ray.

"My God, it's not bad enough that he has a poor showing in Hawaii, he has to show his true colors by trying to push an opponent over. The stupid bastard is not just running for the finish line, you know." Harry Hillsden emptied his glass and went for another. "We're talking here about money and power. Are you listening to me, Harry? I can cut you down to size in five minutes, believe me. The cars, the house, the kids' schooling..."

And so it went on. Harry Hillsden felt no anger, although, of course, it was absurd for the old man to rant at him. He was not unfamiliar with the punching bag role. Goldsmith had never had a son; Sylvia was his only child. In an ideal world the television mogul would have had two sons, one like Ray and one like Harry Hillsden. And Harry would have still been the punching bag, for no matter how disgusted he became with Ray Dittman's behavior, Sir John Goldsmith could never bring himself to be directly critical of a sporting genius.

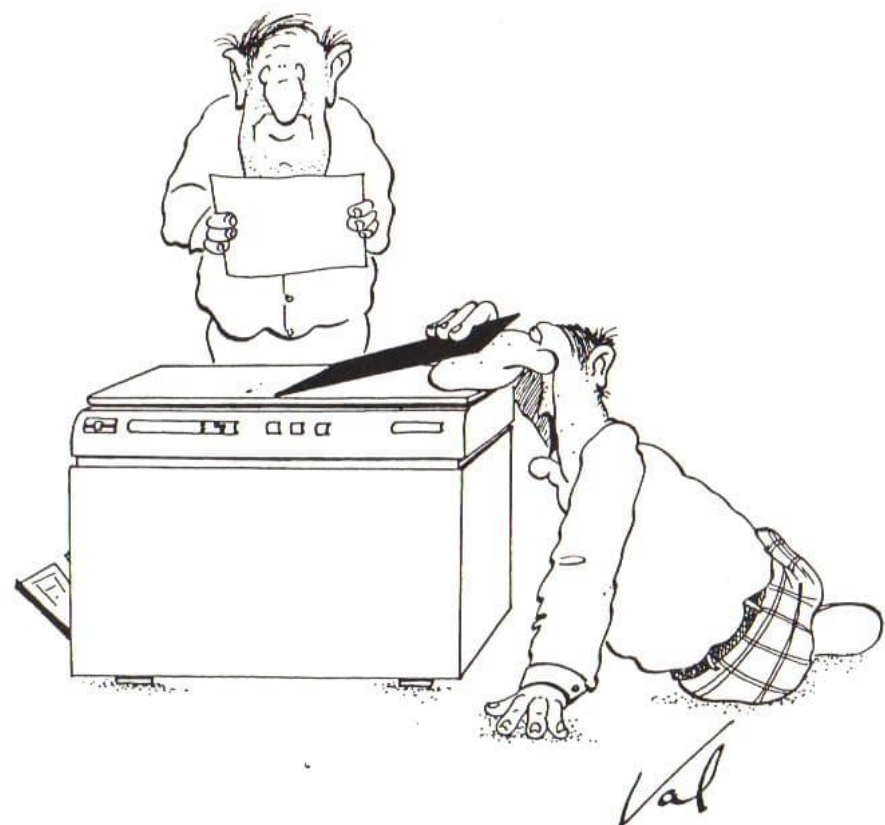
Better to use an intermediary. For Goldsmith, great athletes had a certain aura which placed them beyond human foibles. They were like angels in short pants. He was no sycophant — Lord knows he'd stuck it up some big names in his time — but in the presence of an athlete in whom he could see a shining greatness, the old man was pathetic. Ray Dittman had recognised this quality (Ray thought of it as a quality) a long time ago when Sir John Goldsmith became his mentor. Now that he was family, Ray knew he could do no wrong in the old man's eyes. Well, good luck to him, thought Harry Hillsden. It won't be Ray's fault if he breaks the old bastard's heart and brings his television network to its knees.

Communications Limited was the most successful television network in Australia because Sir John's personal interests happened to coincide with those of Middle Australia. When he took off his club tie and relaxed, John Goldsmith liked nothing better than to phone in a few bets, watch the game on the box and put away a few tinnies. After a rough day at the office he would put his feet up and watch the soapies, frequently nodding off before the complex plot of *Young Country Doctors* reached any kind of resolution. This, then, was the basis of his ComLim empire — live sport and soap operas. With the former, no-one did better. The latter — well, no-one did as many.

Goldsmith had a favorite line for knocking back pay increases for his soapie stars. "Listen son," he'd say. "If it wasn't for me you'd still be flying around in a chopper forcing margarine down housewives' throats." Which was true. The normal progression for sporting superstars was from the field of play to the sports desk. This was the plan for Ray Dittman.

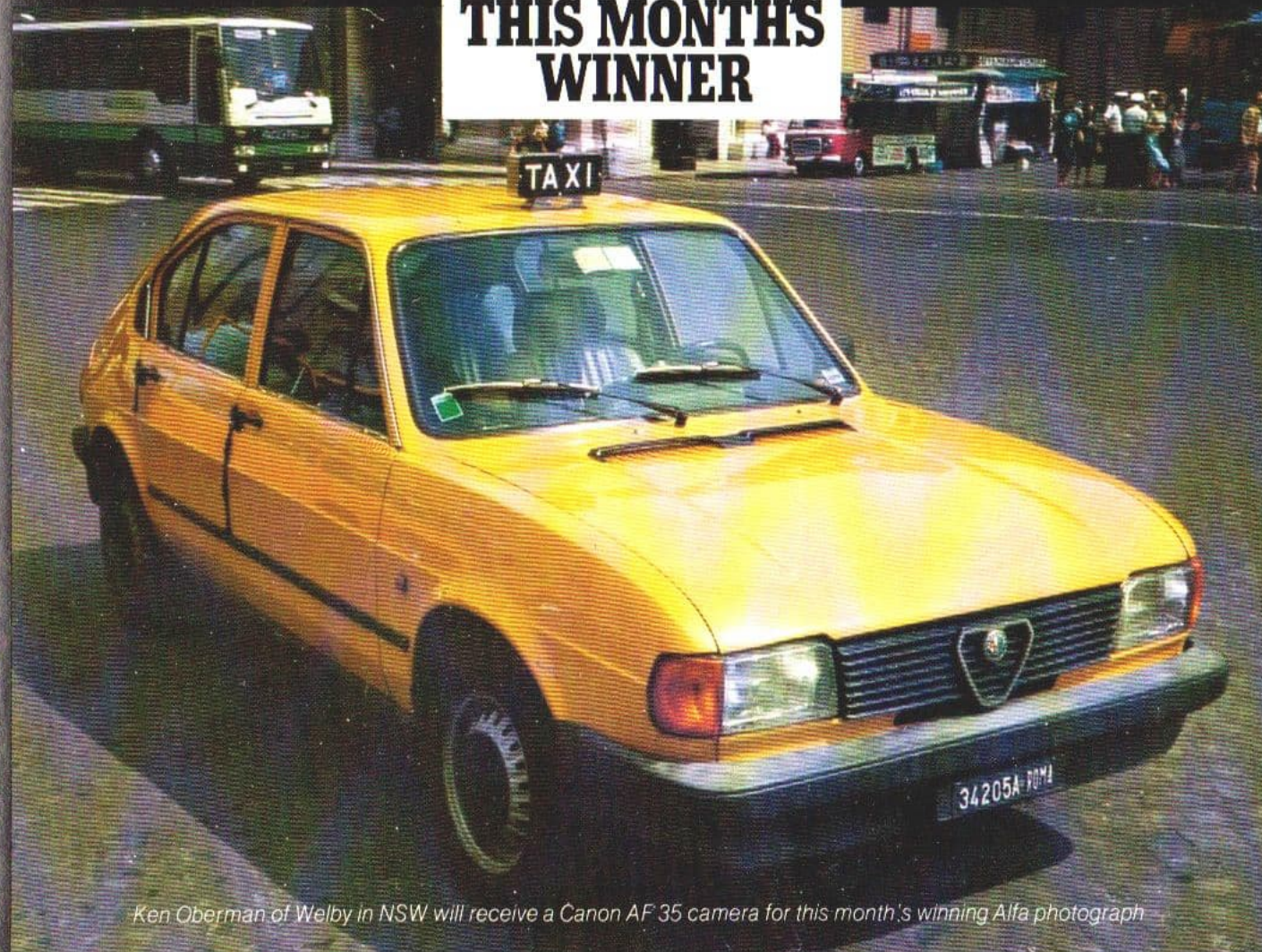
Goldsmith had paid more than \$10 million for the exclusive rights to broadcast the 23rd Olympiad in Los Angeles next northern summer and this momentous, historic event would be capped by the greatest spectacle American technology could provide as his son-in-law ran into the Los Angeles Coliseum to win Australia's first ever gold medal in the marathon. At that moment ComLim would break new ground in television. Five million Australians would be watching — part of an estimated two and a half billion worldwide — and Ray Dittman would be a hero beyond comparison.

ComLim's major advertisers, who had already committed themselves to multi-million dollar budgets on the strength of this extravaganza, would kill to have Ray endorse their products, to actually produce that can of dog food or car polish from behind his ComLim sports desk and wink and give the crap his heavenly seal of approval. Ray would be God Of Sport, a commercial property like no other. More importantly, the old man felt, Ray would be God, and part of his family. 



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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be accompanied by the official entry form, which can be found only in *Australian Penthouse* Magazine. No facsimiles will be accepted.

The prizes are not transferable or redeemable for cash. Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to both amateur and professional Australian photographers currently residing in Australia, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse*, Alfa Romeo Australia and Canon Australia.

The competition coupon will be published in June, July and August *Penthouse*. Six monthly winners will be chosen by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*. A selection of winning entries will be published in the magazine and the six monthly winners will each receive a Canon AF 35 camera.

A panel of judges comprising representatives from Alfa Romeo, Canon and *Penthouse* will select the final winning entry. The winner of the car's name will be published in the

October '84 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. The winner will also receive a collection of Canon photographic equipment, valued at over \$1000.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This contest is brought to you by Alfa Romeo Australia, Canon Australia and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

ENTRY COUPON NUMBER THREE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE ALFA ROMEO CANON PHOTO COMPETITION

Send your entry and the completed coupon to *Penthouse/Alfa Photo Competition*, *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. I hereby certify that the enclosed photograph/s were taken by me personally and I agree to abide by the judges' decision.

Signed: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____



WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO...

Like any rare species, Christianna Henderson can't be easily classified. Though she's an only child, she isn't spoiled; though a stunning beauty, she swears she was once a homely bookworm who didn't go out with boys until she was 18. And despite some early successes as an actress and model, she'd just as soon write and take photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



"In a way I've got a split personality. I'm usually level-headed and cautious, but sometimes I'll be daring and impulsive. My parents taught me that the only real failure is not to do your best. You'll never catch me making that mistake," says Christianna.





Currently she fortifies her rather fragile income from modelling and acting by working as a waitress, and also by taking portfolio pictures for other young models, charging them a nominal fee.



"It's good practice," explains this generous free spirit. As an aspiring photo-journalist, however, she sometimes finds that her remarkable physical attributes tend to work against her.





"Some people wrongly assume that pretty, sexy girls just can't be smart or talented. But I'm living proof that you can be lots of things at once..."

○+■



Australian Penthouse is back among the roar of the engines and the smell of spent rubber. A partnership has been forged with Mitsubishi Motors Australia for a program of production car racing throughout 1984.

Our track weapon is the elegant Mitsubishi flagship, the Starion Turbo. Our drivers . . . racing legend Kevin Bartlett, and Penthouse's own Peter McKay.

The team drivers are collectively tackling the two biggest production car series held this year. Dual Gold Star champ and 1973 Hardie 1000 winner Bartlett is chasing glory in the Australian Super Series '84, a rich six-race tri-state pointscore which began in late April.

McKay's battlefield is Sydney's Amaroo Park raceway and the final three rounds of the popular Stallions Stable/Goodyear Series. The Penthouse motoring editor will also race the Starion in selected events.

Production car racing — or Group E as it is known in motor sporting terminology — has re-established itself as one of the boom categories of the Eighties. Group E is based on showroom-standard cars, and only minimal modifications are allowed. Modifications may only be made to exhaust systems, brake pads and shock absorbers, along with the addition of safety items such as roll-cages and harnesses. Mass-produced treaded radial tyres are mandatory. So the performance of a Group E racer certainly relates to that of a car purchased by a private motorist. Which is why Mitsubishi is back in racing — it realises it has a fine motor car in the Starion but that it has been eclipsed in the market-place by lesser vehicles.

Such is the standard of the competition in the Super Series '84 that Bartlett doesn't expect to win all the time, and maybe not at all. But the widely-admired,

cavalier KB will be giving Mitsubishi a flamboyant, racy image not obvious for more than a decade.

McKay's active role underlines Penthouse's committed policy of direct involvement rather than arm's length sponsorship of race drivers or teams. He takes his motor racing very seriously — witness his successes in the Penthouse Nissan 280ZX during the 1982 season.

The Bartlett/McKay Starion Turbo introduces a new name to Australian motor racing . . . Ralliart. It's the official tag given to Mitsubishi's global motor sport arm. The Ralliart name and colors are familiar to race and rally followers in Japan and Europe. Ralliart finally made it here when Mitsubishi Australia took the decision to move back into motor racing with Bartlett. There's no missing the distinctive white number 66 Starion with black, red and silver diagonals. 

BARTLETT BOUNCES BACK

Penthouse is racing through 1984 with Kevin Bartlett and Mitsubishi

BY PETER MCKAY

Kevin Bartlett's 1982 James Hardie 1000 came to an abrupt end on lap 28, leaving him with more than a bent racecar.

For when that rear tyre deflated and launched the big, blue Nine Sports Chevy Camaro up a concrete retaining wall and on to its back amidst a shower of sparks, there were deeper ramifications for the veteran race pro. That very moment ended the already slim chance he had of extending a sponsorship deal with media giant Kerry Packer.

Packer's financial support of Bartlett had already run a couple of years beyond the original 12 months agreed upon. But there was always hope that the speed-loving Packer might give the nod to another year if KB managed to pull off a victory in front of the Channel Seven

PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO



BARTLETT

cameras at Bathurst.

The rollover, captured for posterity by the Seven cameras, sunk the chances of more Nine money. The Packer deal, clinched three years earlier with nothing more than a handshake, had run its course.

Bartlett, reliant on a living from motor racing since he gave up his job as a motor mechanic in 1959, was down one meal ticket. His race budget was dry and his workshop was full of bent and busted metal. It was not a career high point for a driver who, in a tempestuous 25-year love affair with racing, had been feted across several continents and who'd rattled up a fine record in the USA, Asia, New Zealand and at home.

There were Australian Drivers' Championships in '68 and '69, the triumph of the Macau Grand Prix in 1969, and his memorable drive in the '74 Bathurst classic, when he downed crutches to manhandle a big Falcon to victory on a perilous, rain-sodden track. But fond memories and tarnished old trophies don't satisfy the debt collectors. And, moreover, they don't attract legions of potential backers to the workshop door. Most of our leading race drivers have sometime during their careers felt the sharp pain of sponsors' elbows, and Kevin Bartlett joined the long list.

As the bruising, unhappy and forgettable year of 1982 ran its course, Bartlett had plenty of time for career contemplation. While he repaired the superficially-

damaged Camaro, Kevin opted to make 1983 a season of consolidation, and looked to big things for '84. Phasing back for 12 months had its risks; in a sport where hundredths of a second can be the difference between winning and losing, a year is an eternity. Drivers can go from hero to zero while they're still wondering where the fans and the sponsorship money went. Retirement from racing, a viable option to others with less enthusiasm and not the same commitment to the sport, wasn't even considered.

The old warhorse had been down before. Many of his contemplative moments had come stretched out on a hospital bed. Bartlett has had the Two Big Ones . . . painful ones. The first came in 1974 at Pukekohe in New Zealand when his Lola T330 blew a tyre and crunched the railing at better than 200 km/h. That one gained KB entry to the "Lola Limp Club", motor racing's irreverent band of warriors who've knocked themselves about driving that marque. Because of that unfortunate episode, he wears a plastic hip and cracks jokes about being a "Tupperware Man." Bartlett also had a lengthy convalescence in '79 (and missed out racing at Bathurst) after a vicious wipeout at Melbourne's Sandown circuit.

So losing fairy godfather Kerry Packer, though unfortunate, was just another setback to overcome. And Bartlett had very good reasons to get his racing act back together again. He'd heard whispers that the rule-makers at the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport were looking closely at adopting an international touring car formula known as Group A.

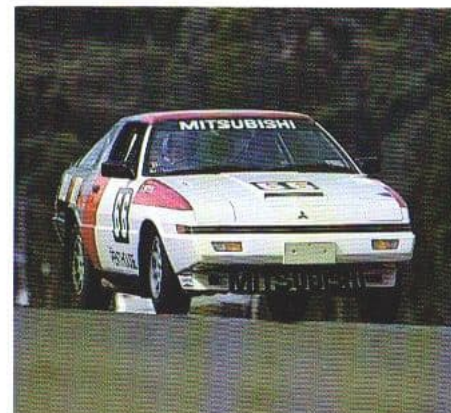
Already off and running in many European countries, the mildly-modified Group A cars, if introduced here, would supplant the existing Bathurst-type hot-rods.

After lengthy investigations and an extended fact-finding mission to Hong Kong and Japan, Bartlett duly became a Group A missionary. To a driver with international contracts and experience, the advantages of joining the Group A throng stood out like the Reverend Jesse Jackson at a Klan meet. He could race his car in Australia, in New Zealand, in Asia, and in Europe — the same car, to the same regulations.

Bartlett led the cheer squad when CAMS, against some opposition from people such as Peter Brock and Dick Johnson and other drivers who preferred to stick with the devil they knew, made the decision to adopt Group A rules commencing January 1, 1985.

Bartlett is also pumped up about proposals to conduct an inaugural World Touring Car Championship starting in 1985 or '86. "Australia could host rounds of the title, and our drivers will be able to use their own cars to contest any of the races . . . here and overseas," says Bartlett, who clearly has plans to do just that.

"Australian touring car racing has been so insular, with crazy local rules that are completely out of kilter with the rest of the world. Sure it's only a small dung heap here, but not everyone wants to be a big fish in a little pond. Some like to try themselves against the best in the world, and soon the opportunity could exist for an ambitious local driver to chase international touring car success.



"As well, the local touring car rules have been meddled with at least twice a year — and they've traditionally favored the Holdens. Racing should improve the breed. It says something that Australia's most successful touring car, the Holden Commodore, is hardly a monument to advanced design. The Commodore uses an antiquated pushrod V8 based on a design straight out of the Thirties.

"Touring car racing should showcase the technology of the day . . . like the mind-boggling engineering coming out of Europe and Japan."

Early last year, when he took the decision to move towards a Group A program, two pieces were missing from Bartlett's jigsaw. The big pieces: the racecar, and the money to buy and run it. Enter a well-heeled Hong Kong businessman, L.C. Kwan. Bartlett and Kwan knew one another from the old days when KB was a regular on the South-East Asian circuit. And, to put bread on the sideboard in the lean days of 1983, Bartlett spent more than four months running Kwan's workshop in Honkers. Kwan and Bartlett often discussed the global Group A tidal wave that was about to hit the Pacific basin. Kwan wanted in and asked Bartlett to suss out a competitive car, and then go away and prepare it for a major race scheduled for November '84 in Macau. The bills would be paid by Kwan's performance-car company, Equipe 66.

So Bartlett now had the wherewithal, but still faced the Russian roulette-like process of choosing a weapon. He couldn't rely on current form guides in European Group A touring car racing because the

pecking order could change by 1985.

"I didn't dismiss any brand or any model. I looked at them all," declares Bartlett.

"And I was looking to involve myself directly with a car maker; the closer a driver can align himself with a factory, the better his chances are of getting and staying competitive."

Initially, a Maserati Biturbo appealed. Technically, at least, it looked the goods. But the Maserati factory wouldn't play ball, refusing to seek homologation (approval) for Group A racing. Dismayed but not disheartened, Bartlett slipped across to Japan in June to talk with the competition departments at Nissan, Toyota and Mitsubishi and to check on new products that might alter the status quo in international touring car racing. In Japan Bartlett managed to develop a handy bank of data. A picture was forming . . .

Back in Sydney, Bartlett continued his relentless search for the right car. Approaches were made to the Nissan and BMW factory teams for information concerning possible post-'84 track machinery. And then Bartlett borrowed examples of the Nissan Bluebird, Toyota Celica and Mitsubishi Starion, not to track test but to study in respect of their Group A application. He investigated their weight reduction possibilities, camber change rates, and space under the fenders.

Showing incalculable optimism, Bartlett initiated talks with Mitsubishi Motors Australia. Based in Adelaide and the most conservative of the local car makers, Mitsubishi's attitude to motor sport certainly could not have provoked Bartlett into thinking positively. For in 1973, after a chequered four-year factory involvement in racing, the company (then Chrysler Australia) had abandoned the tracks and in the intervening years had often re-affirmed its hardline policy.

But there were sympathetic ears within Mitsubishi and Bartlett's grand record helped him get a hearing. His timing wasn't bad either. Mitsubishi was having a tough period in the marketplace and some of the company free-thinkers were promoting the idea of a radical marketing switch to stimulate interest in the range. Motor racing was a quick though sometimes expensive route to a bold and aggressive image. There were those who'd not forgotten the old marketing adage: win on Sunday, sell on Monday. The chiefs paused long enough to listen. And so, at Mitsubishi Australia's headquarters, the decision-makers divided themselves into two distinct camps — those for and those against the company re-entering motor racing.

There were lots of telexes and phone calls between Sydney, Adelaide and Tokyo. And lots of proposals and counter-proposals, lots of discussions with engineers, round-tables with advertising and marketing execs . . . but nothing concrete.

Both sides kept open their options.

In August, Bartlett again headed off to Japan — his third visit for the year. He was after something conclusive. In his favor was the rapport with the guys at Mitsubishi's Research and Development Department, many of whom he had raced against in Asia in the late Sixties. By the time he had climbed on the plane out of Tokyo, KB had decided the Starion was the car most likely; the closest to the Maserati Biturbo in terms of power-to-weight ratio, wheelbase and track measurements.

"I'm not saying it's a foregone conclusion that the Starion is going to win," says Bartlett. "But because of the rule structure neither is any other car."

"Mitsubishi can help me get around most of the problems . . . a factory connection is a big help although it isn't imperative for success."

Mitsubishi hasn't yet made a decision on whether to support Bartlett's international touring car plans. But back in April there was the encouraging landmark Mitsubishi Motors Australia decision to re-enter local racing, supporting Kev with a full-blooded assault on Super Series '84, our premier pointscore for showroom production cars. This campaign, using a Starion Turbo carrying Ralliant and Penthouse banners, is seen as a typically cautious Mitsubishi toe-dipper. If this exploratory exercise is a marketing success — maybe, just maybe — a bigger Group A touring car triangular involvement (Bartlett, Tokyo, Adelaide) will follow.

Bartlett's Group A Starion will happen anyway, with or without Mitsubishi's direct help. Mr Kwan's Hong Kong dollars will see to that.

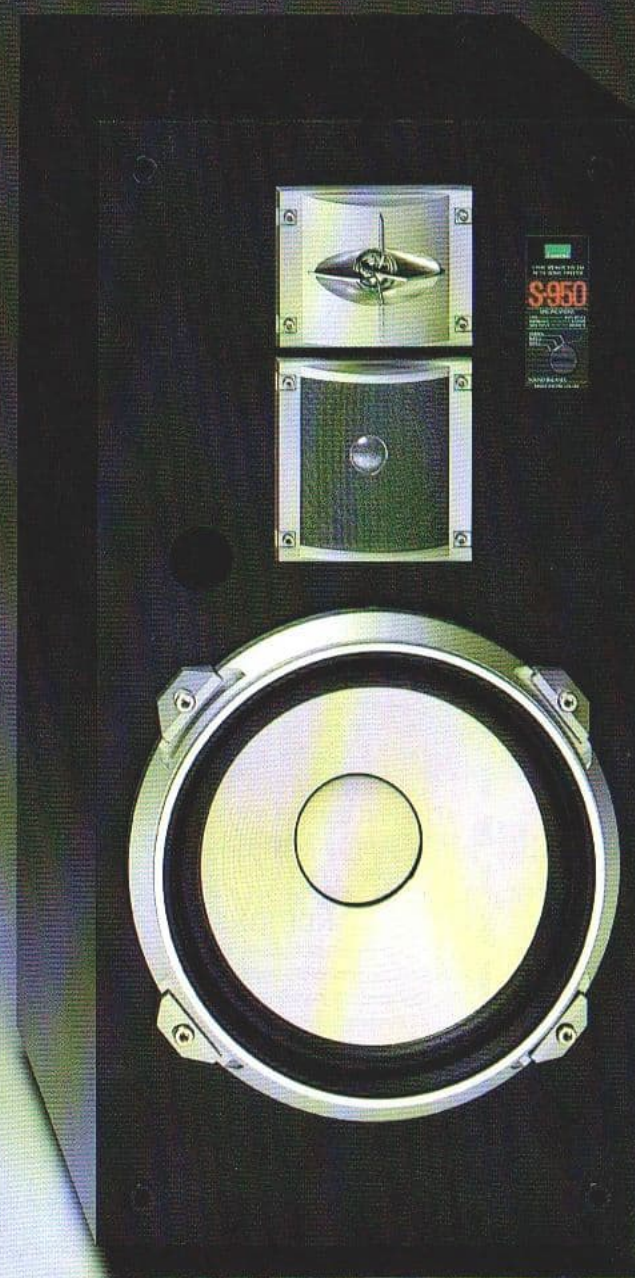
Meanwhile, KB has the six races of Super Series '84 to convince Mitsubishi Australia it should be boots 'n' all in big-time motor racing. Make that Group A touring car racing.

Regardless, it's been a remarkable turn in fortunes for the man who last season was a race driver without portfolio. Now he has two race cars, a heartening factory connection (with prospects of greater Mitsubishi involvement), and a full 1984 race diary. 

RACE DIARY

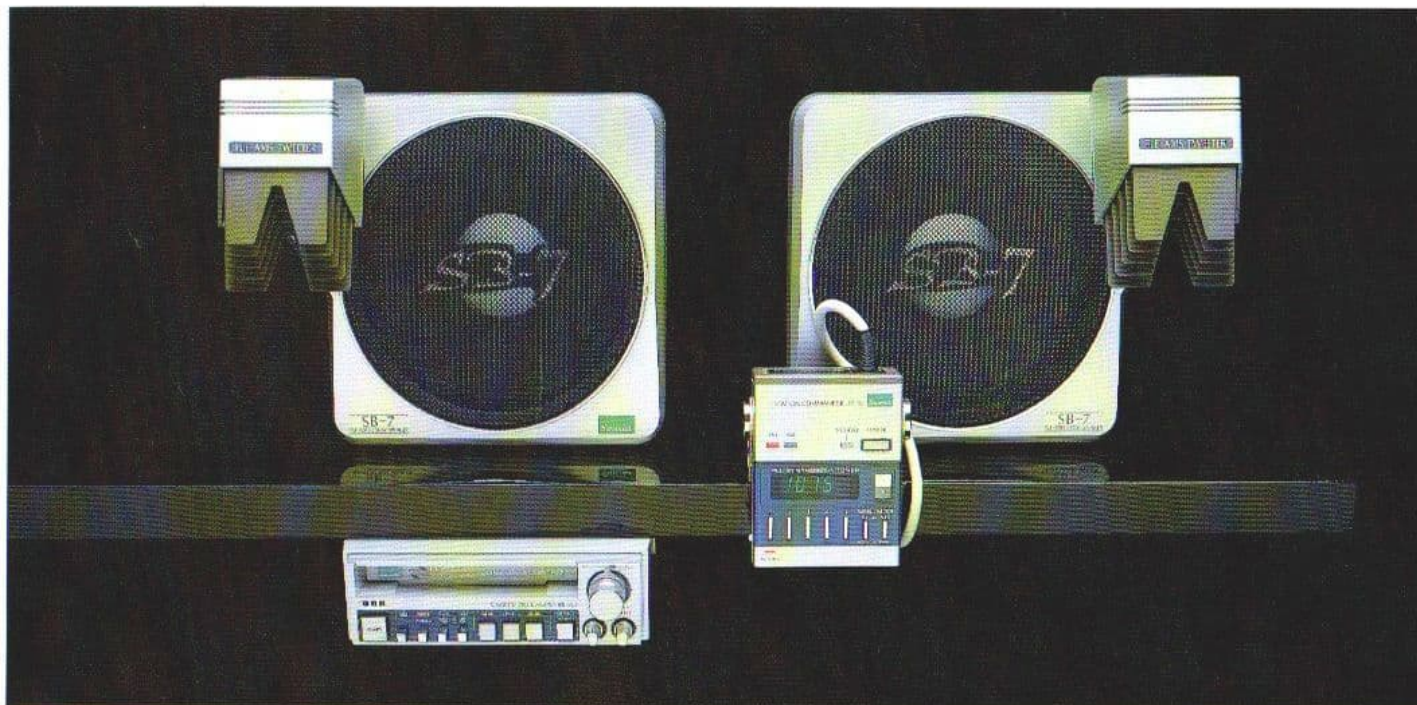
- July 1: Adelaide, Super Series
- July 8: Amaroo, Super Series Stallions Stable/Goodyear Series
- July 29: Calder, Super Series
- August 5: Amaroo, Stallions Stable/Goodyear Series
- September 9: Sandown, Castrol 400 meeting
- November 11: Calder, Australian Grand Prix meeting
- November 25: Adelaide Australian Endurance Championship meeting

SANSUI HI-FI
COMPETITION



WIN A COMPLETE SOUND SYSTEM!

This month's competition prize is one for everybody. It's the complete audio hi-fi package, for the home *and* for the car, from the Sansui company — a name synonymous with futuristic technology, superb performance and reliability. The home hi-fi system, featuring individual componentry including a tuner, graphic equaliser, amplifier, cassette deck, turntable, speakers and cabinet, is valued at \$2623. The car audio system, which includes an amplifier/cassette deck, speakers and quartz synthesiser tuner with remote "Station Commander", is valued at \$897. For your chance to outfit both the lounge room and the dashboard with the finest in Sansui audio technology, simply turn the page, answer the three questions on the coupon and send in your entry. The result could be music to your ears. ▶



The Sansui company has built its reputation on advanced amplifier and tuner technology. The outstanding feature of the Sansui AU-D33 50 Watt x 50 Watt integrated amplifier is Super Feedforward, a unique development which eliminates harmonic, TIM and every other form of amplifier distortion. The result is perfectly clear, lifelike sound. The Sansui TU-S33 stereo tuner is the perfect match in both performance and styling for the Super Feedforward amplifier. It features servo-lock tuning, low-noise floating circuit, "just tuned" indicator, FM noise canceller, AM loop antenna, and muting/mode switch for effortless tuning.

Sansui's D-290 tape deck is top deck — a two-head, two-motor system with full logic. Aligned with an RG-707 graphic equaliser consolette, it produces remark-

able sound clarity. The seven-band equaliser with built-in reverberation allows the user to compensate for less-than-perfect acoustic conditions and "shape" the music to taste.

The Sansui 110 Watt S-950 speakers are equipped to handle the wide dynamic range offered by the state-of-the-art amplification system. Big sound for big occasions. A direct-drive turntable and attractive glass-fronted cabinet complete this fantastic home hi-fi package.

The Sansui company is a late entry into the car stereo battleground and it's out to revolutionise the field by introducing a complete range of modular systems with a new twist: remote control. The ST-7 tuner, with touch-selectable presets for five FM and five AM stations and digital frequency readout on fluorescent display, comes

complete with a palm-sized control unit — the "Station Commander" — which eliminates the danger of taking your eyes off the road. The quartz synthesiser circuitry within the tuner puts an end to the perennial problem of stations drift, resulting in perfect sound always.

The SY-7 compact all-in-one tape deck/amplifier with auto reverse, Dolby NR and metal tape compatibility pumps out 20 Watts per channel and the sound quality places it well within the standard of genuine home high fidelity. The SB-7 60 Watt speakers feature a "Fle-axis" acoustic equaliser to broaden the tweeter's stereo field, and a high-energy strontium magnet on the woofer for dynamic and powerful bass. The Sansui car stereo system is as near as you can get to a lounge room full of hi-fi equipment packed into your dashboard.

To be in the running for this fabulous prize, all you need do is answer the three questions on the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and send your entry in. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the Sansui home and car audio hi-fi systems.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry and participation must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely open to all Australian residents other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and Sansui Electronics Ltd and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, July 13, 1984. The winner will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Sansui Electronics Ltd and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

Clip and send this completed coupon to "Sansui Hi-Fi Competition," *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceeding copy. Only one entry per person is allowed.

1. What is the outstanding feature of the Sansui AU-D33 amplifier?

2. Name one feature of the Sansui TU-S33 tuner.

3. What is the name of the palm-sized control unit in the Sansui car stereo system?

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

Permit No. TC84/865. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Unions Act



Specifications vary by model. Consult your Toyota Dealer for details.

New Toyota HiLux 4WD. Xtra luxury. Xtra style. Xtra vision. Xtra performance. And now new Xtra Cab.

Toyota announces a new HiLux 4WD range starring the all new Xtra Cab model.

The Xtra Cab provides extra storage space behind the seats plus more room for seat adjustment than ever before.

The new wedge-shaped Superview bonnet provides outstanding forward vision so it's easier to guide HiLux over rough stretches.

The suspension has been redesigned at the rear to incorporate bias mounted shock absorbers that give a smoother ride and improve stability and handling needed in a 4WD.

In the new HiLux Xtra Cab model get the feeling of Toyota's new 2 litre Super Responsive Petrol engine for excellent performance and economy.

The Standard Cab models are also available with new 2.4 litre diesel power.



All new Toyota HiLux 4x4 Xtra Cab

The new lightweight alloy five-speed gearbox, standard on all HiLux 4WD models, gives improved cruising performance and is easy to maintain.

Standard features on all new HiLux 4WD

models include front free wheeling hubs and tilt steering wheel.

For extra luxury consider the LE model, which includes AM/FM radio cassette, power steering, electric aerial, clinometer, altimeter and moon roof.

See the exciting new HiLux 4WD at your authorized Toyota Dealer today.

All new Toyota HiLux 4WD.

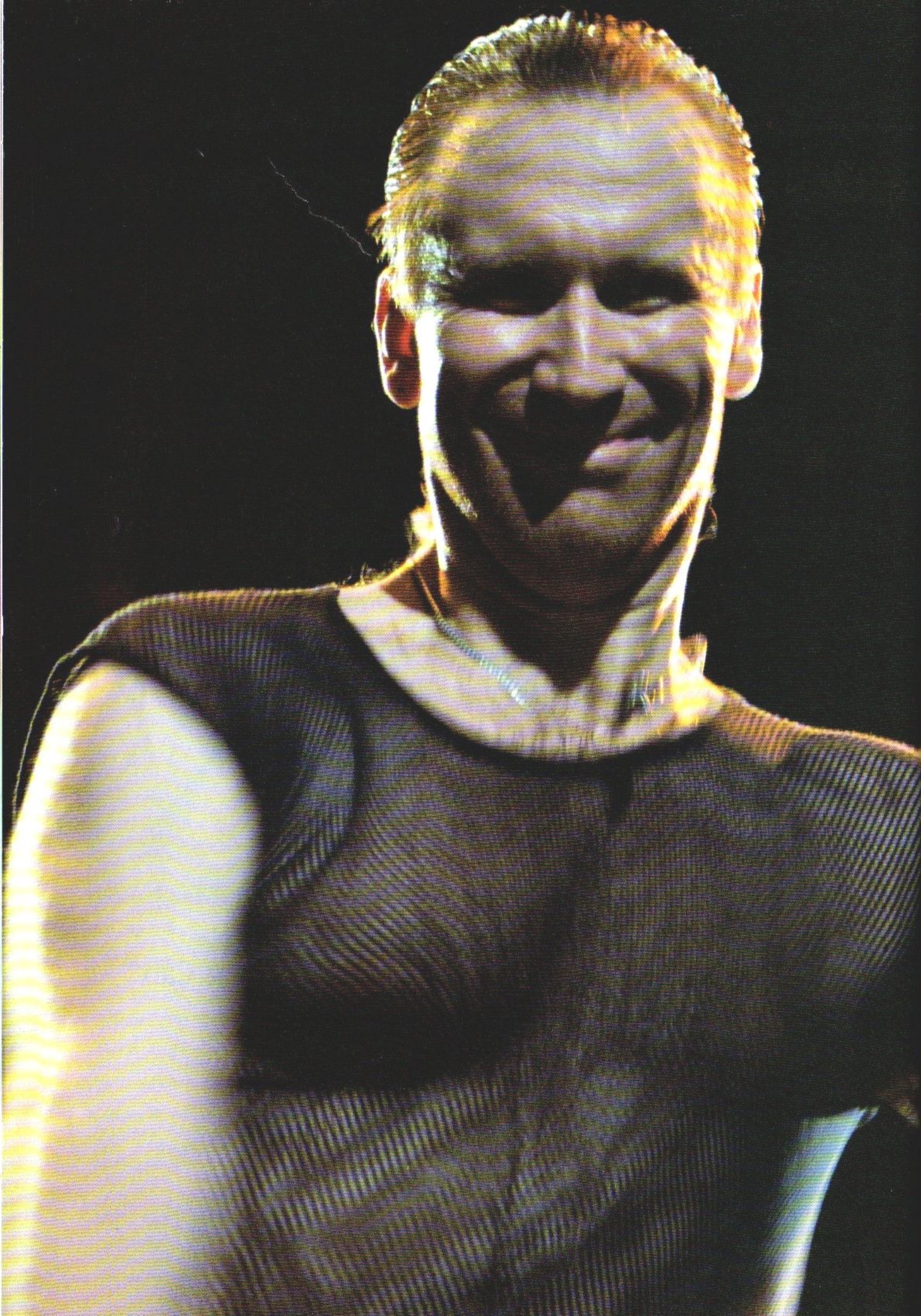
It gives you the feeling that somebody did it right.

Again!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

COLIN HAY

If someone wrote a story — the Men At Work story — and did say exactly what happens, no-one would believe it

The Men At Work saga is the stuff of which dreams — or TV sitcoms are made. The story starts back in the Seventies when a young guy called Colin Hay decided to get serious and form a band. Colin's idea of "serious" is fairly unusual. One day he was looking at a team of road workers. "You see it on every road in Australia — nine or 10 guys, one doing something, nine doing nothing. I thought that's not a bad way to make a quid — so we called ourselves Men At Work."

According to Colin, the first time the name went up on the blackboard outside the Cricketer's Arms in Melbourne, a laborer came in and applied for the job. That was back in '78, and Men At Work was just Colin and fellow guitarist Ron Strykert. But gradually the Men became five-piece. Drummer Jerry Speiser sat in for a few sessions and stayed; John Rees ended up on bass and Greg Ham was a permanent part-time member while he completed a Music degree. The outfit even had a manager, Russell Deppeler, a friend of Colin's from uni days.

The Men were not exactly formed with world domination in mind. Colin Hay's initial objective was to find someone he could make music with: "I was frustrated at not having found someone I could spark off, and who could spark off me. It was a big moment for me when I finally found Ronno; after that it was a process of people coming along and finding they fitted in. It's been one long stumbling process really."

The Men were never the hottest new thing on Melbourne's music scene. The music press didn't greet them as the saviors of rock 'n' roll, and record company A&R (Artists and Repertoire) managers didn't come a-running with open cheque books. But their crowds were sizeable; their original material was applauded and they had a few firm fans. One was a young man named Michael Ware who actually worked for CBS, but not, unfortunately, in the A&R department. But his efforts on behalf of the Men are now legend. He turned up to sales rep meetings dressed in overalls and carrying a ladder (a Man At Work) and glued his managing director's telephone headset to the base, saying it wouldn't come unstuck till the Men had a recording contract.

The men did sign with CBS, but by then Ware had left the company. Peter Carpin, then head of A&R in the Sydney office, was the man who signed the Men. And American record producer Peter Mclan, who'd come to Australia for another project entirely, was pressed into service to record a first single — "Who Can It Be Now?"

The rest, as they always say in hindsight, is history. "Who Can It Be Now?" matched its relatively low recording budget with a low budget (but highly creative) video clip and went on to become a Number One around the nation. (The clip makers, Tony Stevens and John Whitteron, had known the Men from

their earliest days. They have since collaborated with the band on all the Men's film clips.)

Then came "Down Under", which shot to the top in just six weeks, and stayed there even longer. The first album, *Business As Usual*, became the highest selling Australian-made album of all time, overhauling the five platinum albums notched up by Skyhooks' *Living In The 70s*. (Platinum in Australia means sales of 70,000.)

But of course, the Men would never do it anywhere else in the world. They didn't have an "international" sound like, say, Little River Band or AC/DC. Like Skyhooks, they would remain strictly a local phenomenon.

And then, strange things started happening. "Who Can It Be Now?" and "Down Under" went Top of the Pops in Israel, then Iceland, followed by Scandinavia as a whole, then the rest of the Continent, and lastly Canada. England passed the first time round, and so did America. In fact, the Men couldn't even get released in the USA.

The story goes that Peter Carpin heaved CBS vice-president Dick Asher so relentlessly that the American company finally gave in and threw the album on to the market place. And there it might have languished except for two vital factors: the band hired independent publicist Evan Hosie to plug the record to American radio stations, and MTV, the 24-hour rock TV cable service, was just starting to make waves throughout the US. MTV put the Men's clips on high rotation and the bandwagon really started rolling. "You could actually see a direct correlation between sales of Men At Work records and the areas where MTV was operating," says Mclan. The clips were also shown before screenings of *ET*, and that didn't hurt either.

Region by region, state by state, the Men's sales and chart positions built towards the critical point at which regional success explodes into a national phenomenon. By the end of 1982, *Business As Usual* had become America's biggest selling album of the year (4 million copies) and "Who Can It Be Now?" and "Down Under" had topped the singles charts. "Down Under" in fact stayed at the top for 15 weeks, breaking a record for debut artists that previously was held by The Monkees. Unlike the Monkees, the Men wrote and played all their own songs, made their own TV clips and pushed their own worth to an initially disbelieving industry.

The second album *Cargo* was a near repeat of the success of the first. "Overkill" and "It's A Mistake" were the standout singles. 1983 also saw the Men on the road for a seven-month world tour. 1984 has brought their first extended holiday in three years — a six-month break before gearing up for their next recording session and tour. During the break, Colin Hay sat down with Anthony O'Grady for this interview covering his and the band's story to date.

PHOTOS BY MIKI KOMATSU

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: What was your first musical experience?

Hay: I was brought up in Ayrshire, which is on the south-west coast of Scotland. My father had a music shop there from when I was four years old, until I came to Australia, which was when I was 14. He was also a piano tuner, so my mother used to look after the shop most of the time. So I grew up in a musical environment. There were pianos and drums, guitars and banjos, and amplifiers and stuff everywhere. I tried the piano but I just couldn't relate to it really; I tried the recorder and gave it up because the teacher caught me looking down her breasts one day. I got so embarrassed I didn't go back.

Penthouse: How old were you then?

Hay: About 10 or 11. But she hated me. Mrs McDougall, I think her name was, and she always said I was a dirty little Foreigner. It was just a perfectly innocent little perv, you know. So that's how I came to take up guitar. I just kept on banging away on it because it was relatively easy to get something that sounded okay. I could actually play a Beatles' song on the guitar and I could sing sort of in tune. Then I got some lessons from this girl I was totally in love with. I was about 12 or 13 and she was an older woman — she was 16 or 17 — and a woman of the world. She taught me some Bob Dylan songs and "House of the Rising Sun."

Penthouse: And when did you join your first rock band?

Hay: When I came to Australia I played in a garage band and I used to listen to soul music — Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding, that sort of stuff. The reason I started singing was that the singer in this garage band was no good, and so we kicked him out. And then I discovered I could sing. But I blew it when I was 19. I came to Sydney to see if I could make it, and I got in with the "wrong" people, some junkies and whores, because I was young and green and didn't know anything. Still don't know that much either. I started singing in bar bands and pick-up bands for the clubs in the Cross. That was at the time Vietnam was on, and Sydney was an R and R centre. There were clubs everywhere and they all had rock bands, but there weren't many singers. They were the days when you'd go to an agency and say 'I'm a singer, and they'd take your name and pretty soon someone would come around and say they wanted to form a band. You'd get a couple of gigs and make 10 or 20 bucks. Then someone would get busted for smack, or would just disappear. Or I'd go — just leave.

Penthouse: When you say "you blew it",

do you mean you got involved in the drug culture of that time?

Hay: Hmm. No. I mean I fucked my throat for a while — I blew being able to sing. Because during that period I was discovering things like alcohol. I had never been a big drinker; I never used to like alcohol, you know. But when I was 19 I started on all those sort of things — Mandrax especially was really big in Sydney then. I can remember getting drunk when I sang and I lost my falsetto during that period. I could sing really high, you know, way above what I can do now. But due to the straining I just lost it.

Penthouse: But obviously that didn't end your singing career.

Hay: No, but it took years of practice to set things right again. Especially the high notes. I can get up there now, but it's not falsetto; it's all chest registers. It's funny because there are notes on

“
Touring is
like a perpetual
John Wayne movie —
the part where they're
shooting the stampede
sequence
”

the second album I couldn't get on the first album. And there are notes on the second album that were just a strain, an incredible strain. But I could get them easily by the end of the tour because I'd done them every night and because I was singing properly by then. Alcohol is like a form of anaesthetic because you don't feel things while you're affected by it. If you bump yourself you don't feel it and it's the same thing internally. When you drink, it anaesthetises your throat and you can do stuff and not feel anything, but it tears things in there.

Penthouse: Some singers claim constant touring takes an inevitable toll on the vocal chords. You're saying it's had the opposite effect?

Hay: Yes. But only because I've learnt to sing properly. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have any sort of voice by now.

Penthouse: How about some of the other effects of touring — the mental dislocation in particular?

Hay: Touring is like a perpetual John Wayne movie — the part where they're shooting the stampede sequence. You

feel you're constantly scrambling and getting scrambled. I mean, you make sense of a lot of things, but you really do get into a lot of strange "time-warps" — especially when you go from Japan to London. And in all the different European countries you're thinking, "Is it Denmark or Sweden, and where's Gothenberg?" It tends to merge a bit. But it's the best way to do it really. The first tour I tried to know exactly what was going on. I thought: "You've got to stay in control." But the last time I made sure I didn't know where we were going, or when we were going to get there, because I figured that was the best way to deal with it. I knew I would eventually get there because someone had been employed to make sure of it. I didn't just go to sleep and take no notice, but I did concentrate on other things, like looking and walking around... and not concerning myself with all the fairly tedious details.

Penthouse: A bit like a Dice Man exercise?

Hay: Yeah, and Greg (Ham) would go through this whole routine of "Stop", "Wait", "Go", "Panic", if something uncomfortable was happening. I just don't worry about it because it will go away — it usually does. Eventually, you get to sleep.

Penthouse: Your adrenaline keeps pumping on for hours after the show anyway?

Hay: Yeah, even without all the other (bad) stuff that seems to keep most Americans happy. It's incredible; they'll just take anything, and all at once. "Take this, it'll knock you out, oh shit, back down again." Full circle in about half an hour.

Penthouse: A tour manager for the Rolling Stones once said that rock 'n' roll bands attract a certain type of male groupie — someone who'll dispense free drugs in return for rubbing shoulders with the elite of rock 'n' roll. Has this been the Men's experience?

Hay: Yeah. I just think it's funny. You get all these classic cases — you can spot them just like that. There's a guy who always wants to adopt you, look after you and there are guys who will come along and they've got anything you want... acid... anything. And they are usually very rich: guys about 21 or 22 with really rich parents. Intelligent people — just really fucking bored. It doesn't happen much, just in isolated cases really. But when we do run into those guys, they always have a similar feel about them, a style. They might wear a cream suit and be pretty hip. And they are never that pushy.

Penthouse: What effect did two and a half years of near constant touring have on your attitude to the songs you have to play night after night?

Hay: There are moments in shows that I always really like, but near the end of the last tour it really was a situation of trying to inject some sort of sense into the fact you've been doing the same songs for so long. And it's not a particularly satisfying experience, in an artistic or creative way. You'll do a song and not realise you've already done it. I'll be thinking about what I'm going to have to eat later. That's when it begins to not make much sense. You're going through the motions and there's not much you can do about it. But I feel really excited about playing, because I always have. I was up till 6.00am last night, playing acoustic guitar to a room full of people — playing songs people had never heard before. It was just great fun; I was on stage. In many ways, it was more exciting than a lot of the shows we'd done on tour.

Penthouse: "Give me a guitar and a place to sit and I'll play all night." It's an archetypal image for a musician.

Hay: I just love that image. It goes right back to Elvis Presley — and even further, to the first blues singers — just sitting down and knocking out a song and having a great time doing it. It's really adolescent, you know. And as you get further down the line it gets polluted by a lot of things; it gets screwed up and spat out. It gets bad. But if you can just hold on to that image it stays really strong. It stays thrilling and exciting and new, you know?

Penthouse: But while that continues to have a special appeal for you — what's happening on the other side? Have you thought about what makes Men At Work's music appealing to audiences?

Hay: Well, we're good, clean-cut, middle class boys. I think that comes through. I don't think there'd be any point in somebody who likes Black Sabbath coming to see us. They'd be bored — 'cos we don't do that dere.

Penthouse: You don't burn crucifixes.

Hay: But I really like heavy metal music. I don't know what it really is — it's just a name — but I think it's really funny. And I'm not laughing at the bands or the music because I think they're stupid; I just find it really amazing. It's so animated and so "comic book." It's a throwback to that heroic thing, whether it's a beautiful great big sword or that guitar. It's all that stuff, you know.

Penthouse: But what sort of person likes Men At Work?

Hay: It's quite broad. It ranges from young girls who think we're spunky, or they think that I look a bit mean or Greg is cute or whatever. They're about 13 or 14 and always race down the front. Towards the back the audience tends to get older. There is a definite safety to our music, even though I've never really thought about it in those terms. But it has feel; it has melody. It has a lot of

things that a lot of people, ranging from young to old, like, because there are a lot of people in the world who respond to melody. And our songs have strong melodies — they're memorable that way. Basically, I think that's what it comes down to. But in America, where they're very serious about their music, they expect to be able to group you into a category, or a sub-category. "What are you? What kind of band are you?" Which is always baffling to me — we're just a rock group, you know. I don't think we can take it much further than that.

Penthouse: Well, you've already taken it a long way beyond the achievements of any other Australian group. What effect has that had on the relationships within the band?

Hay: Well, that was the reason for the break of course — the six-month break after the last world tour. We're about

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bothers a lot
of people
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halfway through that now and I think it was needed... very much so. It happens with any group of people that are thrown together under such intense circumstances. Under any circumstances you're going to get on with certain people better than others; you can't avoid that. You have to recognise it and be sensible about it and just cope with other people's particular idiosyncracies. But the thing is, you don't really have to see anybody in the band, except when you do a sound check or the show. I spend a lot of time with my manager because he's my friend and I see Greg occasionally. I see Ron quite a lot as well — for one thing we used to live together for two years. And we still love playing guitar together. But, as a group, we needed a break from each other. It's as simple as that.

Penthouse: Towards the end of the last world tour, in late '83, the word was that one of the Men was definitely going to leave, and the name Greg Ham kept popping up.

Hay: I don't know how all that started. I think Greg did a radio interview in

America and the guy asked something stupid and Greg said: "No. We actually all hate each other and I'm leaving tomorrow," or something like that. Then I did an interview the next day and said the truth was that we all tried to leave *him*. It's just, I think, that people get really hard up for stories. And things get confused and misconstrued and right out of hand. No-one rang us to confirm it before it was in the papers.

Penthouse: How are you using the break? Are you using the time to prepare the Men's next album?

Hay: To a certain extent. Basically, I want to get a lot of things out of my head. Clear away the cobwebs and do some recording — just muck about by myself and work with some people I haven't had the chance to get together with for the past few years. I'd like to just cruise for a while. I'm in the fortunate position where I can do that, take a few months off. There's not many people who have that luxury.

Penthouse: A quick calculation, based on the number of albums the Men have sold around the world — around the eight million mark at this stage — puts you in the music millionaire bracket. Some guestimates put your personal worth somewhere between eight and 10 million dollars.

Hay: The cheques are in the mail, I believe. Things are just starting to happen now, because for the last year we've been trying to just organise ourselves on a world-wide level. Up till now it's been fairly chaotic. "We've got to get a lawyer." "Who will we get?" We've had to organise business affairs people in Los Angeles, a team of accountants in Melbourne. And whilst those things are happening there is no money flow. It's there, but we're not getting the benefit of it. At a worldwide level money is sent over to New York and they keep it for six months and make X amount of dollars interest and then it's sent to Australia and they keep it for six months. Eventually we get it — but it takes up to two years.

Penthouse: So how much would you be worth at this point?

Hay: Obviously there's lots of quids around but I tell you what, at this point I haven't got anything like a quarter million dollars. People think I'm worth 10 million bucks or something like that. I've got the house — but I still had to borrow money and say, "Yes, I've got a job." I had to get a loan of 50 grand or something to get my house. It struck me then — Colin Hay, multi-millionaire. You're a paper millionaire, and even when you know you've got a lot of money it doesn't seem real unless you can see it in your bank account. Until then you can't take that psychological step of realising you have it. You go out and spend \$500 on buying clothes and

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think: "That's a lot of money." And people go: "What are you talking about? It's like a piss in the ocean." But not in terms of the psychology of it, because I've never seen it. I will, but I haven't yet. **Penthouse:** That's the recording side of things. How about touring? Do the Men make a profit on the road?

Hay: We lost 150 grand on our last tour last year, or something like it. I don't know — it's all money. You just adapt. We chartered a plane and had a very ordered life and it was great. It was the only way we could endure touring for seven months. But it was a soft life compared to the way we'd done it before — hard eight-hour drives and then the show. It's a ridiculous thing to do, but so many bands have to do it and have been doing it for so long. If someone wrote a story — the Men At Work story, or any rock band story — and did say exactly what happens, no-one would believe it.

Penthouse: How about the pressures once you've had the first series of hits? Isn't that when the business side of making music really starts to intrude? **Hay:** The business side of it has never intruded on the process of how I write songs, or how I'm going to sing them. But it will upset you if you let it. If you sit down and start thinking, "I've got to write another song like 'Down Under'," you've already lost the most important battle. There's so many people, particularly in America, who are really desperate to write a hit record, or to capture and bottle the formula for it. But they can't discover it, because they're just playing and writing for other people in the American music industry.

Penthouse: The process in Australia is a lot different, wouldn't you say?

Hay: Certainly. Here the first thing is to play to people, and after you've got a strong enough following to survive, a record company will look at recording you.

Penthouse: You mentioned the song "Down Under"; undoubtedly it's been the Men's most successful song on the world charts. But more than that it's become Australia's "unofficial" national anthem. What was your reaction when it was used as a victory march during the America's Cup campaign?

Hay: We didn't know anything about that. We got all the news coverage but we didn't know they were using "Down Under" until Australia won the cup. And people seemed to equate that success with our success — it seemed to go hand in hand.

Penthouse: In your wildest dreams, did you ever think that "Down Under" would become the anthem for an up-

surge of nationalistic fervor?

Hay: Yeah. I know it's odd — it started out as a silly little ditty; probably the closest thing we'd ever done to a novelty song. Well, what I find if I go out to a club after a show, which is sometimes, not often, is that the DJ will always play "Down Under." They play it twice or three times. It's a song that won't die. We've put a contract out on it, but it won't give up. We've never gone overseas waving any flags because, I mean, I was born and brought up in Scotland. I lived in Scotland for 14 years; I came to Australia as an import, as an immigrant, you know. I'm not a naturalised Australian; I've still got a British passport. And that bothers a lot of people — the fact that I haven't become a naturalised Australian. They think I should have by now, but I just don't see it as being very important.

Penthouse: Who in particular has

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regarded it as being important, maybe even unpatriotic?

Hay: The best thing ever was when I came back after the last world tour and the Customs guy, who was letting me through, goes: "I'm disgusted. Here I am all along thinking you're a bloody good Australian and you come from over there. You're a bloody Pom." I said, "No. I'm a Scot," and he said, "Ah well, it's pretty close." And you know, he genuinely had a look of distaste on his face when he found out. He goes: "You wrote bloody 'Down Under' too, didn't you — and you're not even Australian." I said, "Yeah. Well, there you go." I've never felt the song was nationalistic; that comes from other people. I think Western Australia want to use it as their big tourist theme and I don't even know whether it's a good idea or a bad idea. But they might as well use it, because everybody else has.

Penthouse: But somewhere down the line, you must have felt some stirrings of nationalistic pride? Or at least felt Australia is not all that bad a place to live?

Hay: I got very obsessive about Australia when I was away. I had such a romantic notion of what it was like to live here. Everything about it seemed "everything is much better in Australia." You know, "That's a terrible oyster — we have much better oysters in Australia." You get that whole thing in your head. I then you come back and get confronted with people who want to buy you a drink and they expect you to talk to them for an hour. It gives them a right to an hour of your time and if you don't, you're a fucking shit. And it's all that kind of flared Fletcher Jones trousers, nylon shirts, John Newcombe moustache type mentality. It's also the same when you meet Australians overseas; they seem to be a bit more Australian than they should be. A bit more true-blue.

Penthouse: Would you really care if you never heard "Down Under" again? Or had to play it?

Hay: It's funny. When you listen to it, it's a totally different process from playing it, because I still love playing it. We play it differently all the time and I still reckon it's a good song. Everytime I play it, I think, yeah, this is a good song. This is quite a well-crafted song; it's simple but it's got a sound structure and it's quite interesting melodically. And then I hear it on radio and I think, "God. Get that off!" I hate it you know — it's just a different process listening to it and playing it.

Penthouse: There seems to have been a shift of mood between the first album *Business As Usual* and the second, *Cargo*, particularly in the lyrics department. The songs on *Cargo* have more sombre themes on the whole. Was this a result of the pressures of success?

Hay: Yes. I know that's interesting. I always considered both the albums to be like *Men At Work* I in a way, because a lot of the songs were written about the same time. We had a lot of tunes for *Cargo* even before we recorded *Business As Usual*. It's interesting that you should point out that a lot of the lyrical content on *Cargo* is a bit darker, you know. Actually, I like *Cargo* a lot better. Songs like "Overkill" — I really like that tune.

Penthouse: As a songwriter, do you experiment with different methods of writing?

Hay: A lot of tunes have actually just presented themselves while I'm lying in bed waiting to go to sleep — in that state halfway between consciousness and sleep. And I think, that's a great song, I've really got to get up and write that down and then I think, fuck it, you know, and just go to sleep. And next day it's totally gone. And I've done things like — I'll be reading a book and before I turn over a page, I'll write down the most interesting word from that page and eventually, I'd end up with a

whole page of words that, if I just look at them, might offer a theme which could become a song. Or else, it's just a fucking pile of rubbish, you know. But it's just a process, a word process which can enable things to jump into your head, rather than jump out of your head.

Penthouse: Have you ever tried the "cut out" method as devised by William Burroughs and later popularised by David Bowie?

Hay: Yeah. I used to follow that, but had trouble with the scissors. I cut half a finger off trying to do cut outs, so I thought I'll give that away.

Penthouse: This process of song writing could be dangerous to your health.

Hay: Yeah. Ask Django Rheinhardt.

Penthouse: One thing the Men don't seem to have written about is love, or sex. Why is this?

Hay: No particular reason. Maybe we have and it's just not obvious. But it's an interesting point, because the majority of audiences at our shows are female and I think there is a strong sexual side to our music. There's a sensitivity and a very strong feminine side to the songs, which a lot of women, or girls, pick up on. This is apart from the fact that they might think Greg's cute or I'm kind of weird-looking, or something. That's always been the case even before we had any records out. We always had a lot of women come to the shows because of the softness there.

Penthouse: Do you think you bring out maternal instincts in female audiences?

Hay: Well, I don't know. I haven't thought about that, but I know there's a very strong maternal instinct in me, 'cos I've always been the mother. I like being at home, cooking and things, you know. That's a sexist sort of statement as well. We get an enormous amount of fan mail and I get a lot of mail from a lot of women in their thirties whose children have turned them on to the music. They write and say things like, "I feel I know you." I get lots of mums and daughters who come along to see the show. It's always interesting when you meet the mum and the daughter. Quite interesting, that combination. "Oh hello. This is my mum." "Hello mum. How are you mum? What a lovely daughter you have."

Penthouse: And that's as far as it goes?

Hay: Yeah. I mean, we definitely have our share of female admirers on the road — any rock band at the level we're at always has. But I think the real groupie circuit — the girls who dedicate their lives to making sure rock stars leave town happy — died out years ago. Sometimes in the dressing room Greg and I are jumping up and down screaming: "Where are all the

models? Come on, where are they?"

Penthouse: You could make a stage announcement, a request for sympathetic females, during the show.

Hay: We have done that for the crew. They come up to me and say, "Colin, we're going to be here for a couple of days. Do you think you could ask if any females would like to show us around while we're here?" I did that a couple of times. And not one person came up. Not one! I think our band is quite a sexual band, but not in an obvious way because we don't really push it. But it's there.

Penthouse: Maybe the problem is the Men's image of being innocent young lads?

Hay: Maybe. The women who come to our shows don't expect to see us with dildos down our pants. And if they ever meet us they'd expect maybe a little cuddle. A rude cuddle. An interesting

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one. I got this flower in New York. This woman who was extremely good-looking came up to me after the show and she said, "I want you to have this. This is what I always think of when I think of you." And it was this flower that had a kind of sacky looking bottom to it, and little bits of leaf and stuff with this huge great big red flower that came out like an erection. It really looked like a big cock. I said thank you very much — then she flitted away.

Penthouse: Have you ever had any ambition to be regarded as a sex symbol?

Hay: I've actually toyed with the idea that, seeing how it is *Penthouse*, perhaps you could interview me in the nude.

Penthouse: Maybe you'd like to take off your clothes for the photograph.

Hay: Hmmm. Maybe.

Penthouse: Would your record company approve?

Hay: What would that have to do with it?

Penthouse: In many instances a record company is involved in just about every aspect of a band's career — the selection of songs, the recording, the promo-

tion and image building, the touring.

Hay: Not in this case. We happen to be very independent Men, and quite wisely so as it's turned out.

Penthouse: Just before the Men's '83 American tour there was an article in *Esquire* which focused on your record company's plans for the launch of *Cargo*. The company's stated aim was "to give these guys some kind of image — otherwise we've got a problem." How did the band react to that?

Hay: The *Esquire* article was boring for us in a lot of ways and a few of the people — the record company people — who were quoted in it aren't at CBS any more. We've never asked the record company about what they think about our image — or what they think we should do about it. When doing video clips or recording you keep the record company out of it, because they don't know about that. But they're used to dealing with people who want to be told what they should say or do or look like. They didn't think we had an image, but we did — it was just basically us. You don't look at our band and think every person in the band has a common goal. It's a band of individuals, very different individuals. If we'd tried to make it more cohesive, more unified in terms of a stronger image, it wouldn't have worked, because it wouldn't have been us. We're not stupid. It wouldn't work because we would have laughed at it.

Penthouse: The Men's video clips present a very strong visual image for the band, don't you think?

Hay: Yes. People look at our video clips and think we have a very strong image. And that's through no effort of the record company. But then you pick up *Esquire* and read about some guy in the marketing department saying, "We have to put a stop on how much press these guys do because they're not sophisticated with the press." Really idiotic comments like that from some nonentity who's got his moment of glory because he's been asked for an interview in *Esquire*. We put the stops on the press we do. If we think something is important — we'll do it. No-one makes decisions for us because we hire our own publicist. It has nothing to do with the record company. Obviously, our publicity works in conjunction with the record company's, but ultimately it comes back to us to decide what are the important things to do.

Penthouse: It's obviously a point about which you feel very strongly. Talking about it seems to set off emotional sparks.

Hay: The reason I get a bit upset is because everyone becomes wise *after* the event. Suddenly everyone knows why you became successful; everyone becomes an expert. Right down the line, from the top to the bottom. They

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didn't know before, when we'd been rejected twice by CBS America. It wasn't until we'd sold three or four hundred thousand albums in Canada that people became interested. And even then it took our manager a whole lot of pain and effort to get them to believe the band would happen. Once radio started playing the song and the whole momentum had started, then they thought, "Oh boy, we'd better start to spend some money." Then they got behind the band in a very strong way. After that, everyone had their own little two bob's worth to put in. And they all look at it from their own point of view. They never look at the whole picture; they think it only happened because they were involved somewhere along the line. But, I think the guy who wrote the *Esquire* article had some sort of gripe against CBS America. He didn't seem too keen on them anyway. He asked our manager, Russell [Dempster], about the company and Russell called them a bunch of screaming asses. And he called the field reps, the guys who take records to the stores, "ratbags" — something like that anyway. It was all a bit dramatic for a while, although basically it was funny. There were so many of them too — just so many of them. And they are all so paranoid about their fucking jobs, which is fair enough I suppose — they've got to eat. But it just makes for that whole fear syndrome right throughout, so no-one makes a decision.

Penthouse: So what sort of attitude do the Men adopt when dealing with the record company? Is it constant warfare?

Hay: No. You just have to work out what people you like dealing with and can deal with, and get on with it.

Penthouse: Why did this group become successful?

Hay: There is no clear-cut answer. It's just that a lot of things happened.

Penthouse: Do you have a favorite city or place in America — New York for example?

Hay: Texas is great — totally over the top. They really believe that thing that everything in Texas is bigger than anywhere else in the world. They make every effort to make it come true, you know. New York? Well, you can't avoid it. There's such a strong atmosphere there. It's also so fucking noisy. But it has such an incredible feeling that you just click into another gear and keep on going. And you wake up and away you go. After a week of that you've just got to get out of the place.

Penthouse: Australia is renowned for the "tall poppy" syndrome — once you reach the top, the game is to see how

quickly you can be knocked off. Does that happen in America?

Hay: No. Quite the reverse. Russell, our manager, says making it in America is a bit like the Australian test cricket team — it's harder to get out of than to get into. Once Americans go overboard they grab you and just won't let you go. Compare that to the other side of the Atlantic, where it's week to week in England. They work in a slow methodical way in America because it's so big, it's so huge and they have to tie up so many different areas. All those cities that have their own different way of doing things. Once they decide they like something, they just go for it. For however long and for whatever it's worth — to the limit.

Penthouse: Television has certainly played a major part in the Men's breakthrough: the band's film clips are probably as well-known as your music.

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in comedy

Would you agree with that?

Hay: I guess so. It doesn't matter which country you're in — there's always a large percentage of people who respond to melody, content and visuals. And the thing about visuals is that the character of the band can come through very strongly. Video is like... another window into what the music's all about. People who are watching feel they know more about the band than when they just hear the song on radio. When I do radio interviews in America and they ask people to call in and ask questions, nine out of 10 questions are about the videos. "Where did you do that bit?" "How did you do that?" People are fascinated by it. A lot of people say they feel they know us because the character of the individuals in the band comes out through the clips.

Penthouse: If you weren't so involved in rock 'n' roll, would you consider a career in TV, or the movies?

Hay: I want to do anything I can. I really would like to work in TV or films. I'd like to work in the area of comedy. I'd like to write a lot more. I have been writing

some stuff anyway, but I'd like to sit down seriously and work on comedy scripts. And I'd love to do a comedy special; it's an ambition of mine to put together a really funny hour of humor and Australian music. I reckon I can do it because I've learned so much over the past two years. I've got so much stuff in my head; so many funny things have happened. I wouldn't even have to think it up. I could just write down what's happened, you know. In some cases I'd have to change the names, places and times.

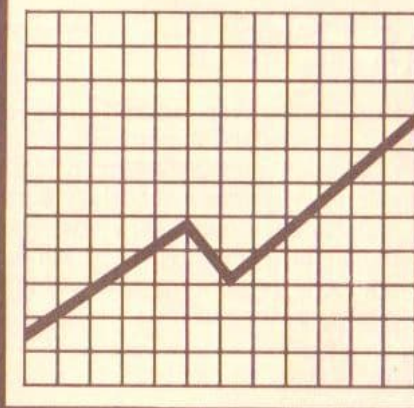
Penthouse: How about Men At Work? Do you think the group could be a vehicle for a TV special, or a TV series? Maybe even a film?

Hay: Well, there have been offers for a Men At Work movie from quite a few people. They see us as a bunch of really zany guys who could be marketed as the new Monkees — or something like that. They can't really categorise it, but they know we're different. It's a kind of humor that Americans can't do themselves very well. They laugh at the film clips and they laugh at our interviews because Greg Ham's funny and snappy, and there aren't many people who can do that. It's not something we make a big deal out of and it upsets a lot of people because we laugh in the face of success. But yeah, I don't really know. Greg and I have talked a little bit about it, because touring is such a slow way to get your ideas across. So it would be great to do an album, video it and just market that and not tour. It's becoming more viable all the time to do that. It's less expensive, much less expensive. And in a lot of ways, it's much more valuable, because you can do that and immediately move on to something else. You don't have to spend seven months on the road if you don't want to. Playing live is great but I don't believe a seven or eight-month tour does anybody's creativity or passion for their music any good.

It's too long, you know? And doing a film instead of live work is not a new idea at all — Colonel Tom Parker did it with Elvis Presley for nine years. Elvis never really made a record for nine years; he just did film soundtracks. That was the deal. For nine years they put out schmucky films with schmucky music which always sold incredibly well. So that would be a good format. We could think: "Okay. Let's not record these 10 tunes; let's write a film script. It wouldn't have to be full length — an hour long, say — and we could do the soundtrack to that and market it as an audio-visual item." That would be a very exciting thing to do. And basically, we can do those things if we choose to. I think the next few months will turn up a few things about the future of Men At Work. 

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

DO YOU THINK BIG?



Most of us don't make the big score in life simply because we don't think big enough. For the average person, it's the classic case of not seeing the forest for the trees: we get so wrapped up in the mundane details of surviving from one day to the next that we never step back to see what life might be like outside our own rut.

Deep down, most of us are afraid of life at the top. We may covet the fast cars, beautiful women, chic parties, and luxurious homes that go with success, but when we actually start thinking about what we'd have to do to attain them we get nervous. We fear that thinking big will expose us to the ridicule of friends.

In order to break out of the crowd we have to remember what Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "Great men are those who see that thoughts rule the world." Big thoughts. If you really answer the following questions honestly, you may find out whether or not your mind is big enough to change your world.

- With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
 - I like to make decisions in consultation with others. Ideally, I prefer to be part of a team.
 - I prefer to make decisions that are entirely my responsibility.
- Stop for a second and imagine what it would be like to have an important, highly paid job. Which of the following images comes closer to describing what flashed into your mind first?
 - The perks: travel in private jets, knowing famous people.
 - The power: the ability to make things work, to change events, to make and break people.
- Do you have a good memory for people's names?
 - yes, very good
 - average
 - no
- How do you feel about this statement: "As a rule, it's dumb to do more work than you're paid to do."
 - agree
 - disagree

5. Is your work important?

- yes
- no
- It's in between. It's not worthless, but it's not of earthshaking importance, either.

6. Are you an *active* member of any clubs, civic associations, fraternal organisations, political parties, etc?

- no
- I'm a member of at least one group, but I don't volunteer for anything.
- I'm active in one such group.
- I'm an active member of more than one such group.

7. Are you a good listener?

- yes
- about average,
- no

8. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your attitude toward the organisation you belong to?

- I'm always curious about how the organisation I work for functions. I'm eager to learn things about it even if they don't directly affect me.
- I just do my work and get out.

9. How important to you is it that a

company you work for have good benefits?

- Very important. I wouldn't take the job without them.
- Quite important. I'd take a job I didn't really like if it had great benefits.
- Somewhat important. But benefits would play only a minor role in whether or not I took a job.
- Not important at all. If a company has good benefits, fine, but benefits would not be part of the equation when I was deciding whether or not to take a job.

10. When you enter an empty classroom or meeting room, are you more likely to sit:

- near the front?
- in the middle?
- near the back?

11. Do you have trouble maintaining eye contact with people when you're having a conversation with them?

- yes
- no

12. When you are afraid of something, how are you more likely to react?

- I put off confronting it as long as possible.
- I go after it right away. If I confront it immediately, at least the worst is over with.

13. When you are involved in a group discussion, such as a business meeting, how are you most likely to act?

- I say as little as I possibly can.
- If possible, I wait until everybody else has spoken so that I know which way the wind is blowing.
- I speak up whenever I think I have something that should be said.
- I speak up early and often. The person who talks most is the one who controls things.

14. How do you feel about giving a speech in front of a large group?

- I hate it.

☛ Deep down, most of us are afraid that thinking big will force us to stand out from the crowd ☛

- (b) I don't particularly like it, but I know it's something you have to do sometimes.
- (c) I may be nervous, but I figure it's usually an opportunity that shouldn't be wasted, so I really try to give an interesting presentation.
- (d) I really enjoy it.
15. Do you tend to give up if something you want doesn't come easily to you?
- (a) yes
- (b) Sometimes, but on the whole I'm fairly stubborn about going after something I want.
- (c) I never give up.
16. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "No matter what people say about ours being a classless society, you really can't rise too much above the class you're born into."
- (a) agree
- (b) disagree
17. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "To really succeed you have to be lucky; you have to know the right people."
- (a) agree
- (b) disagree
18. As people get older are they less likely to accomplish new things or have original ideas?
- (a) yes
- (b) no
- (c) That may be generally true in our society, but it doesn't have to be that way.
19. Do you agree or disagree: "Young people usually aren't ready to handle a lot of responsibility."
- (a) agree
- (b) disagree
- (c) I agree that in our society that's often the case, but there's no intrinsic reason it should be.
20. When you've failed at something in the past, has there usually been a valid reason for your failure (such as the jealousy of your peers, the obtuseness of superiors, bad luck,

or outside responsibilities that distracted you)?

(a) yes

(b) No, when I've failed it's usually been my fault. I just blew it.

21. Do you feel that most people who achieve extraordinary success are much smarter or more talented than you?
- (a) yes
- (b) no

22. Have you ever walked into a business establishment with no introduction and asked for a job? (Going to a personnel or placement department does not count; you must have directly approached someone in authority who had the power to hire and fire.)
- (a) yes
- (b) no

23. Does it bother you if people think you're "different" or unusual?
- (a) yes, a lot
- (b) somewhat
- (c) a little
- (d) No, I like to stand out from the crowd.

24. Which of the following statements expresses your attitudes?

- (a) If I were being really honest, I'd have to say that my tastes and ideas are pretty average.
- (b) My tastes and attitudes are similar to those of a lot of other people — which is precisely what makes them valuable.
- (c) My tastes and ideas are very different from other people's.

25. If someone gave you \$100,000 and said you have to invest it in real estate, would you be more likely to:
- (a) Use it to buy a mortgage-free home for yourself?
- (b) Leverage it, using it as a down payment for a substantial office building or unit block?

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 125; the lowest, 25.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-5 | d-2 |
| 2. a-1, b-5 | 14. a-1, b-3, c-5, |
| 3. a-5, b-3, c-1 | d-5 |
| 4. a-1, b-5 | 15. a-1, b-3, c-5 |
| 5. a-5, b-1, c-3 | 16. a-1, b-5 |
| 6. a-1, b-2, c-4, | 17. a-1, b-5 |
| d-5 | 18. a-1, b-5, c-4 |
| 7. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 19. a-1, b-5, c-4 |
| 8. a-5, b-1 | 20. a-1, b-5 |
| 9. a-1, b-2, c-4, | 21. a-1, b-5 |
| d-5 | 22. a-5, b-1 |
| 10. a-5, b-2, c-1 | 23. a-1, b-2, c-4, |
| 11. a-1, b-5 | d-5 |
| 12. a-1, b-5 | 24. a-1, b-5, c-3 |
| 13. a-1, b-3, c-5, | 25. a-1, b-5 |

If you scored 92 to 125 points:

You have the psychological characteristics of a big thinker. You've got the broad vision necessary for outstanding accomplishments. The thought of success and of venturing into unfamiliar worlds doesn't intimidate you. A lively sense of curiosity is probably one of your strongest assets; you're not afraid to follow it into new areas of knowledge and experience.

59-91 points:

You probably have the psychological capacity for thinking big, but you're afraid to use it. You let your thinking be circumscribed by familiar routines and cliches. If you would occasionally take time to step back and think about your life — to see what you really want and to set long-range goals — you'd probably discover opportunities that you had never noticed before.

25-58 points:

You think small. The details of everyday life dominate your thinking. In general, you're satisfied with conventional wisdom and with accepted patterns of thought and behavior. As far as you're concerned, other people can do the innovating. You'd probably be the first to admit that you're in a mental rut, but you're also probably pretty comfortable in it. Still, you should occasionally do something you've never done before, or try to think about a problem from an angle you've never previously considered. Try not to fear the feeling of being "different." Standing out from the crowd is the hallmark of your individuality as a thinking human being. You may discover that there's an interesting world out there. ☛



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digital dash, trip computer, power steering, power windows and a whole host of other creature comforts.

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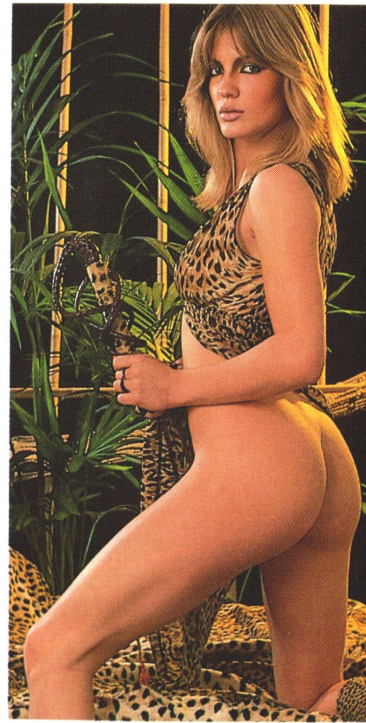
SUBARU 4WD
Official Car of the Australian Ski Team

ITALY

FIA

It's hardly surprising that 19-year-old Fia Morrow insisted on being photographed with feline accoutrements. The northern Italian model confesses to being on a bit of a jungle "trip" at the moment, playing Jane to a succession of handsome Tarzans and generally exploring her animal instincts. You don't find much jungle around Genoa, where this puss in boots hangs her loincloth, but Fia insists she's never needed vines to do her swinging.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGELO PALAZZOLO



FRANCE

NICKY

People are often timidly approaching Nicky Boulanger with autograph books or little scraps of paper in hand, in the mistaken belief that she's Princess Caroline of Monaco. Nicky always politely informs them that they are mistaken and sends them on their way, usually with smiles on their faces. "Ah, if only it were so," sighs the 21-year-old shop assistant, "the closest I ever get to the Grimaldis is when grim oldies try to feel me up in the Metro."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES TRAC





CANADA

KAY

Kay Novak is a lucky lady: as well as having a stunning body she's also been blessed with a fine brain. The Toronto beauty works as a model, and is also a qualified geologist. At one stage she managed to pursue both careers simultaneously, but her modelling commitments got to be too much and she had to give the rocks away. Not to worry Kay, in modelling there's less chance of being taken for granite.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN DELLITT



SPAIN

MONICA

Monica Rojas has recently moved from her humble background in a small Spanish village to study dressmaking and design in Madrid. The pace of the capital after the farming life she had led makes this 17-year-old think that her childhood years were one long siesta. Monica says she misses her family and tells a funny story about Pepe, one of her parents' three donkeys which was imported from France and for months stubbornly refused to follow orders in Spanish. But happily, says Monica, after many beatings they ended up with Spain in the ass.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARMAND GARCIA



AUSTRIA

JUDITH

The smouldering and sophisticated attractions of Judith Altebockwinkel belie this 20-year-old's description of herself as: "Just your average girl next door." Judith is a music student in Vienna who boasts a mastery of 12 instruments. Judith claims that years of puckering up to squeeze oom-pah-pahs from her tuba and other instruments have left her with perfect oral control. But unfortunately she's been playing virtuoso lip service to one boyfriend for five years, and that's enough to give anyone the schnitzels.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN KELB



USA

ANGELA

From deep in the heart of Texas hails San Antonio girl, Angela Kennedy. Although born and raised in the Lone Star state, this 22-year-old couldn't really be called a typical Texan. She doesn't like country and western music, doesn't own a 10-gallon hat and (despite her obvious attributes) has never wanted to be a cheerleader for the Dallas Cowboys. "I'd never do that," claims Angela. "I root for the Houston Oilers."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL SMITH



**PENTHOUSE
INTERNATIONAL**



NETHERLANDS

ASTRID

Even though she's just turned 17, Astrid Van Drie has heard just about every come-on line the human male has yet devised in his pursuit of comely womankind. But in the face of all this cracking on since she was about 13, this little Dutch girl hasn't cracked. She has listened too well to the stern lecturings of Dutch uncles against the evils of premarital sex. It's fortitude such as Astrid's and that of the little bloke who stuck his finger in the dyke that have made Holland the great nation it is today.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM KEITEL



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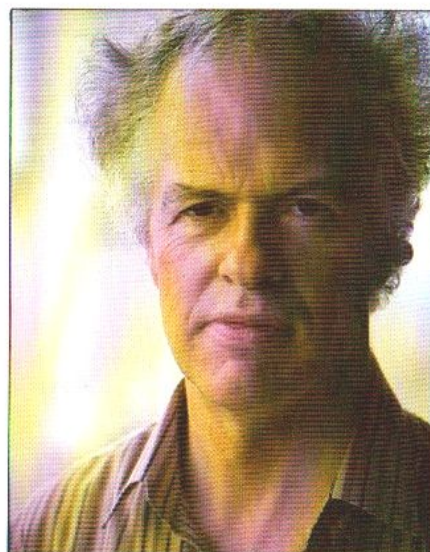
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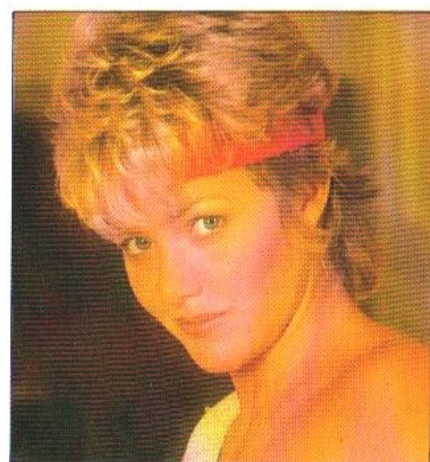
AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
THERE'S MORE TO IT
THAN MEETS THE EYE





D.M. THOMAS

Accused of being a pornographer and sadist, with his books banned in Eastern Europe and in one case (in a small town in Wyoming, USA) actually burnt, British author D.M. Thomas insists that he is his own most severe censor . . . "for artistic reasons." A minor poet for more than 20 years, Thomas suddenly shot into prominence with the immense success of his novel *The White Hotel* (it sold more than two million copies world-wide). In Australia recently for the Adelaide Arts Festival, Thomas commented that at first he found himself inhibited by the attention and controversy which surrounded him. But he said he refused to be intimidated by critics who accused him of being a literary charlatan. "I feel that the people who reject my books because of their sexuality are rejecting a part of themselves. I do not feel that the sex in *The White Hotel* is particularly explicit. It is magical and intense. But in terms of modern literature it is certainly not excessive." Feminists like to pick on Thomas because he had the hide to describe sex from the female perspective. "The fact that I am describing what a woman feels disturbs them." Isn't it difficult for him to imagine himself in the female role? "Actually I find it much easier to write from a woman's point of view. I don't know what that says about me. But I find it great fun to try to imagine how a woman feels. It's like having an exotic holiday in a far away country in comparison to taking one in your home town." Thomas agrees that it is the evocative and poetic intensity of his prose which touched a common nerve and turned his book into a best-seller. While his follow-up to *The White Hotel*, *Ararat*, continues to sell well, the writer also has high hopes for the next in this series of novels, *Swallow* and *Sphinx*. The former should appear on Australian bookstands in the spring of 1984.



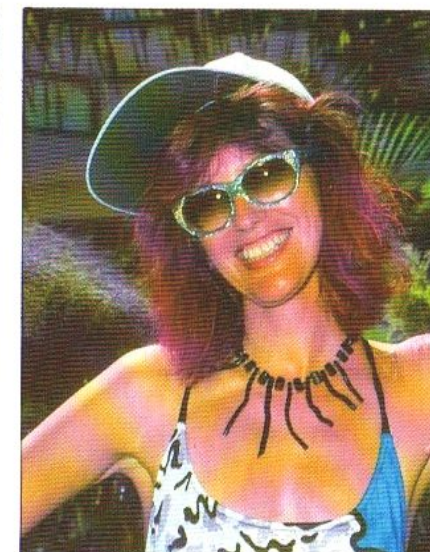
SUE FRANCIS

Twenty-three-year-old Sue Francis is, dare it be said, an *Australian Penthouse* protégée. Last year when she presented herself as a prospective *Penthouse* centrefold, it became clear that her talents stretched a good deal further than what was immediately apparent to the eye. Her vibrant personality coupled with a zany sense of humor marked her as a natural for the promotions industry. After baring her charms in the July '83 issue of *Penthouse*, Sue returned to her successful modelling career and waited for the call. It came in February of this year, when she was asked to take up the position of manager of Celebrity Girls — Australia's newest personality booking agency which draws upon the considerable promotional skills of the *Penthouse* Pets. Although still in its infancy, Celebrity Girls is already a huge success, thanks largely to Sue's rapid transition from model to businesswoman. She does everything from balancing the books to generating excitement in the business world about the benefits of injecting a touch of glamor into trade shows, exhibitions, product launches and business gatherings. "I've found the only way to get the message across is to get out there and do it in person," says Sue. "I'm ambitious — I want to see Celebrity Girls become the top promotions agency in the country, and I believe the Australian business world is ripe for the product we're offering." But while she's making her move to the top, she hasn't lost sight of her origins: "I'm a wester from Carlingford (Sydney), and these days they call it Valium Valley. Things have been fairly tough for me, so that's made me more determined. But the best thing about the job is that it means that being a *Penthouse* Pet is an ongoing thing nowadays." Sue's hard-headed approach to the business — possibly a legacy, she says, of her days as a footballing tomboy — should ensure that the occasionally wayward Pets in her burgeoning brood keep their feet firmly planted on the shag pile carpet.



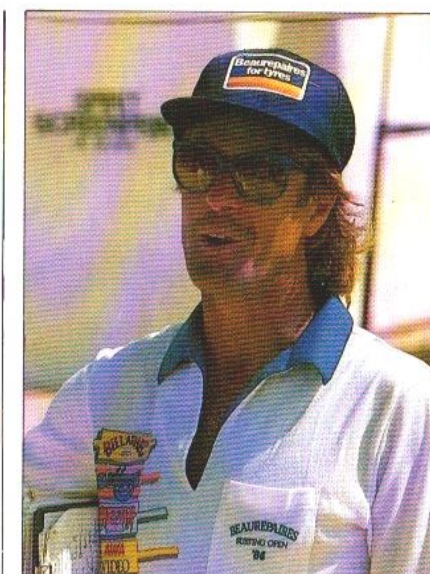
DOUG PARKINSON

Quite a face — not one you're likely to forget in a hurry. Not that Doug Parkinson is ever likely to let anyone do just that. But for a spell in record promotion in the Seventies, those mighty vocal chords have seldom been stilled since Parkinson left his job as a cadet journalist on the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* in 1966 to try his stuff in a band called The A Sound. It was around that time that he studied for a while at the Sydney Conservatorium, a period that contributed to his concise vocal phrasing and range. Things started moving right along when Parkinson took up with The Questions and he hit what was initially pay dirt with the now legendary *In Focus*. With a triumph in the Hoadley's Battle Of The Sounds and his classic Australian recording of "Dear Prudence", Parkinson and his band were hot news. But management rip-offs and internal hassles saw them split and a cheesed-off Parkinson took off for London in '70. He returned with the band Fanny Adams and stumbled into a decade which had him travelling the country with a succession of bands, recording spasmodically, getting an inside feel of the record business and tasting theatre work for the first time. Although that taste had its bitter edge when *Sergeant Pepper*, *Rock 'n' Roll Circus* and *Ned Kelly* proved to lack the "legs" necessary for Australian audiences of the time, Parkinson was hooked. He's currently playing the role of Judas in the successful restaging of *Superstar* and he has his eye on plum roles in musical productions planned for next year. He's writing music, has an album — his fourth — due out later this year and he muses on setting up his own label. At 37, he wears the media tag of "survivor", and Parkinson, no longer a "pop star", has a voice that only gets better so he's likely to be around for a while yet. The last 18 years have had their ups and downs for the velvet-voiced Ghengis Khan but as he would say: "It sure beats the hell out of working for the man."



JANET STREET-PORTER

The sight and sound of the resplendent Janet Street-Porter must have been a startling experience for an unsuspecting public when they first tuned in on *Willesee* earlier this year. Her appearance certainly doesn't match the stereotype we've come to expect from our media madonnas. In fact, Street-Porter has inspired quite a few colorful metaphors from media commentators. With her towering height, her luridly-colored hair and her oversized specs she's been likened to a traffic light; it's been said that she has "more teeth than a trouser zip", and her distinctive Cockney accent has been described as a voice "you could grate cheese with." It's all in good fun. In Britain, Janet Street-Porter is recognised as being one of the most talented and innovative TV presenters and producers around. In 1975 she joined *The London Weekend Show* as a presenter, and since then has co-hosted *Saturday Night People*, produced a documentary series entitled *Twentieth Century Box*, and presented the *Six O'Clock Show* and *The C(h)at Show*. Last year she worked on the satirical show, *After Midnight*. Janet has also written two books — *The British Teapot*, she's a collector, and *Scandal*, a delicious account of sleaze in high places. Having established herself as the most talked-about TV personality in Britain, Janet ventured out to acquaint herself with a new audience — Australians. She's working with Mike Willesee, mainly doing not-so-serious human interest stories. She's searched the country for off-beat stories, doing everything from digging for giant earthworms in Gippsland to trying out as a meter maid on the Gold Coast. Janet's enjoying her stay, finding Australians friendly and more approachable than Brits. Eventually, she'd like to share her work time between both countries. Janet Street-Porter looks like being part of the Australian TV scene for some time to come.



GRAHAM CASSIDY

Ten years ago Graham Cassidy could be found sitting in his car by the beach at night tallying surfing competition scores with the aid of a torch. Such were the beginnings of the world professional surfing circuit. Now the Grand Prix carries \$1 million in prize-money and Cassidy can concentrate on judging while computers look after the scoring. Cassidy, 36, balances his work as president of the Australian Professional Surfing Association with his job as a journalist with *The Sun* newspaper in Sydney. "Judging has always been my kettle of fish," Cassidy says. "Everyone wants to go surfing; they don't want to judge — so there has always been a dearth of judges. I love surfing, but I was never good enough to compete at anything like this sort of level." Living by the beach at Cronulla and being a teenager in the early Sixties, Cassidy was swept away by the whole "surfie thing." "I started surfing in '62, back with the long boards, during the onslaught of *Gidget* and the Beach Boys and when Midget Farrelly was really big. I was right into duffel coats and bleached hair." Cassidy's surfing origins mean a lot to him. He still lives at Cronulla and is still a member of the local Sandshoes Boardriders' Club. "The number of regular board riders in Australia has more than tripled to 950,000 since 1970," says Cassidy. At the same time, public acceptance continues to reach new levels. "There are still the old die-hards who refuse to believe surfers are anything but larrikin, but the real image is carried by people like Mark Richards, whom the public see as a striking athlete — quite fearless in tackling the ocean." Cassidy, like all but a few other surfers, can only admire rather than emulate Richards' success in the surf, but it still feels great. "A session in really good surf renews your enthusiasm for other things. The thrill is fantastic."

Sweet Chastity

OTTO, VINCENT'S LONG LOST TWIN BROTHER, HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY. THEY HAVE MISTAKEN HIM FOR VINCENT AND ARE DEMANDING A MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIS LIFE. VINCENT, WHO, LET'S FACE IT, DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT HIS BROTHER, SEES IT AS AN OPPORTUNITY TO RID HIMSELF OF AN UNWANTED LIABILITY.....

...BUT SWEETCHASTITY, BLESS HER HEART, IS GENUINELY CONCERNED.....

OH THE SADNESS OF OLD AGE! WHEN THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FAILS TO STIR THE BLOOD!

A LETTER FOR YOU, MISS CHASTITY

GOSH! IT MUST BE ANOTHER NOTE FROM THE KIDNAPPERS!

IT AIN'T FUNNY! — SHE TAKES THREE SHOWERS A DAY!

By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

"BRING \$1000,000 TO THE OLD VIGOTH TOWER. COME ALONE. TELL NO ONE OR THE BARON DIES. BURN THIS NOTE"

IS THE BARON IN, TOOMBS?

NO, MISS CHASTITY — HE WENT TO REPORT MR OTTO'S DISAPPEARANCE TO THE AUTHORITIES

OOH! I'M NOT AS OLD AS I THOUGHT!

IF THIS WERE ANYWHERE ELSE HE'D BE CHARGED WITH SEXUAL HARASSMENT!



I KNOW THEY'RE REALLY AFTER ME — BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH UNCLE OTTO'S LIFE!

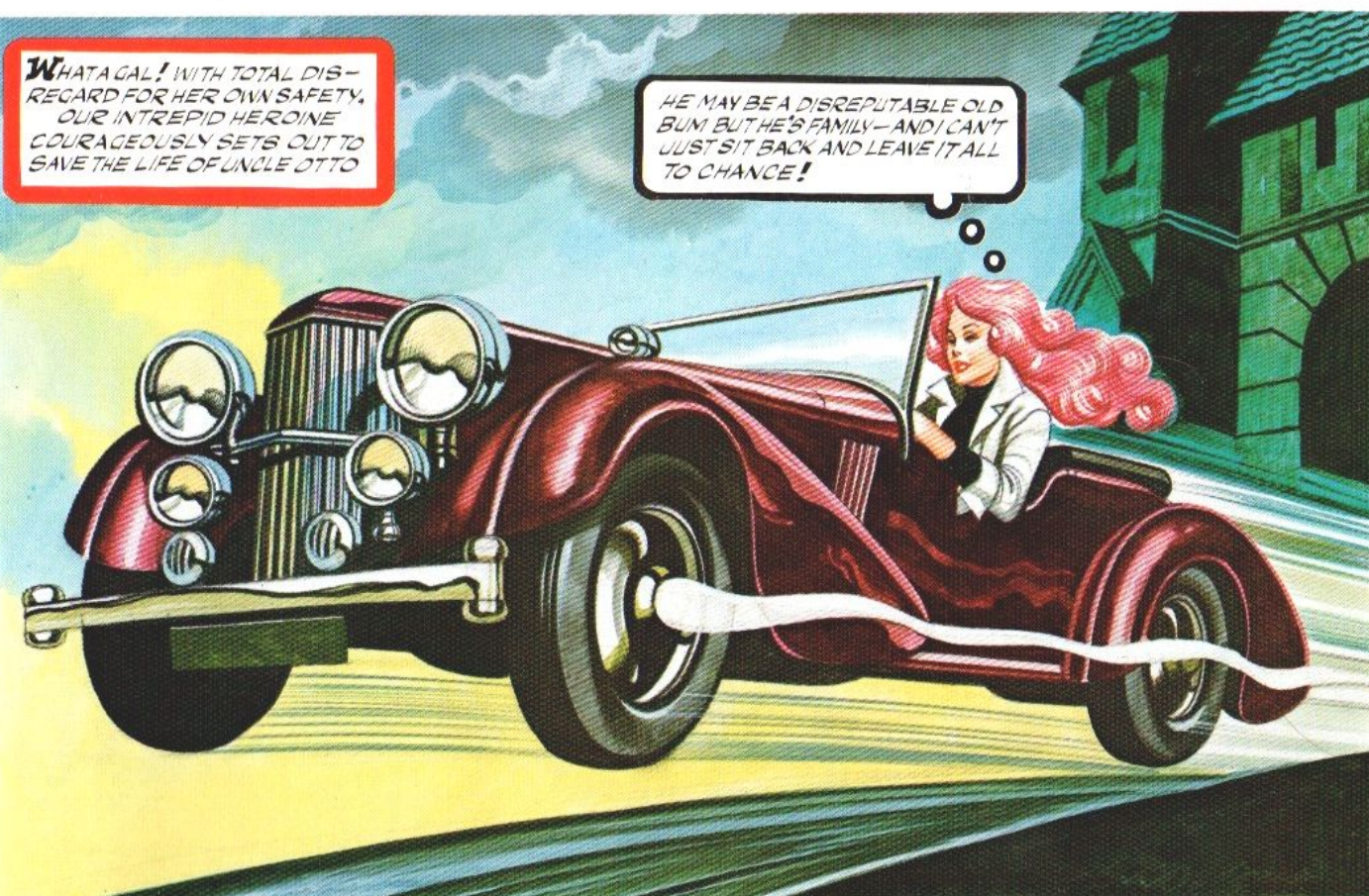


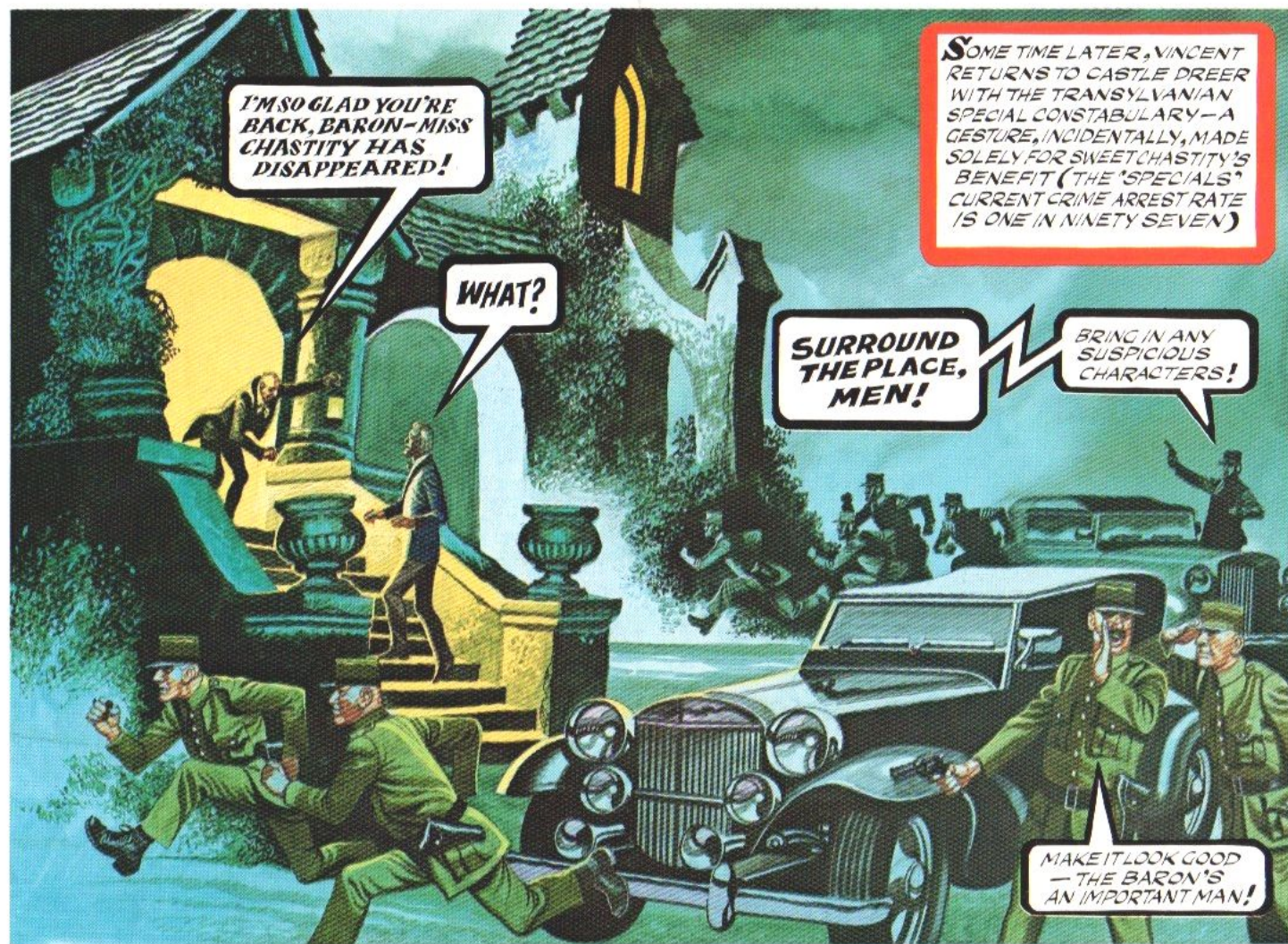
UNCLE VINCENT ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THIS...

...BUT I'VE GOT TO HANDLE IT MY WAY!

WHATA GAL! WITH TOTAL DISREGARD FOR HER OWN SAFETY, OUR INTREPID HEROINE COURAGEOUSLY SETS OUT TO SAVE THE LIFE OF UNCLE OTTO

HE MAY BE A DISREPUTABLE OLD BUM BUT HE'S FAMILY — AND I CAN'T JUST SIT BACK AND LEAVE IT ALL TO CHANCE!





I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK, BARON—MISS CHASTITY HAS DISAPPEARED!

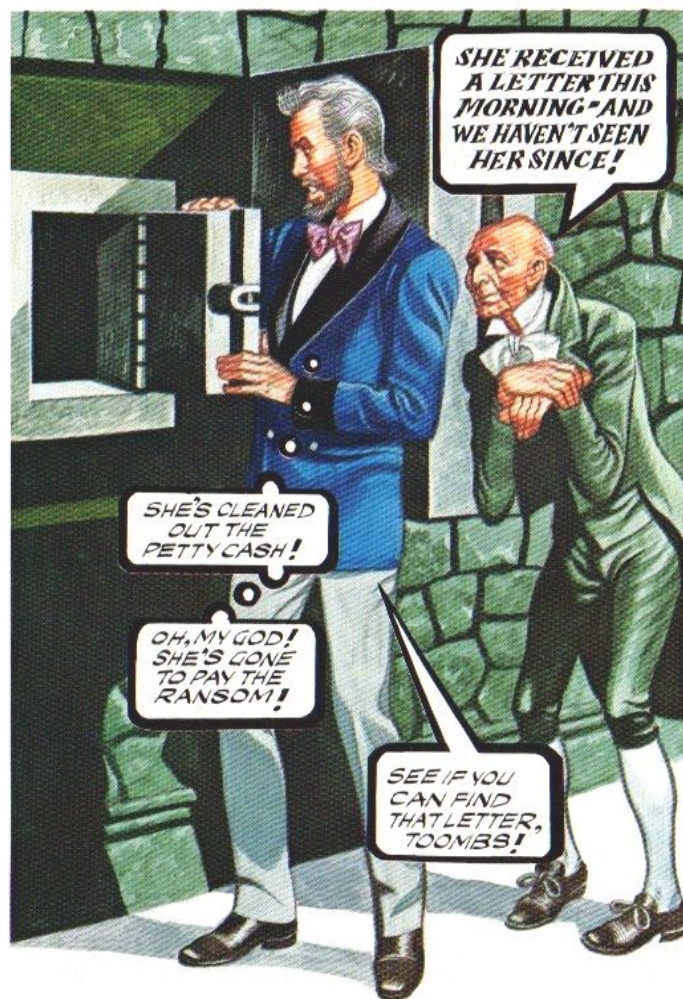
WHAT?

SURROUND THE PLACE, MEN!

BRING IN ANY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS!

SOME TIME LATER, VINCENT RETURNS TO CASTLE DREER WITH THE TRANSYLVANIAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY—A GESTURE, INCIDENTALLY, MADE SOLELY FOR SWEET CHASTITY'S BENEFIT (THE "SPECIALS" CURRENT CRIME ARREST RATE IS ONE IN NINETY SEVEN)

MAKE IT LOOK GOOD — THE BARON'S AN IMPORTANT MAN!

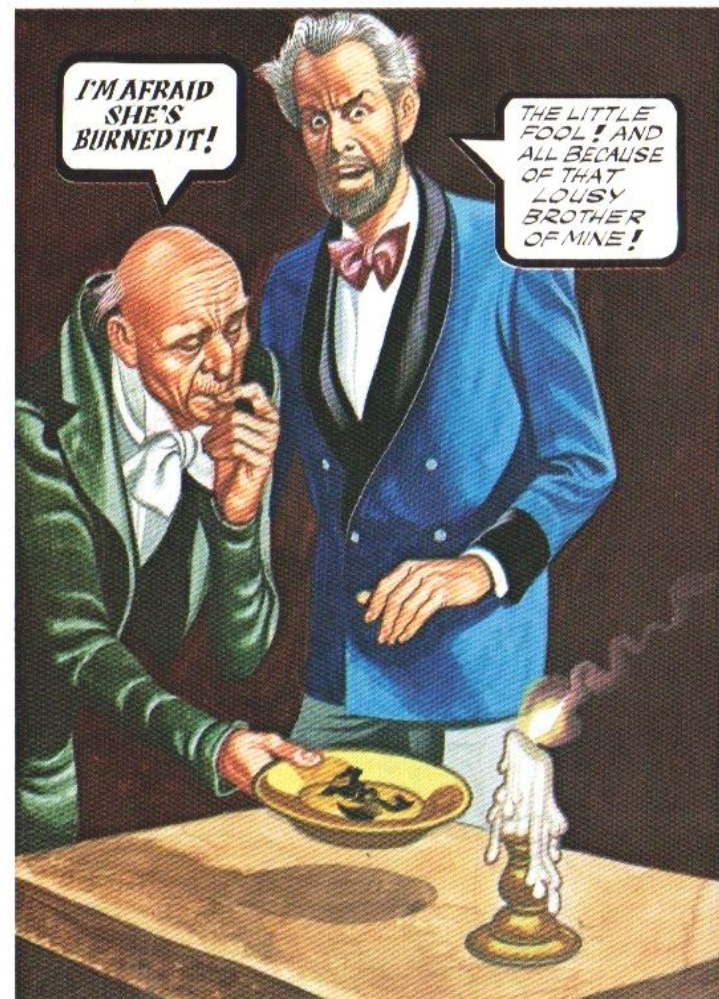


SHE RECEIVED A LETTER THIS MORNING—AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE!

SHE'S CLEANED OUT THE PETTY CASH!

OH, MY GOD! SHE'S GONE TO PAY THE RANSOM!

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THAT LETTER, TOOMBS!



I'M AFRAID SHE'S BURNED IT!

THE LITTLE FOOL! AND ALL BECAUSE OF THAT LOUSY BROTHER OF MINE!



GIVE US HALF AN HOUR, BARON — WE'LL GET A CONFESSION! MAYBE TWO OR THREE!

NOT THEM, YOU IDIOTS! THAT'S MY FAMILY—MY STAFF!

I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT AN ARREST IS IMMINENT! ER—WHAT WAS THE CRIME AGAIN?

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A CONCEALED WEAPON!

YOU'LL GET 20 YEARS FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE!

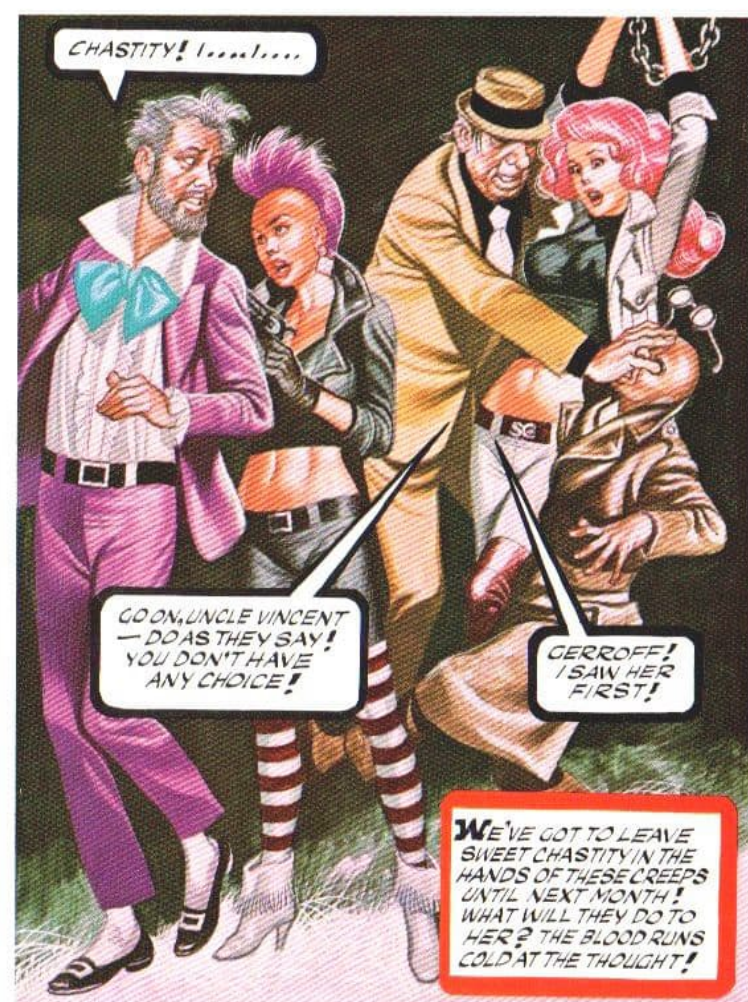
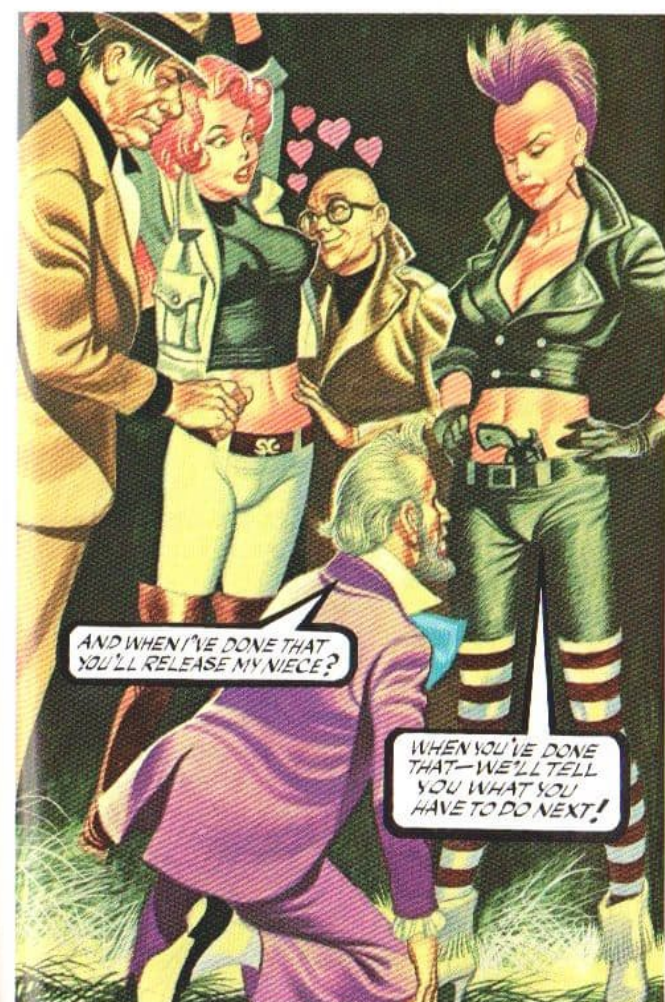
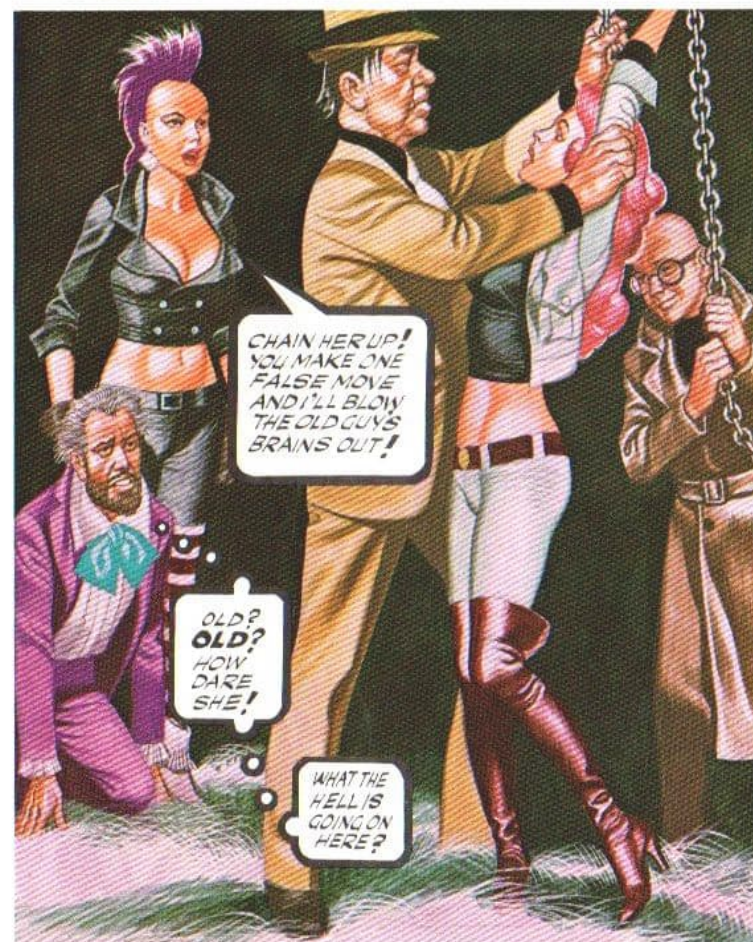
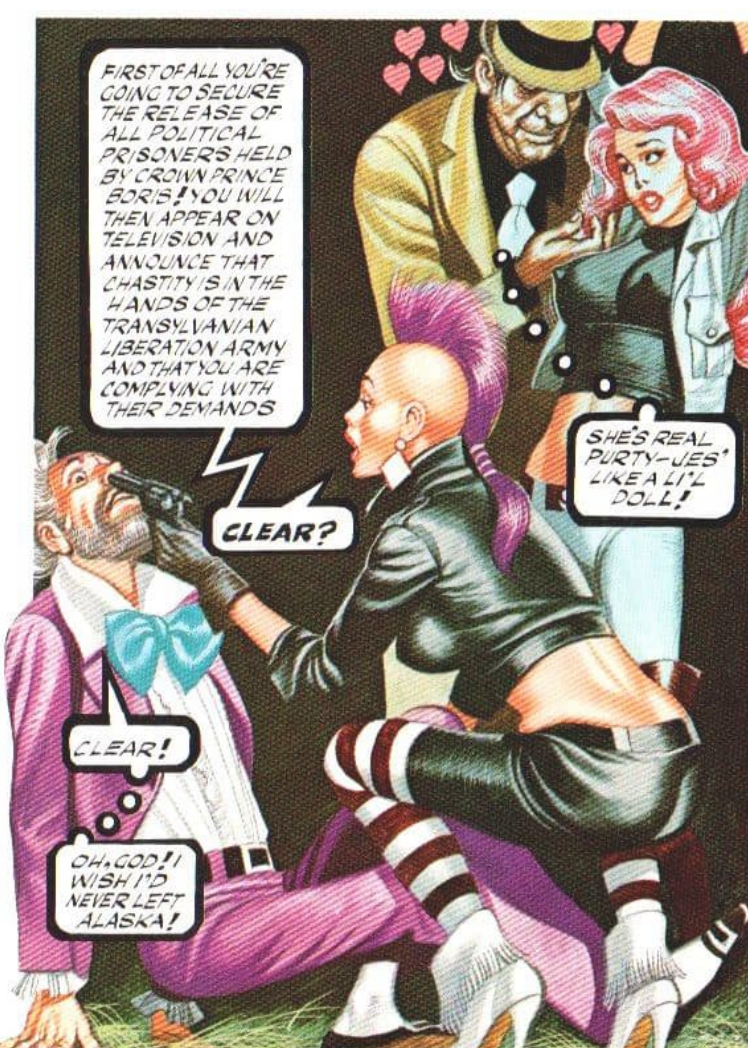
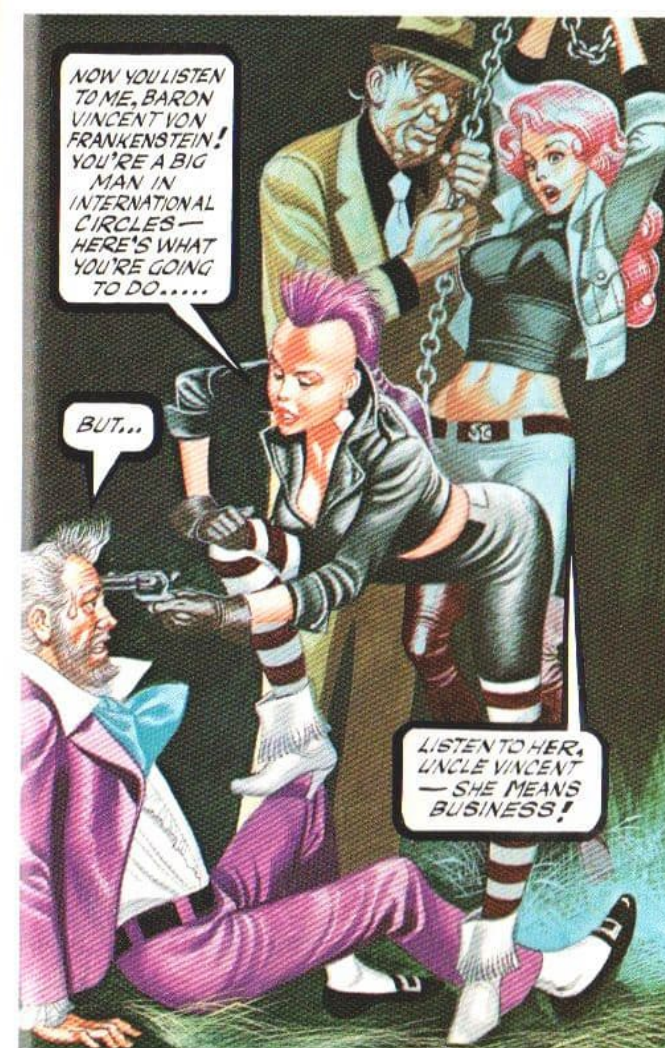
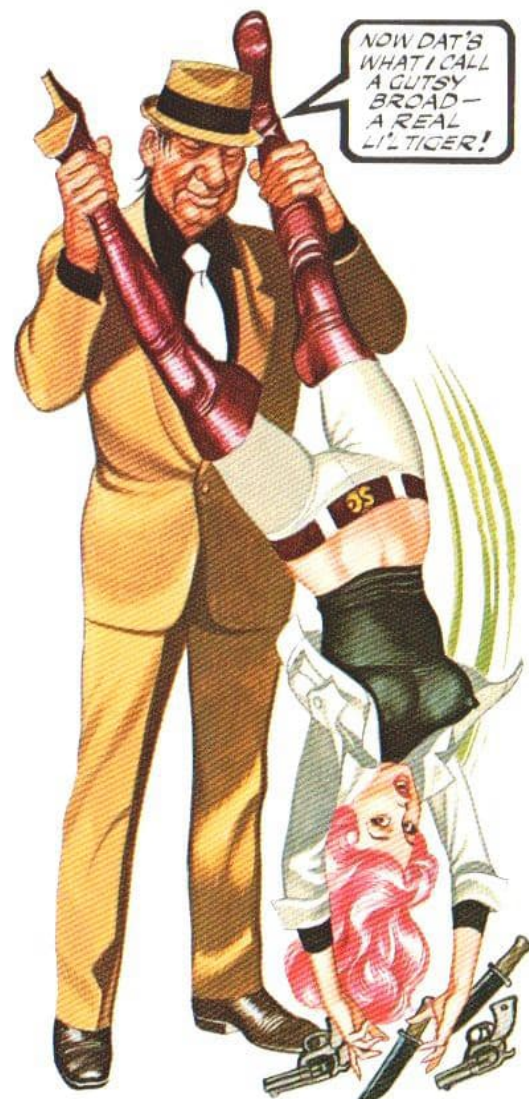
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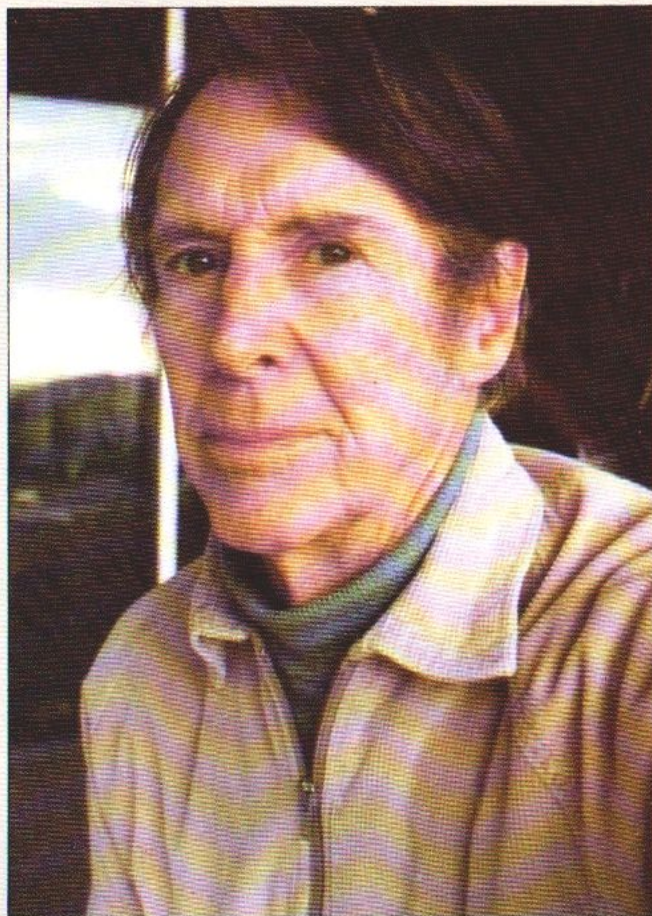
NOTHING HERE!

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING HARD ENOUGH!

OKAY, CHILD MOLESTER — WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE KID?

CONFESS, YOU POTHEAD!





BY JOHN VADER

John Vader is the author of 15 books, the latest being an illustrated history of Surfers Paradise entitled *The Gold Coast Book*. His interest in the feral cat problem developed from his firsthand observation of the animals' impact on the environment around his NSW north coast farm.

ARE POLITICIANS AFRAID OF PUSSY?

There is a question often raised among concerned citizens these days: are politicians afraid of pussy? The answer to this unusual yet urgent question is: Yes. Pussy power at the ballot box could, they think, wipe out a state or even federal government if legislation was introduced to control the depredations of not-so-friendly felines. Yet it is becoming obvious that such legislation is now long overdue.

Controlling the dingo has long been publicly accepted: thousands of kilometres of high fence have been constructed to keep him locked out in the desert and bounties are paid on his scalp. For this investment there is an immediate, tangible return: the value of calves and lambs saved. Yet pussy gone wild has insidiously wreaked far greater damage than the dingo, regrettably in an area where there is no system of accounting for things in terms of dollars and cents — the environment. The damage has not only been caused by established feral and more recent feral cat populations. It has also been (and continues to be) the work of the pride of the family, the tabby that nocturnally wanders away from the house in suburb, town or farm, to slash its claws into the last of our rare ground parrots, native pheasants, lyrebirds and scarlet wrens.

Incredibly, cats are even indirectly responsible for the destruction of our gum trees. The scientists call it "dieback"; some refer to the stresses of farming, but the many thousands of dead or dying eucalypts on the NSW northern tablelands are generally victims of attacks by a variety of insects that are sometimes out of control because the bird-predator population has been reduced, mostly because of attacks by feral and stray cats.

There are other factors affecting dieback, which experts like Dr H. Ford of the University of New England have observed. However, it seems insect attack is the most serious. Large birds such as magpies consume as many as 10,000 beetle grubs per hectare annually, while the smaller thornbirds, wagtails and warblers also devour many thousands of insects. When the birds go, the insect populations soar. And the birds are eaten by feral cats, town cats and farmhouse cats.

The cat menace has a history as long as that of the British in Australia. When sailors, soldiers and convicts left their sailing ships to walk ashore at Sydney Cove in January, 1788, pussy walked with them, sniffing the air to catch the scent of wrens, mud swallows, currawongs and magpies.

By 1988 there would scarcely be one lizard alive within a 50 kilometre range of Sydney's Tank Stream. There would be practically no small birds in the city's inner suburbs, except for the small imports — the larrikin sparrows, Indian minahs and starlings.

But have you ever heard of a statement from the Town Hall condemning the domestic cat? Has any city or shire council across the length and breadth of our country ever appointed a cat catcher? At the same time, Fido has been hounded and taxed and "put to sleep" by councils while all the felines recline smugly, drowsy from secret nocturnal hunting.

The first of the ferals were actually deliberately released domestic cats. They were set loose as a means of controlling the populations of those other dreadful imports, rabbits and hares, when dogs, guns, traps and strychnine proved ineffective. Last century, pets and strays were picked up by the hundred in the towns and taken by train and even paddle steamer to rabbit-infested parts of the outback, where they were released. Unfortunately, the cats didn't take too well to the bunnies. It was easier for these former scourges of the alleyways to feast on slow lizards,

marsupial mice, bandicoots and small wallabies, and birds that had never seen a cat before.

In 1976, the *Adelaide Advertiser* reported: "To date it is considered that some 20 of the known South Australian native mammal species have become extinct, and a further 27 are now at the point of being endangered." This loss of fauna was blamed on the destruction of habitat, and the presence of feral cats and red foxes. A study has indicated that while birds were relatively insignificant in the diets of foxes, feral cats depended on birds for 35 percent of their diet and striped skinks and dragons for more than 50 percent. Cat lovers must accept the facts and figures of the enormous destruction caused by this opportunist predator, and assist in devising methods to control its increasing population — in the wild, and in the garden.

In 1977, *Ecoss* observed that "the feral cat extends to every area of Australia — from offshore islands and Tasmania to the Kimberleys, Arnhem Land and the Gibson Desert." All levels of government in Australia have shown concern (to varying degrees) over the issue, yet no government of any type — from local up — is employing cat catchers or legislating for cat registration and sterilisation.

It is interesting to take a closer look at the responses of various governments and governmental bodies around the country towards the cat question. In the Premier State, the government sees it as a problem for local government. Under a 1919 state Act, councils are empowered to control numbers of cats in dwellings and "animals at large which are considered a danger to public safety or are so diseased or injured as to be past recovery", although in 1919 our legislators may not have been aware of the diseases even a healthy looking cat can carry and spread: several viruses, various types of worms, toxoplasmosis and protozoan diseases, and fleas and lice to help spread them.

While the government is doing little more than pontificating and most local councils in NSW are doing even less, a start has been made on a distant part of the state — Lord Howe Island — where registration and sterilisation of domestic cats is being implemented. Hopefully, it's a move made in time to save the threatened, flightless Lord Howe Island woodhen. If this experiment is properly and enthusiastically administered it could be the shining example for the rest of Australia to follow.

The Queensland government doesn't seem to be terribly interested, having provided no financial assistance to local governments in response to the matter. Strangely, but perhaps not surprisingly, the Queensland coat of arms actually features another feral animal, and something of a nuisance in parts of Australia, the imported deer.

From Victoria came a reply from the Secretary to the Department of the Premier and Cabinet, who stated that the matter "is being considered."

Two other state governments at least gave the impression that they were a little more concerned with the immediacy of the situation. Tasmania's Minister for National Parks and Recreational Lands, Mr Pearsall, is very aware of the cat problem. In that state, officers of the National Parks and Wildlife Service are "actively engaged in cat control programs on some of Tasmania's offshore island reserves," and are gathering information on the ecology of feral cats.

Paul Everingham, Chief Minister of our Northern Territory, does give a first impression of being less afraid of pussy than most politicians: "The Northern Territory Government is now acting to imple-

ment the recommendations of the Board of Inquiry into Feral Animals," he stated. But looking beyond that strong statement, his words seemed empty ones. It's a case of "other work claiming higher priority."

True to its traditions almost everywhere around Australia, the National Parks and Wildlife Service (NPWS) at Darwin is actively concerned with the eradication of cats. Professor J.D. Ovington, the local director, explained that a program "of control and, if possible, eradication of feral cats" is being undertaken in the Kakadu and Uluru National Parks, and on Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean.

In South Australia there was some buck passing before Mr R.I. Nichols, Director of the NPWS, on behalf of the Department of Environment and Planning, was able to fearlessly announce: "Feral animals known to cause degradation of natural reserve resources will be brought under control by the Service, by appropriate (specific) poisoning, trapping or mustering and removal, shooting programs or biological control organised and controlled by the Service." At this stage, no positive action has taken place.

Western Australia now has a government more than willing to attack the problem of feral pests. Mr H.D. Evans, Minister for Fisheries and Wildlife, pointed out that "control programs to reduce numbers of feral cats are carried out on islands and where rock wallabies are endangered in wheatbelt areas. The alternatives of mass licensing, sterilisation or infection of domestic cats would be an enormous task, the cost of which would be prohibitive to local government and even to state governments. It seems that what is really required is a change in human attitudes and achieving that, of course, would be more difficult and more expensive than introducing almost any other program."

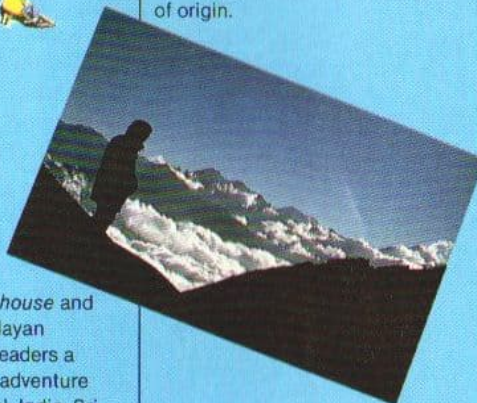
Despite a strong position on feline vermin taken by the various parks and wildlife agencies, rangers and foresters say they do not have enough government support for their efforts to control cats. "It could be that the cat question is too sensitive for local and state politicians to discuss and/or have opinions about," wrote Senior Ranger Whittingham of the Bathurst/Forbes districts.

Rangers recognise that it's an emotive issue and the fact that a national study of the problem is long overdue. There are ferals and semi-ferals across the length and breadth of the land, and until the commonsense of introducing a fatal disease peculiar to cats is accepted by the people, and politicians face up to understanding the enormous damage being caused by cats, some short-term scheme must be attempted, beginning at the municipal dump.

According to conservationist Harry Butler: "The cat is the most efficient carnivore in the wild. They can exist without water and will eat anything from grasshoppers and centipedes to birds and animals. In some areas wildlife is being wiped out completely by hungry cats. The situation is now so bad that our whole ecological structure is threatened."

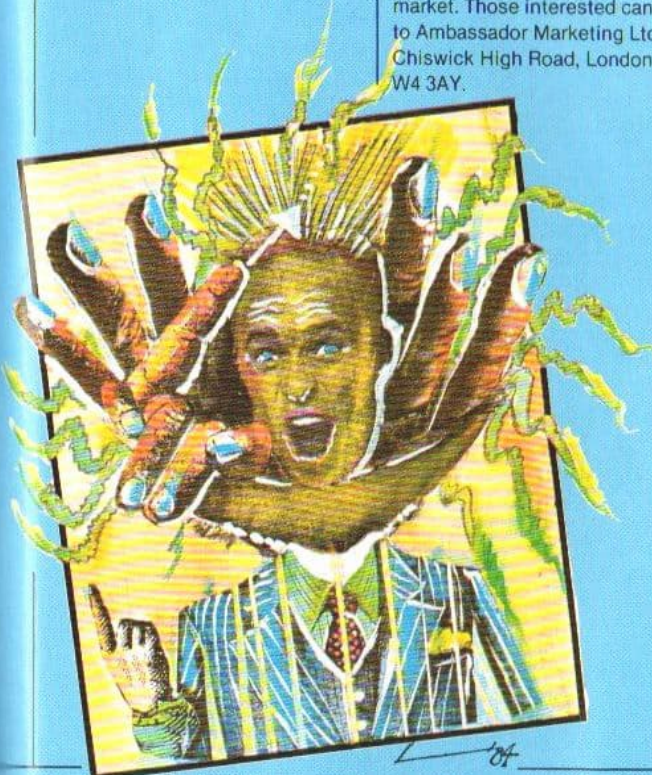
Eventually, when all the studies into the damages to the environment are complete, it is certain that an eradication of feral and stray cats will commence, probably first of all in Harry Butler's home state of Western Australia. For years he has recommended both trapping programs around towns and garbage dumps, and the releasing of an influenza-type disease peculiar to cats, while licensed cats would be inoculated as part of their licence fee. It may well be that cats will only be bred in licensed cateries, and all other cats would be desexed. That day, of course, is still many years away. Some of our wildlife may not have that much time to wait. ☐

When 1983 Pet Of The Year Marilyn Natty strutted her stuff in the Million Dollar Pet Of The Year pageant in Atlantic City last December she looked a million dollars in fantasy gowns designed and made by leading Australian couturier Linda Jackson. The artistry of this innovative designer is illustrated in these photos and well recognised in the fact that the three Jackson fantasy gowns have been accepted for display at the Victorian Art Gallery.



In February, *Penthouse* and Australian Himalayan Expeditions offered readers a crack at the ultimate adventure holiday through Nepal, India, Sri Lanka and the Maldives. The winning coupon coughed up by the *Penthouse* Esky was one from Tom King of Annandale in NSW. Tom's 48-day Grande Adventure includes a date with a camel on the Great Thar Desert of Rajasthan and no doubt the way AHE expertly organise their tours it'll sure beat the hell out of humping a bluey. Congratulations!

It's definitely not to be used as a fingernail trimmer, but it should come in handy for coleslaw fanciers and security-conscious businessmen. It's the smallest document shredder in the world, a device which is slightly larger than a telephone. The Geha Top Secret model, selling for \$350, has just been released on the British market. Those interested can write to Ambassador Marketing Ltd, 547 Chiswick High Road, London W4 3AY.



Strange tales but true from the land where Reagan rules supreme. A report in the *National Examiner* tells of a divorced lesbian couple who went to court over visiting rights to their baby, Sparkle. Linda Loftin told the court that she was listed on birth records as the baby's father. She said she inseminated her wife with donated sperm using a turkey basting syringe. The judge granted her visiting rights but it is not yet known whether the turkey baster plans similar legal action.

They make a model couple — Pet Of The Year Donna Burns and her Renault Fuego, one of the major prizes in her \$100,000 winner's booty. They're both classy, shapely and with staying power that just keeps on keeping on. And like Donna, the Renault Fuego not only packs the standard features but comes complete with the most attractive trimmings. Donna thrilled to the task of breaking in her Petmobile which arrived as all new cars should, with no kilometres on the clock.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Roger Wilson of Annerley in Brisbane romps in a winner in this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid Competition for his study of Sandra Stone. Roger has aptly entitled his work "Perving" and we encourage him to keep up the good camera work. Roger's effort and Sandra's attractions win a choice of either a Polaroid SLR 680 Camera or a revolutionary 35mm Auto Process system.

If Roger chooses the latter, he will receive a Polaroid package comprising AutoProcessor, Cutter/Mounter, a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts. This combo allows you to process and mount your own transparencies in minutes.

If you're a handy snapper, prove your mettle by sending us a revealing snap, taken on any film, and let *Penthouse* be the judge. Fill in the coupon below, put in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse*.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject)..... of am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject:..... Date.....

Signature of witness:..... Date.....



Adelaide's Helenka Antar

COMING IN AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Moslem Menace — Through the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies, communism was presented as the major threat to the Australian way of life. Now the new imperialists are the extremist Moslem sects. The rapidly expanding religion of Mohammed now includes more than 400 million members from Morocco to Indonesia. This startling report tells how and why the fire of Islam is spreading. Forget about Reds under the bed. After reading this story you'll be more worried about Moslems slipping through the back door.

Never Hit Your Wife — What Are Your Feet For? Robert English's gut-wrenchingly funny new book is an instruction manual for down-trodden victims of the militant march of feminism. After just one brief perusal of this exclusive extract we'll guarantee that you'll give up searching for G spots and start to reassert your masculinity.

John Newcombe Interview — His achievements on the tennis court are merely one of many strings in his racquet. In this wide ranging conversation the triple Wimbledon champion drops his guard and makes some outspoken comments on topics as diverse as politics, the Olympics and his role as anchorman in the Ten network's \$10 million coverage, tennis and the image which has made this man the best known Australian on the planet.

Strike Force — The Commando has become a mythic figure in the annals of modern warfare, inspiring images of an elite fighting force trained to endure conditions which would kill mere mortals. *Penthouse* joins a commando training raid on the NSW South Coast and meets the men behind the myths.

Pet Of The Month — Helenka Antar is the latest in a hot line of Adelaide stunners to favor *Penthouse* readers. This 24-year-old blonde is a beach girl who keeps her cool by meditating daily. Ponder her navel in August *Penthouse*.

THE CLOWNS

Continued from page 101

arguments of counsel, Judge Pat Gregory ruled that Terry Moore was not entitled to share in the estate of Howard Hughes. Since she had married three other men subsequent to her alleged marriage to Hughes, he determined that she was legally "estopped" from now claiming to be Hughes' wife, and it was therefore unnecessary for him even to consider the substantive issues in her case.

Since her June 27, 1981 date in court with Judge Gregory, Moore has appealed all the way to the Texas Supreme Court and fought similar battles in California and Nevada, each claiming Hughes as a resident, but all to no avail.

Behind the scenes during her seven-year legal effort to establish her relationship with Hughes, Moore's attorney Arthur Leeds made repeated attempts with representatives of Hughes' estate to settle out of court, without success. But on May 24, 1983 Moore called a surprise press conference in Los Angeles. In her best old-Hollywood tradition, she announced triumphantly to the startled assembly of reporters that the Hughes heirs had at last recognised her as Howard Hughes' "widow" and agreed to give her an undisclosed sum of money. "It's more than \$100,000 and less than \$99 million," she tittered. Leeds was less coy. "It's closer to the first figure," he later acknowledged laughingly. Though the exact amount of the settlement is to remain unpublished as one of the terms of the agreement, Leeds described it as a "modest sum." (Recent leaks to the press by sources outside the Moore camp put the figure in the \$390,000 range. Asked to comment, Leeds was evasive. "Anyway," he observed, "the way the agreement is worded, it's very difficult to determine exactly how much Terry is getting. It's set up so that she gets her money tax-free.") Whatever the sum, Moore was radiant; the heirs were noticeably silent and their attorneys unavailable for comment. Confidentially, they groused about Terry's distorted portrayal of the settlement, and grumbled that she was paid off merely to enable attorneys for the family to "move the ball down the field." As usual, none of this fazed Moore. For one afternoon she had, as her attorney put it, "her moment in the sun."

"It has never been a question of the money for me," she remarked afterward. "I... entered into this... to defend myself and my integrity." ☐

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Photography by Bob Watson; Make-up and hair styled by Chris King; Garments from Sportsgirl, Sydney, Melbourne and Surfers Paradise; Lingerie by Anne Sterling; Shoes from Raymond Castles, Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland; Furniture from Arredoroma, Sydney, Melbourne and Surfers Paradise Lamp courtesy Sydney Antique Market.



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The on-board computer module and check control.

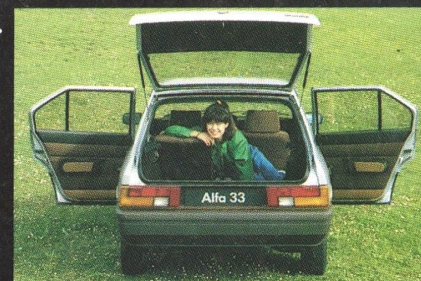
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A photograph of a rural scene. In the foreground, a man in a red shirt and cowboy hat stands next to a horse. In the background, another man in a blue shirt and cowboy hat sits on a tractor, which is being pulled by two horses. The scene is set in a grassy field with a fence and hills in the background.

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